JAN 26 1959

The Saturday Evening
# POST
January 31, 1959 — 15¢

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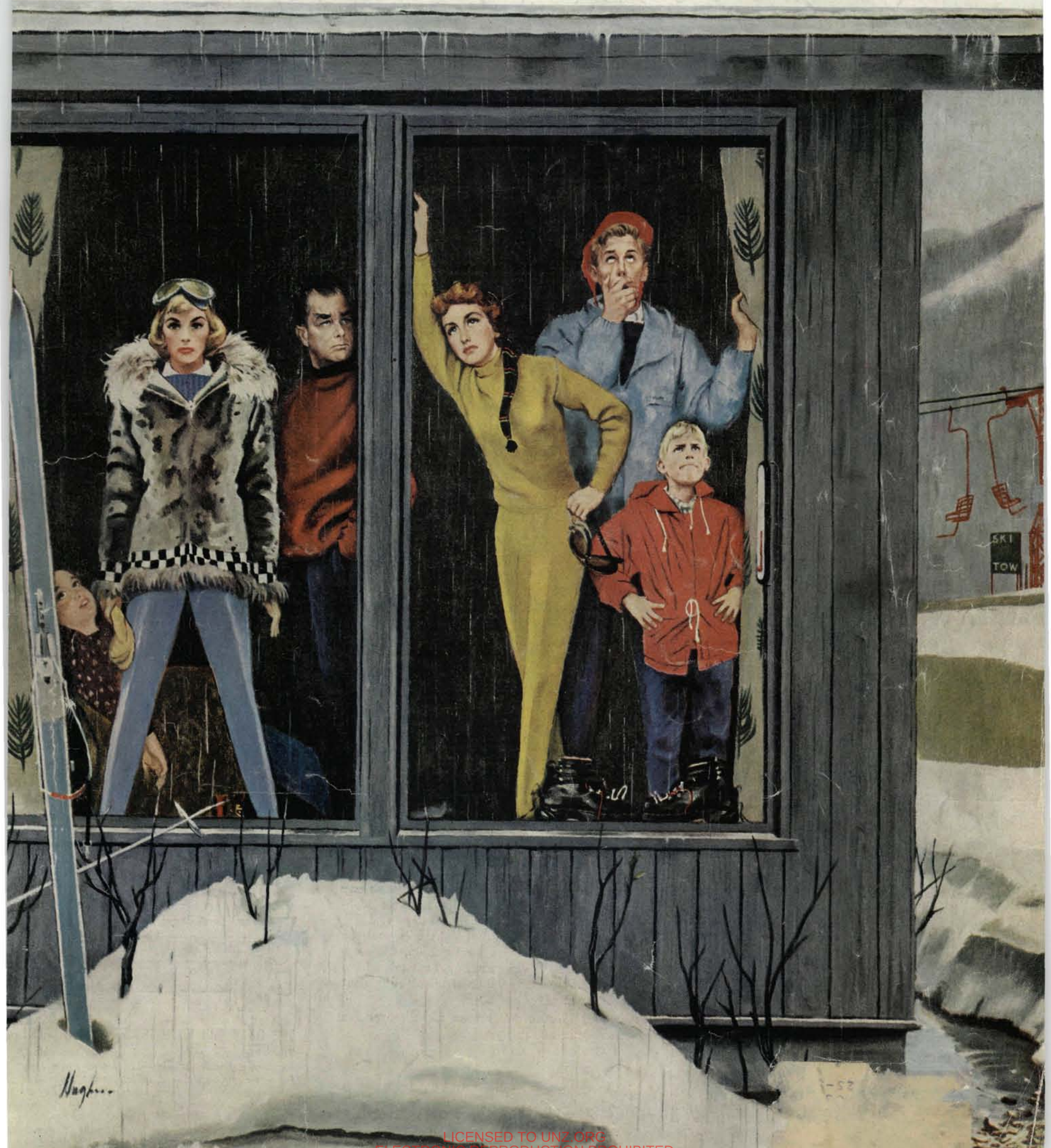
True Mountain-Climbing Adventure:

## WE CONQUERED HIDDEN PEAK

Carol Heiss, Queen of the Ice

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*You get the solid quality of Body by Fisher*

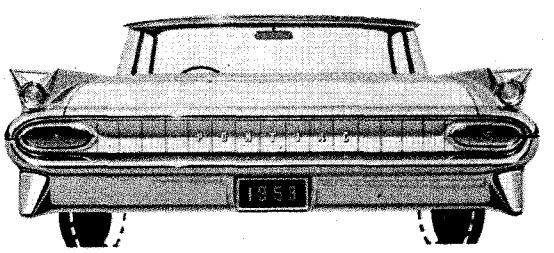
# Pontiac's perfect poise stems from wide-track wheels

Take command of this sleek beauty and enjoy a wonderful new kind of driving that never existed before!

Pontiac is the only car that cradles you on Wide-Track Wheels. With the wheels moved five inches further apart you enjoy the steadiest stance of any passenger car. You corner more precisely . . . hold the road like you're part of it . . . cling to the curves without lean or sway. In all your years of driving, you've never felt so confident . . . so solidly secure. Narrow-gauge cars fall far short by comparison.

And only Pontiac offers—*at no extra cost on any model*—the option of two distinct types of high-performance V-8's. One is the Tempest 420E, specifically designed to give full V-8 muscle and pep on regular grade gasoline. Its companion, the deep-chested Tempest 420, wrings more get-up-and-go from premium fuel than any other standard equipment engine in America!

Visit your Pontiac dealer soon and discover the big difference in cars this year!



**THE ONLY CAR WITH *WIDE-TRACK* WHEELS!**

The wheels are moved out 5 inches for the widest, steadiest stance in America—lower center of gravity for better grip on the road, safer cornering, smoother ride, easier handling. *Pontiac gives you roadability no narrow gauge car can offer!*

# PONTIAC! America's Number ① Road Car!

*3 Totally New Series • Catalina • Star Chief • Bonneville*

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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# The Most Crowded Classroom can find space for germs!

## Children ought to gargle Listerine before and after school—it kills germs by millions!

Schools all over America are filled to capacity these days. And in this season of colds and sore throats, even the most *careful* school is apt to be crowded with bacteria, too!

Before you send your youngsters to school—soon as they come home in the afternoons—have them gargle Listerine Antiseptic full-strength. Listerine kills germs associated with colds and the sore throats they bring—kills germs on contact, by the millions.

**Tests with more than 3,000 people over a 12-year period clearly proved that those who gargled twice daily with Listerine had fewer, shorter and milder colds than those who did not.**

The figures on the chart (right) show how regular use of Listerine helped reduce colds and sore throats. Have all the family gargle twice every day with Listerine Antiseptic.

### HOW LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED COLDS

Results of 12-year test involving more than 3,000 people

Those who did NOT gargle Listerine twice daily had

- **89%** more severe colds than those who did
- **85%** longer colds, measured in days
- **73%** more sore throats
- **51%** more "ordinary" colds

**Reach for Listerine**

**. . . your No. 1 protection against infection**

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# ...wonder how they make it so Good!

*Everybody's talking about this delicious Karo Waffle Syrup—and its smooth, rich, maple-y flavor. Try it once —you'll want it always.*

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...and that's been going on for more than 50 years.

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**Karo Bottles**
Look for these handsome, crystal clear, easy-to-pour bottles

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(Red Label)
Preferred for cooking, baking, candy-making . . . for general table use and infant feeding.

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(Blue Label)
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*All 3 kinds of Karo are also packed in 1 quart decanters—great for table use.*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## THE COVER

The weekend skiing report from Mount Skyhigh is ten-inch base with two inches of powder, and snowing. Hurrah! From near but mostly from far come swarming the happy skiers, eager to flash down slope on the frosty flakes. So the thermometer starts running a fever, and let's correct that hurrah to blankety-blank. If one urged those folks to become philosophical and relish the mellowing atmosphere, to rejoice in Nature's first faint promise of the magic of spring, would they take it as a kindly gesture or get madder than ever? The mourners can make the rain turn back to snow by starting for home; then they can return to ski. That dark-haired man is Sig Buchmayr, long a famed figure in skiing circles, and artist George Hughes is a skier, too, but not a famed one.


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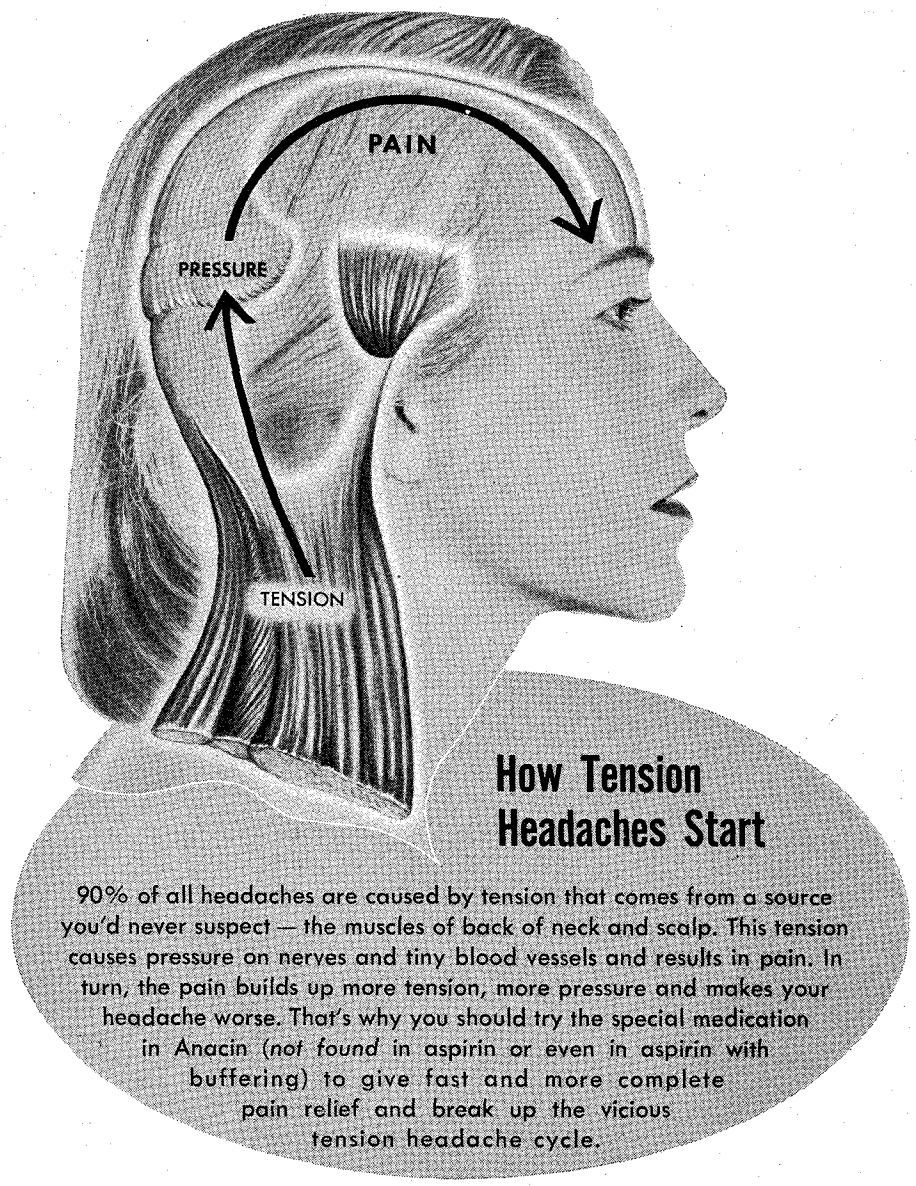
How you can break up the

# VICIOUS CYCLE of NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHES

**Better than aspirin even with buffering added**




**How Tension Headaches Start**

90% of all headaches are caused by tension that comes from a source you'd never suspect — the muscles of back of neck and scalp. This tension causes pressure on nerves and tiny blood vessels and results in pain. In turn, the pain builds up more tension, more pressure and makes your headache worse. That's why you should try the special medication in Anacin (*not found* in aspirin or even in aspirin with buffering) to give fast and more complete pain relief and break up the vicious tension headache cycle.

## ANACIN® • Relaxes Tension • Releases Pressure • Relieves Pain Fast

Tension headaches need the special medication in Anacin for more complete pain-relief. So why limit yourself to aspirin or buffered aspirin which contain *only one* pain reliever when you can benefit by the *extra* medication in Anacin? Anacin contains *not* just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients which 3 out of 4 doctors recommend for headache pain. And here's why Anacin gives a 'better total effect' in relieving pain of tension headache, neuritis and neuralgia . . .

The special medication in Anacin — which you *do not get* in aspirin or buffered aspirin — relaxes the tension, releases the pressure and promptly relieves your headache. Anacin stops the vicious pain cycle fast. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They do not upset your stomach. Buy Anacin today.

*3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in*

# Letters

## Police Commissioner Versus His Mayor

● SHOULD GAMBLING BE LEGALIZED?, *a January 3 article by Philadelphia Police Commissioner Thomas J. Gibbons, as told to Earl and Anne Selby, has aroused a storm of controversy. We found the following rebuttal from the mayor of Philadelphia to be well reasoned. Further debate on this subject will appear in next week's Letters.* —ED.

*Mayor Dilworth, Commissioner Gibbons.*

Dear Sirs:

I have a very high regard for Commissioner Gibbons as he is an honest, able career policeman who has given his all for effective law enforcement. However, the views which he expresses on legalized gambling are, in my opinion, unfortunate and unrealistic. . . .

I was district attorney for a little over three years before I became mayor. My experience in that office confirmed my belief that organized gambling cannot be tolerated in any large city.

It is, of course, true that a substantial number of our citizens enjoy gambling in some form or other, and will always do a bit of gambling no matter what the law may be. However, this does not mean that we can afford to legalize gambling because this would only result in exempting the worst elements of our large cities from the processes of the law.

Legalization of gambling would not eliminate racketeers; it would not make them respectable; nor would it bring honest or respectable men into that occupation.

The vice of organized gambling in big cities is that it . . . puts into the hands of racketeers enormous sums of money with which to corrupt the community.

Effective government in large cities must constantly strive to break up gangs and syndicates engaged in organized gambling. Unless this is done, such gangs not only get a real foothold in the municipal government, but they soon use their gambling profits to get into the . . . lucrative fields of narcotics and prostitution. . . .

I do not say that even the most vigorous law enforcement will ever end organized gambling in large cities. But if such enforcement were abandoned, the racketeers who operate the various forms of organized gambling would soon make honest and decent government in our big cities impossible. . . .

There are, of course, times when any police commissioner of a large city is bound to become somewhat discouraged by the leniency of the courts and juries toward the gambling problem. But, as I have pointed out to Police Commissioner Gibbons, if you let this get you down, then the fight is lost. Commissioner Gibbons assures me he agrees that the fight on organized gambling must be unremitting.

RICHARDSON DILWORTH, *Mayor*
*Philadelphia, Pa.*

## That Southpaw Bear

Dear Sirs:

In Dec. 27 Letters, Mr. K. B. MacDougall, Benton, Pa., wants to know [re a Nov. 15 Joseph Zeis cartoon] "Who in the world ever saw a left-handed bear?"

That was a left-handed hammer he was using. He *had* to use his left hand.

E. BISHOP
*Wantagh, L.I., N.Y.*

Dear Sirs:

James Oliver Curwood's accuracy of observation may be subject to question, but, for the sake of argument, I will quote a passage from the third paragraph of the third chapter of his book, The Grizzly King: "Ninety-nine out of every hundred bears—probably a hundred and ninety-nine out of every two hundred—are left-handed."

VIVIAN MENDENHALL
*Pasadena, Calif.*

● *We are impressed that reader Mendenhall (and reader Steve Sharp, 14, of Harrisburg, Pa.) recalls that 1916 Curwood volume. Bear experts at the Bronx Zoo, Philadelphia Zoo, Museum of Natural History, and Smithsonian Institution agree that Curwood's statistics regarding the dexterity of the family Ursidae are subject to serious doubt.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

There seems to be an abundance of left-handed bears. This cartoon [below] is from the December issue of Young Americans.

C. H. CAPLAN
*Seattle, Wash.*

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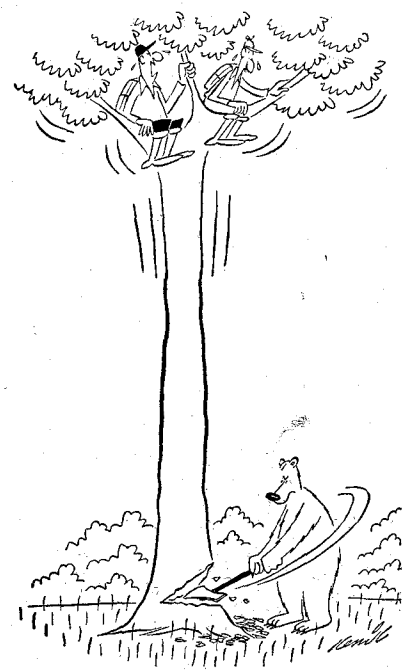

*"You had to drop your ax!"*

## Why Proofreaders Turn So Very Gray

Dear Sirs:

In the story LATE IN LOVE [by Norma Mansfield] page 30, Nov. 22, the word achievement is spelled "achivement." Then, to make it more interesting, on page 76 (same story) is this dialogue: " . . . remember that she can't spell. Spelling is elementary. Think about it, Chris. She can't spell."

Don't fire the proofreader. This is all in fun.

WILLIAM H. TENNYSON
*Bozeman, Mont.*

(Continued on Page 6)

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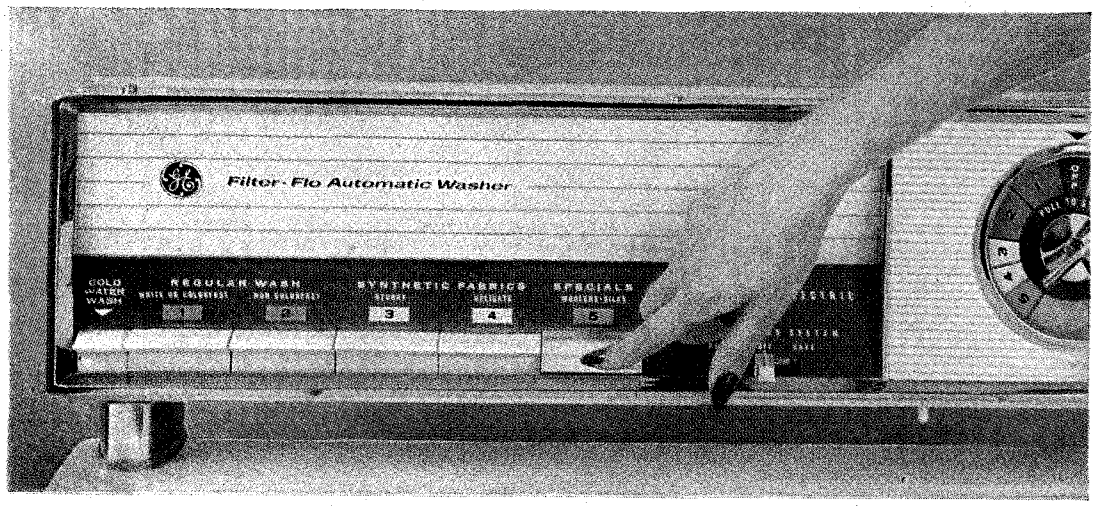
## New as today's fabrics...

# 1959 G-E 5-CYCLE FILTER-FLO® WASHER!




**1** . . . is the key for white and colorfast cottons and linens that need hot water, vigorous washing action. Fast spin extracts so much water they'll dry quickly.

**2** . . . is pre-set to give dark or nonfast colors the warm water temperatures and fast spin they need. Brisk activation gets them clean as a whistle.

**3** . . . is for sturdy, well-made wash 'n wear clothes of synthetics and blends. Warm wash water, brisk activation get them clean; slow spin prevents deep wrinkles.

**4** . . . gently washes delicate wash 'n wear clothes in warm water, eliminates tiresome handwashing. Slow spin protects sheer fabrics, seams and trim.

**5** . . . is for "specials." Slow wash speed in warm water is kind to woolens—won't "pill" blankets or sweaters. Fast spin gets out that extra water woolens absorb.

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

*After small down payment. See your General Electric dealer for his prices and liberal terms. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

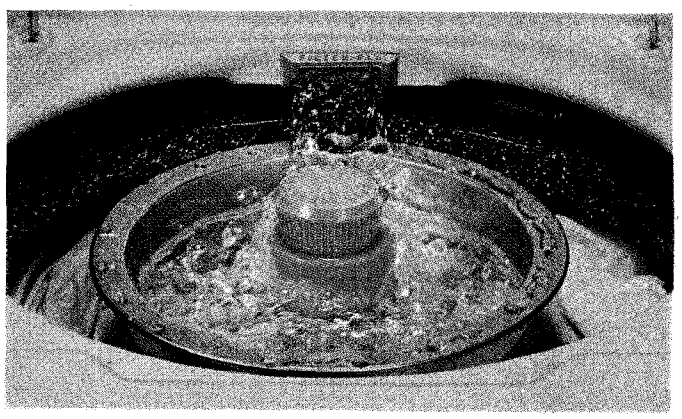
## 5 separate, pre-set cycles give all your washables custom care—automatically!

For every-week laundering . . . or once-in-a-while loads . . . the new G-E 5-Cycle Filter-Flo Washer has an *automatic* cycle to fit *all* your washing needs.

Just touch one key—turn the dial to the matching number—you get just-right care for your wash!

**PLUS:** Big capacity; Cold Water Wash; Rinse Dispenser; Suds Return (optional); G-E Written Warranty.

**MATCHING HIGH-SPEED DRYER:** Automatic control gives just-right drying for *any* washable—every time.



**NO-LINT-FUZZ WASHING** because the famous, time-proven Filter-Flo Washing System cleans and re-cleans the water constantly. This filter is *dependable*, can't clog or impede water flow! A handy detergent dispenser, too.

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# Letters (Continued from Page 4)

## Battler of Atlanta

Dear Sirs:
I read with a great deal of interest the article in your magazine by Celestine Sibley on Ralph McGill, editor of The Atlanta Constitution [THEY DON'T SCARE MCGILL, Dec. 27]. . . .

His editorials have no influence whatever on the masses of the white people of Georgia. . . .

Mr. McGill is referred to throughout Georgia as a scalawag and deserves the title.

I. J. SCOTT
*Opelika, Ala.*

Dear Sirs:
Please send thirty pieces of silver to Holier-than-the-South McGill.

MRS. JOHN D. BRITTON
*Kingstree, S.C.*

Dear Sirs:
In the South, we tolerate men like McGill and Harry Ashmore [editor of Little Rock's Arkansas Gazette], and lump them together with [Senators] Javits of New York and Douglas of Illinois.

MURRAY HOWARD, JR.
*Greenville, S.C.*

Dear Sirs:
One of the grandest articles that has ever been published in the Post. Both Celestine Sibley and Ralph McGill are No. 1 writers.

BERRIE S. BELL
*College Park, Ga.*

Dear Sirs:
Wonderful article.

JUDY WILLIAMS
*Columbus, Ga.*

Dear Sirs:
A piece of trash.

C. R. MITCHELL
*Atlanta, Ga.*

Dear Sirs:
Whether we agree with the ideas of Ralph McGill or not, we all must praise him for having the courage to stand by his convictions.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS
*South Hadley, Mass.*

## The Advance-Fee Racket

Dear Sirs:
Sincere congratulations on the article BEWARE THE ADVANCE-FEE RACKET [by John Kobler] which appears in your December 20 issue.

You have rendered a tremendous service.

DONALD MCCLURE
*Assistant Commissioner*
*State Division of Real Estate*
*Sacramento, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:
Congratulations are certainly in order due to your publication of this timely article. . . .

I made recommendations in the January State of the State message to the 36th Montana Legislative Assembly, asking for changes in our state laws to help combat this deplorable racket.

J. HUGO ARONSON, *Governor*
*Helena, Mont.*

Dear Sirs:
One sentence in the article . . . is quite intriguing: "Yet innumerable dupes have parted with sizable amounts in the presence of their own lawyers."

Now who would expect a lawyer to object to someone else using his own pet advance-fee racket (called retainer fee in legal lingo)?

F. R. HARPER
*Donna, Texas*

Dear Sirs:
We were slightly disappointed that so very little space was given to the fact that [many] realtors . . . deliver as they promise when collecting an advance fee. The exclusive listing form of the Chicago Real Estate Board provides for advance fees . . . specifically stating what the charges are for. This practice is recommended by the National Institute of Real Estate Brokers.

HERBERT J. HEIDKAMP, JR.
*Chicago Real Estate Board*
*Chicago, Ill.*

## "Saito, Don't Cry"

● *It's against our policy to publish personal requests in these columns. We're making this exception in the interest of better international relations—and to salve the conscience of Mr. Fumichika Saito.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:
Excuse me, but I ask to trace an American old friend named Mr. Kallay or Kelley. His remarks are under the follows:

1. An American occupation Army be stationed Hakodate, Hokkaido, Japan, from September 1945 till November 1948.

2. He was a trucks driver and an Army order was ?. I don't know his army unit number, but a mark of a liberty goddenes which stants Hudason river, set on his G.I.

3. An injury on his right cheek. He was married and had a baby boy. My mother gave him a kimono for his baby.

4. He job was a traffic works in New York before war the II.

I met him on September 1948 at Hakodate when I was about ten years old. My house was near the company so he came house every night and had a good time with my family. His works were busy so my mother washed his G. Issues. One night my mother put his G. I. on a sewing machine, but while we slept the G. Issues was stolen by anyone. The next day he came home to got it, but we couldn't speak English for the explain. He said, "Saito, don't cry. O.K. O.K." The words I never forget. But also he got misunderstand maybe?

Editor, if possible I met him once more and would like to beg pardon him. Please to locate him for my conscience and for our friendship.

FUMICHIKA SAITO
*Hakodate, Japan*

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*Reading across pages, then down:*

4–The Philadelphia Inquirer. • 15–Nicholas B. Clinch; Pete Schoening. • 16–Tom McCormack; Bob Swift; Nicholas B. Clinch; Andy Kauffman. • 17–Bob Swift; two by Tom McCormack; Dr. Tom Nevison. • 18, 19–Fred J. Maroon. • 20–Ken Patterson; two by Bill Shrout. • 21–Bill Shrout. • 22, 23–Sam Bates. • 24–Larry Keighley. 25–Three from Wide World; Larry Keighley. • 26–Morgan Kane. • 27–Ollie Atkins. 28, 29–Carroll Jones. • 30–Sid Avery; Culver; two from Penguin. • 31–Wide World; Penguin; MGM. • 32, 33–Peter Stevens. • 34–Victor Cohn. • 35–George Hughes. 38–Mac Conner. • 70–Sid Avery. • 94–CBS; Earl Seubert; Honolulu Star-Bulletin; Philippe Halsman.

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**ROAD LUG** Long highway mileage plus off-road traction

**HI-MILER CROSS-RIB** Shatters highway tread-wear records

Hi-Miler, Road Lug—T.M.'s
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio


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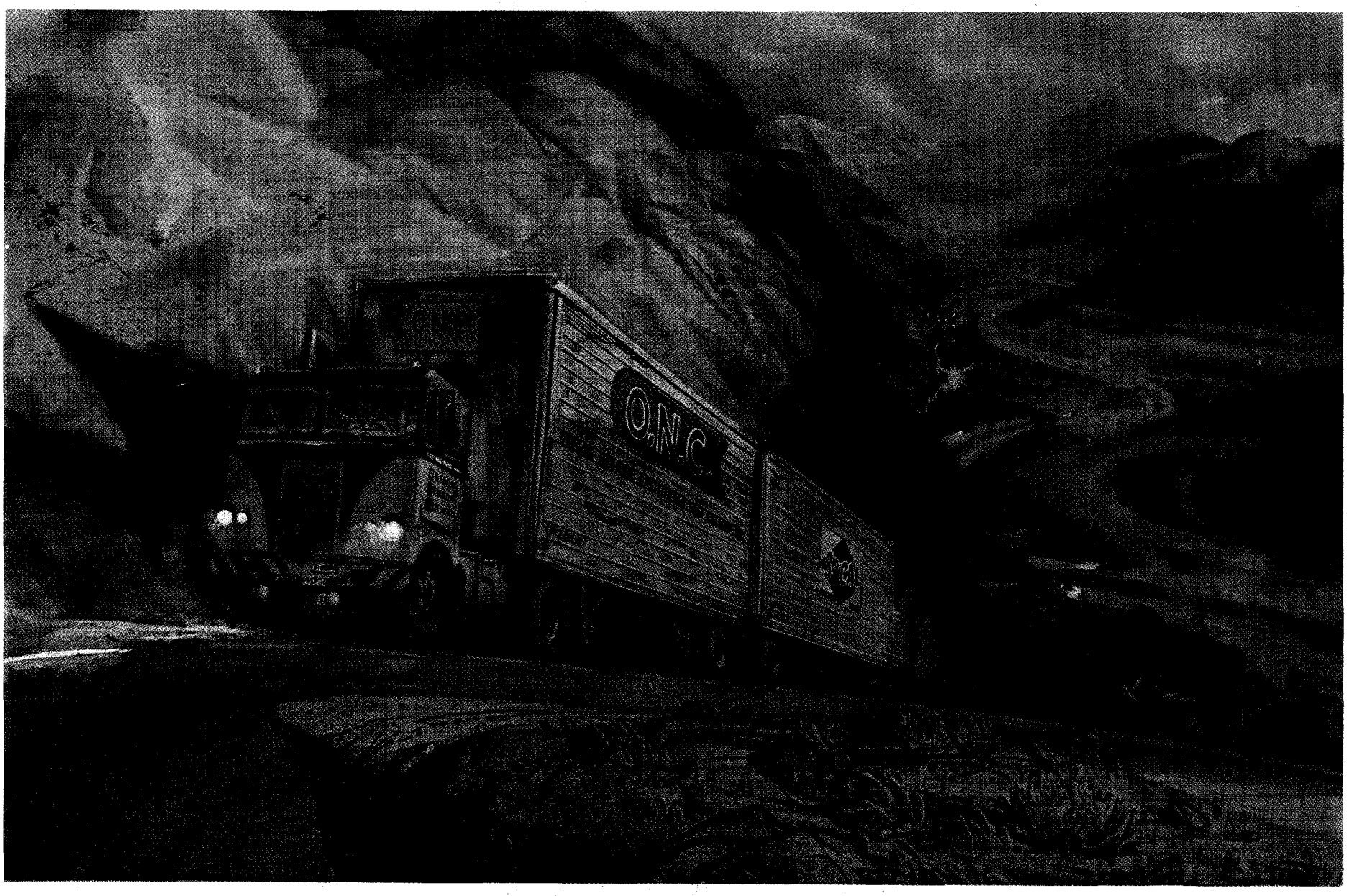
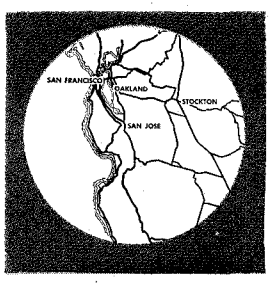
# "Even on the 'Night Beat', Cross-Ribs triple our tread mileage!"




## Why O.N.C.-SO. CAL. Freight Lines, San Francisco, California, has standardized on HI-MILER CROSS-RIB




"Tough runs and tough schedules, from Oregon to the Mexican border—that's us," Company President Carroll J. Roush reports.

"Take the 'Night Beat': 400 mountain-miles, San Francisco to Los Angeles—a run we have to make between dusk and dawn to deliver the goods on schedule.

"It's 1,100 miles (including the Siskiyou Mountains) from Los Angeles to Portland but we make *second morning* deliveries!

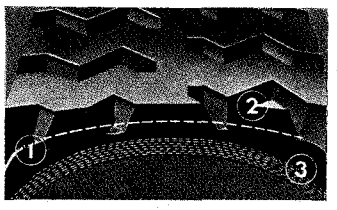
"We tackle Donner Pass snows to Reno, Mojave Desert heat to Imperial Valley—and with rigs running 78,600 pounds gross, traction, tread wear and tire-cost-per-mile were real *problems.*

"But Hi-Miler Cross-Ribs have all the right answers.

"Since 1957, they've taken our hottest hauls AND snow and ice. They've licked sideslips and skids—and wear so slowly, so evenly, we never reverse a tire.

"What's more—*Hi-Miler Cross-Ribs give TRIPLE our former tread-mileage and plenty of recaps, too.* They're the best time- and money-savers ever on our fleet!"

O.N.C.-So. Cal. is typical of truck owners from coast to coast who are saving BIG with Cross-Rib. Get all the facts from your Goodyear dealer—or Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.




**HI-MILER CROSS-RIB: EXTRA RUBBER *plus* TRIPLE-TOUGH 3-T NYLON CORD**

**1** Usual truck tire tread depth. **2** The HI-MILER CROSS-RIB has 60% thicker non-skid tread! **3** Even Nylon cord must be tempered to be its toughest. Goodyear's exclusive 3-T process triple-tempers Nylon to make it TRIPLE-TOUGH—for longest tire life, most recaps, lowest cost-per-mile.

**TRUCK TIRES by**

# GOODYEAR

*Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening*

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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# Editorial

# Why Not Let Pay TV Have a Trial Run?

Commercial television has been running into heavy weather of late. Nobody seems completely satisfied with it. The sponsor, who is paying important money to sell his cigarettes or motorcars, wants to be sure that the program he is paying for not only reaches people who are interested in cigarettes or motorcars but gives a helping hand to the salesmen. The public, or at any rate the part of the public that worries about such matters, wonders whether television programs wouldn't be better if there weren't any commercials.

This sounds as if commercial television had never given its audience a good play, a first-class fight or a World Series ball game. Of course, this is not true (cf. Wonderful Town, the Army-Navy football game, the McCarthy hearings, Leonard Bernstein's expositions of symphonic music, the Kentucky Derby, A Night to Remember, and so on). But television's critics declare that the more esoteric programs, like Bernstein and What in the World?, are becoming more infrequent for the simple reason that people with something to sell have to go for the mass-audience attractions.

The answer of those who want to do something about all this is, "Give us pay TV!" These reformers, of course, include manufacturers of devices to make pay TV a practical possibility. They include, also, some Hollywood producers, who see a way out for their business if first-run movies can be seen by a vast television audience which has paid to look; not to mention Broadway and "off-Broadway" theatrical producers, and an impressive section of our dramatic and musical "talent."

Opposed to pay TV are, of course, the broadcasting networks, most of whose income is from the sponsors of the network shows now produced, an influential group of advertising agents whose interests are similar, and the owners of motion-picture theaters who fear, with some justification, that pay-TV entertainment, including the promised first-run films, would darken their houses darker than they are now.

The argument has produced varied and contradictory opinions. John Crosby, the TV columnist, declares that TV is "being run by business and ad-agency men who are afraid of excitement and risk. The creative people who thrive on danger simply aren't around any more." The claim of pay-TV advocates is that if producers were permitted to sell their entertainment directly to the public, instead of to advertisers, things would be greatly improved. They promise Broadway shows, first-run Hollywood or foreign movies, symphony concerts, top sports events—all for a fraction of the cost of enjoying these treats in a theater, a stadium or a concert hall. It is argued that, in the absence of an advertiser, whose interests come first, entertainment or instruction via TV could be something completely new to the American public. Proponents of pay TV insist that the idea ought to be tried.

The broadcasting networks and their supporters argue that pay TV not only would injure their business but that it would not produce the video millennium promised by those who are promoting it. They agree that sponsors with soap to sell seek to attract a mass audience rather than one which goes in for abstractionist drama or ballet. However, as Robert Sarnoff, president of the National Broadcasting Company, has sagely pointed out, "the economics of pay TV—like those of free television—compel it to seek the largest possible subscription audiences."

Even if Mr. Crosby's "creative people who thrive on danger" might do better under pay TV than they do at present, the more serious objection raised by Mr. Sarnoff is that pay TV, by shutting off the income of the networks from advertising, will make it impossible for them to put on what Mr. Sarnoff describes as "service" programs, that have become so important a feature of radio and television presentation: world-wide news coverage, play-by-play reporting of national political conventions, sports events and interviews with important political figures. This type of program is often sponsored, but by and large is operated at a loss, which the nationwide entertainment programs are relied on to overcome.

It is obvious that if My Fair Lady or The Music Man could be presented in full over pay TV from eight to eleven P.M., the networks would have a hard time selling those evening hours to any advertiser who wanted an audience. Thus, with their best performers working on pay-TV programs and the best night hours taken over by some popular Broadway play or Hollywood movie, the networks would have far less to sell than they now have and, in consequence, far less income to spend on unprofitable service programs which the public has come to expect.

Should pay TV produce the income which Mr. Sarnoff thinks it may, there ought to be money enough to support public-service presentations. Indeed, the FCC might well insist, if it has the authority, that producers of pay-TV programs should devote some of their time to news, addresses by the President and other officials, charity appeals, and so on. After all, somebody has to provide these services and, if the present means of doing so becomes impossible, we should have gone a long way toward Government radio and TV. That would be a high price to pay for the benefits that pay TV promises.

The most effective opposition to pay TV just now comes from the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce or, more specifically, its chairman, Democratic Rep. Oren Harris, of Arkansas. Chairman Harris' dim view of pay TV springs from his belief that it would kill "free," or commercially sponsored, TV. For the same reason, nine bills were introduced in the last Congress forbidding the FCC to authorize pay TV. In May of 1957 the Federal Communications Commission, which had been making a prolonged study of the situation, expressed the opinion that "it is now timely and desirable to determine the conditions under which trial demonstrations of subscription television could properly be authorized."

Chairman Harris promptly threw a block into this proposal in a series of letters to the commission in which he clearly indicated skepticism, to put it mildly, as to the practicality of pay TV. He also appeared to believe that pay TV would end free TV for good and all. In a letter to the then FCC chairman, George C. McConnaughey, Mr. Harris asked rhetorically what he should tell his constituents "when they come home in the evening and find a channel upon which they once viewed a free program and find it blurred until they purchase a gadget of some sort and pay to see the program."

Mr. Harris insisted that the whole thing should be postponed until Congress could explore the situation further and, if necessary, amend the Communications Act to straighten out any legal difficulties in the way. The Federal Communications Commission therefore decided in February of 1958 that "authorizations for subscription television" would not be issued until congressional opposition was ended. That is where pay TV—or any adequate experiments with it—stands or, rather, sits, today: firmly in the lap of Chairman Harris and Congress.

It isn't necessary to accept all the roseate predictions for pay TV as a means of leading America up to a new cultural plateau in order to believe that this new idea should have a chance to prove itself. If there is an audience which is willing to pay for full-length Broadway plays, Wagnerian operas, first-released Hollywood or imported moving pictures, or boxing matches—all without interpolated orders to dash out NOW to the drugstore for a six-way cold cure—should these innocent desires be denied? If there are not enough such people to make pay TV a success, then it will be a flop. If pay TV proves to have the predicted audience, we shall see a "new dimension" in communication, to which the existing system will have to accommodate itself.

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# What you may not know about auto insurance could cost you plenty

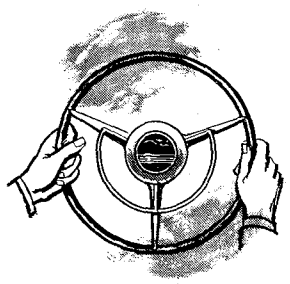
**DO YOU KNOW—HOW MUCH PROTECTION YOU REALLY NEED?**

**—WHAT THE DIFFERENT COVERAGES DO FOR YOU?**

**—HOW YOU MAY SAVE MONEY SAFELY?**

*A frank approach to buying auto insurance, brought to POST readers by Allstate, the insurance company founded by Sears.*

*The few minutes it takes to read this ad might easily pay off for you at the rate of $10 per minute or more!*



Every two minutes, round the clock, a motorist runs into trouble—trouble that prudent drivers handle by adequate auto insurance. Yet an estimated *15 million* car owners do not now have adequate protection.

Maybe they bought a policy from a nice man with a winning smile—or from somebody's cousin—and didn't bother to understand what they bought or what they were paying. Maybe they thought the finance company had taken care of the insurance. Or they felt they just couldn't afford adequate protection.

For reasons like these, millions of Americans have *less* protection than they actually need. To avoid this, remember one basic fact: All insurance companies are *not* alike.

And in most states, all auto insurance *policies* are not alike.

And *rates* vary considerably among companies (except in Texas, where all companies charge standard rates... but eligible Allstate policyholders have received their savings in the form of dividends—currently 15%).

**ALLSTATE MAKES IT EASY FOR YOU TO BUY.** *(Over the Allstate counter at Sears, at an Allstate Insurance Center, or in your own home.)*

*Claims service* can be as different as night and day.

Because of these differences, it will pay you to shop for auto insurance just as carefully as you shop for a car.

Millions of car owners *have* shopped—and bought Allstate. And for good reason. Allstate was founded by Sears to sweep the cobwebs out of the tradition-bound insurance business with the same modern methods that Sears used to revolutionize America's shopping habits. Casting horse-and-buggy ideas aside, Allstate took the red tape and high cost out of auto insurance.

Allstate believes you're entitled to know the facts about its product—insurance—just as you'd be entitled to know all the facts about a lawn mower or a washing machine. The more you know, the more you're aware of the values.

So to help you know what auto insurance is all about, how the various coverages apply, and which coverages to buy, we've devoted the next few pages to plain talk about auto insurance—*from your point of view.*

By the time you've finished reading, we're sure you'll feel better qualified to buy auto insurance protection. You'll know better what kind of auto insurance best fits your particular needs and so be able to get more value for your money.

**TURN PAGE**

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MESSAGE FROM ALLSTATE (CONTINUED)

# How much car insuranc

*(You may now have too much of one kind—or too little of another.)*

**"How much" depends on your financial status, driving habits, age, and condition of your car, and lots of other factors. DO NOT FAIL TO BUY the coverages that insure you against losses that could ruin you financially. These coverages are basic. Then decide what other protection you can't afford to be without. Reject anything else. A smart buy for one car owner may be an expensive luxury for another. Read the facts about each coverage so you can decide for yourself.**

## *Could you afford to be sued?*

"BODILY INJURY"—
"PROPERTY DAMAGE" LIABILITY

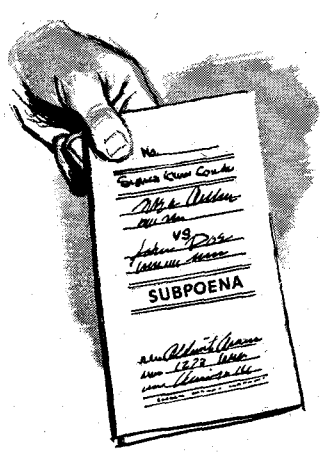
Just one accident might wreck you financially. For *life.*

Today's juries often award large judgments. Even minor accidents can cause serious injuries. Since most car owners carry liability insurance, a jury is likely to assume that you are insured. And the jury can't be told that you are *not* insured. Your life savings, your property, your future earnings—some, if not all of these, can be wiped out by a single judgment.

That's why, no matter how little or how much you earn or own, you can't afford to own a car or put hand to steering wheel without protection from the loss that might result from a damage suit.

Yet this is precisely where too many people are *under*-protected today. You may be the most careful of drivers—but you're not immune to mistakes, legal liability, large jury awards, and the high cost of defending yourself.

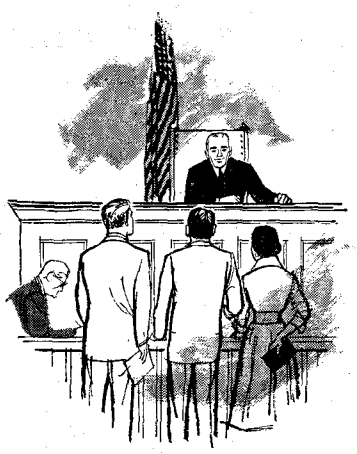
Every state now has some form of auto financial responsibility law, or compulsory insurance for motorists. The easiest way to meet these requirements is to carry liability insurance. All the experts agree it's the most important type of auto coverage you can carry because "Liability" insurance protects you if you're *sued* for the damage your car might do to others—both for injury to people and damage to property. The question, therefore, is not "Should I carry Liability?" but, rather "How much?"




## *What are "adequate" limits for you?*

The more you have to lose, the higher the liability limits you'd better carry.

Millions of people carry liability insurance that will pay a maximum of only $5,000 for injuries to any *one person,* $10,000 for all injuries in any *one accident* (up to $5,000 per person)—and $5,000 maximum for property damage.



But these limits are dangerously out of date.

As a matter of fact, to avoid the risk of heavy judgments that could cut sharply into your family income for years to come—most people should think seriously of doubling or even tripling their present liability limits.

That's all very well, you may be thinking, but can you afford this increased protection? The plain truth is, you can't afford *not* to have it. For most folks, doubling their present limits costs only a few dollars more than what they're paying now.

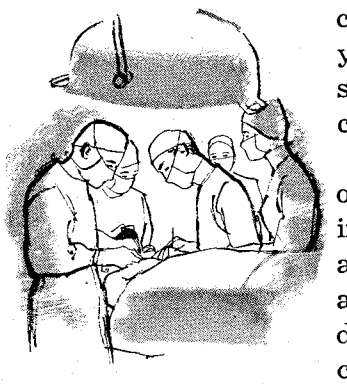
If you are now paying rates charged by most other companies, chances are you may save enough by switching to Allstate to more than pay for this additional protection. Exactly how much you save, of course, also depends on where you live and how your car is used. In just a few seconds an Allstate Agent can give you the exact cost of increased limits for you.

ALLSTATE LIABILITY COVERAGE ALSO PAYS FOR *attachment bonds* to release your car if a court orders it held after an accident . . . *first aid* to others at the time of an accident. Also, in most states, cost (up to $200) of *bail bond,* if it's required for an accident or traffic violation . . . lost wages up to $25 a day if you're called to court by Allstate in defense of a bodily injury lawsuit against you—plus other important advantages.

## *Could you pay the doctor bills for a car full of children hurt in an auto accident—even though you're not at fault?*

"MEDICAL PAYMENTS"

Suppose your wife is driving some of the neighborhood youngsters to school, and she's involved in an accident. Or suppose you're injured in someone else's car.



Or perhaps you, or a relative residing in your home, are hurt in almost any kind of accident involving a car or truck. Could you carry the burden of these medical bills?

This coverage pays these medical expenses—up to the limits you buy—no matter who was liable or responsible. And the cost is usually less than a dollar a month.

Most motorists today carry less than $1,000 of auto medical payments limits. With medical costs what they are today, you should consider carrying higher limits. With Allstate—increasing your coverage costs only $1 more for each additional $1,000. And because Allstate's rates are usually lower than those of most other companies, chances are you can buy added protection for no more money than you're paying now.

Whether or not you already carry some form of health and accident insurance, you should also carry "auto medical payments" coverage as part of your car insurance. For a person who is seriously injured in an auto accident, there is seldom any such thing as "too much" protection. Your relatives and guests in your car are protected, too.

This protection covers medical expenses wherever you travel in the U.S. and Canada. You can buy the amount of medical payments coverage that's right for you—at surprisingly low cost. Your Allstate Agent will gladly give you the exact rate.

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# do you really need?

## *What if "the other guy" has no insurance?*

"BODILY INJURY BENEFITS"
*(now available from Allstate in 40 states)*

You're the goat, if you or any of your family are innocent victims in an auto accident that's caused by a driver who has no auto liability insurance. Sure, he may be "dead wrong," but too often there's little you can do to collect. And chances are, besides having no insurance, he probably has little or no money or property, either, with which to pay damages to you.

This coverage pays—right up to the limits approved for your state—if you, a member of your family residing in your home, or a guest in your car is hurt in an auto accident in which the uninsured motorist is legally liable.

To fill this dangerous gap in your protection will cost you less than two cents a day when you buy this coverage from Allstate.

## *Would your life insurance be enough?*

"AUTO DEATH BENEFITS"
*(now available from Allstate in 46 states)*

It's not a pleasant thought, but almost 40 thousand people were killed in auto accidents last year.

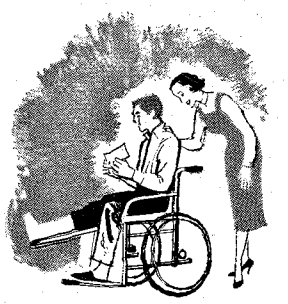
Here's an inexpensive way you can provide additional security for your family against death in an auto accident whether you are driving, riding or walking. You can buy this protection for yourself, your wife, or both.

In most states, $15,000 death benefit protection costs only $5 a year from Allstate. Allstate pays the benefit in one lump sum, regardless of who caused the accident.

## *How long could you afford to be laid up?*

"AUTO DISABILITY INCOME"
*(now available from Allstate in 45 states)*

If you're like most people, you depend on the money you earn to provide for yourself and your family. Savings can disappear in a hurry if you're laid up for long.



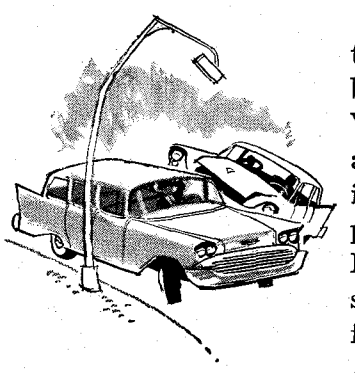
Auto Disability Income coverage helps you pay the rent and the grocer and take care of your wife and kids when your pay checks stop because you're hurt in an auto accident.

In most states an Allstate policyholder pays only $5 a year for coverage that pays $50 a week when he is totally disabled by auto accident injuries. These payments continue as long as the total disability continues—even for life. Ask an Allstate Agent for the exact dollars and cents costs to you.

## *How'd you like to pay $150 for a new fender?*

"COLLISION"

Have you priced material and labor at a repair garage lately? Sculptured design, fancy fenders and grillwork can turn even a small accident into a major repair job. Today consider these other factors too:



Collisions often damage a car beyond repair. Without insurance what would it cost you to replace your car? Don't count on someone else footing the bill. A jury may decide the accident is YOUR fault. Also, a smash-up isn't always caused by two cars colliding. A blowout, a bad road, slippery pavement . . . can wreck your car, even if you're careful. And your car may be banged up by somebody attempting to park . . . or sideswiped by a passing vehicle or hit-run driver.

This coverage pays for collision damage to your car, no matter how it's caused—or who's at fault.

As a general rule, you should always consider the value of your car in relation to the collision premium you pay.

If your car is fairly new, you probably want collision coverage to protect the sizable investment you have in it.

We suggest, however, that you consider *not* buying collision coverage if the premium amounts to more than 15% of the current market value of your car.

Another way to save money on collision insurance is to take advantage of the "deductible" provision. The most common form of collision insurance is $50 deductible coverage. With this, you pay for all repair costs up to $50 for each accident. The insurance company pays the rest, up to the actual cash value of your car at time of loss. Higher deductible amounts are available at substantial savings. $100 deductible, for example, costs considerably less than $50 deductible—yet still protects you against serious financial loss.

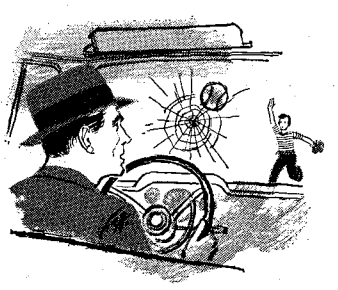
Collision coverage is usually required for auto financing, in order to protect the finance company's equity in the car. Chances are, whether you finance your car or pay cash, you will want to buy this insurance to protect your own investment, too.

ALLSTATE "COLLISION" ADVANTAGES are its low cost and valuable "extras" in most states. For example, you don't even have to pay the deductible amount if your car collides with another Allstate-insured car.

## *Are you prepared for the strange things that could happen—and often do?*

"COMPREHENSIVE"

Suppose a 10-year-old Babe Ruth "connects" with the windshield of your car? ($100—$150—$200 at today's prices!) Comprehensive pays for damage to your car from just about any cause you could imagine *except* collision or upset.



This includes fire, theft, storm damage, flood, glass breakage, falling objects, missiles, vandalism, civil commotion . . . almost anything you can think of.

TURN PAGE

You're in good hands with
ALLSTATE®
INSURANCE COMPANIES

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MESSAGE FROM ALLSTATE (CONTINUED)

# Knowing how to buy auto

And again, Comprehensive is most valuable to someone who has a considerable investment in his car.

It's impossible to quote "typical" prices on this coverage because they vary so widely. Obviously it costs more to insure an expensive car than a low-priced one. If you finance your car, the lender will probably require that you have this coverage. If your car is paid for, you may decide to buy this coverage to *protect your own investment.*

In view of the great number of hazards this coverage protects you against, and its relatively low cost, you should seriously consider Comprehensive if you own an automobile.

Or, you can save money by getting $50 Deductible Comprehensive from Allstate at a 45% discount in most states.

## *What happens when your car won't go?*

"TOWING AND LABOR COSTS"

Allstate will repay you up to $25 *each time* your car breaks down—for the actual cost of towing, or delivery of gasoline to your stalled car, or on-the-spot labor needed to get your car going again, such as use of booster battery or change of tire, and many other emergency expenses of this kind. The cost for this Allstate coverage is $2.50 a year in most states. (In Virginia, the limit of coverage is $10.)

## *What if a visitor gets hurt on your property?*

"FAMILY LIABILITY"

You can be sued for thousands of dollars by strangers, neighbors, and even relatives because of accidents occurring in your home or on your property. Claims from such accidents are increasing. And they could mean ruinous loss to you and your family. You also have to worry about an unscrupulous person faking an accident to collect easy money. Even if you're not liable, it might cost a small fortune to defend yourself.

With Allstate's Family Liability coverage, you, your wife, and relatives residing with you are protected against legal liability (up to the limits you selected) for bodily injury and property damage involved in almost all kinds of home accidents. Allstate also pays the medical expenses (up to the limits you selected) of house guests, visitors, etc., hurt on your property — and up to $250 for their property you accidentally damage, when you're *not* legally liable. In most states Family Liability coverage can be purchased for less than $10 a year—in a few states, more.

This coverage for home accidents is available as a convenience feature of Allstate's auto policy in 45 states.

*(The coverages described in this advertisement are offered for your selection in Allstate's Crusader Automobile Insurance Policy, now available in most states. This policy insures individually owned private passenger automobiles . . . but, in some states, does not insure assigned risks. Even in an advertisement of this length, it is not possible to describe fully all of the benefits and limitations of each coverage. A complete description is contained only in the policy.)*

## We hope these facts you've been reading are helpful to you.

If you have further questions, simply contact an Allstate Agent by phone or in person. He can give you the details for your own

## PLANNING TO FINANCE THE NEXT CAR YOU BUY?

Knowing these answers may save you $50...$100...$150 or more

**What are the finance charges?**

**Are they really low?**

Before you sign anything, you have a perfect right to know where every cent of your payment money is going.

Remember, you're entitled to decide for yourself HOW and WHERE you finance your car.

**What about insurance?**

As you know, a financed car must be insured against loss or damage. But you are entitled to decide WHERE you place the insurance.

Allstate's ECONO-RATE auto finance plan combines low-cost auto financing through a cooperating bank, *and* low-cost, dependable Allstate Auto Insurance on your car.

It's easy and simple to complete all the loan arrangements. No fuss. No red tape. No delay. Your Allstate Agent will show you beforehand exactly what the low finance cost is, and what your convenient monthly payments will be. You get all the benefits of being a "cash buyer" when you select your car. And you get plenty of time to pay.

It's smart to establish your credit *now.* Your Allstate Agent will gladly explain the advantages, with no obligation on your part.

***Taking these 4 easy steps may save you much more than you ever thought possible***

1. Select the car you want—new or used. Find out how much cash you need to buy it.
2. Call your Allstate Agent, and give him this information. He'll tell you exactly what the finance rate and charges through a cooperating bank will be . . . what you'll pay for insurance on your new car . . . and what your total monthly payments will be.
3. As soon as you give him the go-ahead, he'll help make the loan arrangements and handle all details. Then he'll hand you a check.
4. Take the check to your dealer, sign the papers, and drive your car away.

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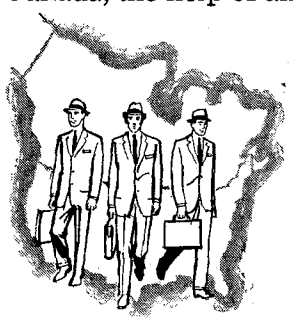
# insurance may save you plenty!

special case—including the dollars-and-cents cost of coverages you're interested in.

## Auto insurance is only as good as the Claims Service behind it.

No matter where you drive in the U.S. or Canada, the help of an experienced Allstate representative is as near as the nearest phone.



Allstate has more than 4,200 full-time claims service expediters always on the alert to help you, wherever you are. *This is the largest full-time, salaried claims staff in the auto insurance business.* And Allstate's claims experts have the authority to pay claims right "on the spot" in many cases.

## With Allstate, you can Pay as You Drive.

You can budget your insurance premiums with Allstate's famous Easy Payment Plan. No need to pay the entire premium in one lump sum. This way, you can buy the protection you need *now,* and make the payments over a period of several months. And it costs no more than 50 cents per payment to take advantage of this "Pay As You Drive" plan.

## How much money is it possible to save with Allstate?

As you'd expect, savings made by switching to Allstate depend on where you live, how your car is used, and other risk conditions. You may save $25 or more—some policyholders save as much as 38%, over rates charged by most other companies. (In Texas, where all auto policies cost the same, eligible Allstate policyholders have always saved through dividends—currently 15%.) Chances are, you can save enough to buy even more protection than that shown in chart above.

WHY ARE ALLSTATE'S RATES SUBSTANTIALLY LOWER than those of most other companies? Because *you buy direct* from an Allstate Agent—plus the fact that Allstate dared to discard the horse-and-buggy selling methods dear to the insurance business and replace them with the big-volume, low-overhead, quality-for-less concept of merchandising pioneered by Sears. Boiled down, the whole thing is this simple:

Cut red tape in paying claims . . . print policies in large type that's easy to read and in plain language with pictures to help you understand exactly what you're buying . . . streamline office operation and cut down on paper work . . . make it easy for you to buy insurance in a relaxed manner, at the Allstate Booth in Sears, at a convenient Allstate Insurance Center, or in your own home if you prefer.

Wouldn't it be wise for you to investigate and compare values before you renew your policy? Remember, until you have the Allstate facts, you don't have all the facts about auto insurance!

## This modern kind of automobile insurance brings car owners these surprising benefits:

1. Allstate eliminates horse-and-buggy selling methods.
   (Savings of 20% or more are common.)
2. Allstate cuts red tape to pay claims faster.
   (Claims paid "on the spot" in many cases.)
3. An Allstate policy is easy to read.
   (Helps you know exactly what you're buying.)
4. Allstate makes it easy for you to buy the convenient, low-pressure way.
   (At the Allstate Booth in Sears, at an Allstate Insurance Center, or in your own home if you prefer.)

**IN A NUTSHELL,** here's an example of how, in most states, many people can modernize their auto insurance, get much higher liability and medical payments limits, and still save money—simply by switching to Allstate.

| COVERAGE | If you are like most folks Allstate insures, and if you now have this much protection at rates charged by MOST OTHER COMPANIES | . . . you can buy this much protection—and still save money with ALLSTATE |
|---|---|---|
| Bodily Injury Liability | $10,000/$20,000 | **$25,000/$100,000** |
| Property Damage Liability | $5,000 | **$10,000** |
| Auto Medical Payments | $500 | **$1,000** |
| Collision | $50 Deductible | $50 Deductible |
| Comprehensive | Actual Cash Value | Actual Cash Value |
| Towing and Labor Costs | $25 | $25 |

Of course, if you now have completely adequate limits of protection—but are paying rates charged by most other companies—chances are you can buy the same coverages from Allstate and make substantial savings.

## NOW—Your Allstate Agent offers a full circle of protection for your family, home and car.

In addition to Allstate Automobile Insurance, Agents in most states now offer top-quality, low-cost Life Insurance (written by Allstate Life Insurance Company). Allstate Fire, Theft and the new Homeowners Insurance are also available in most states. And Allstate's new Sickness, Accident and Hospital Insurance is rapidly being introduced in a growing number of states. Ask your Agent to give you the facts about these outstanding insurance values.

***"May we help you?"***

You're in good hands with

**ALLSTATE®** INSURANCE COMPANIES

Founded by Sears, Roebuck and Company with independent assets and liabilities. Home Offices: Skokie, Ill.

AUTO • PROPERTY • ACCIDENT AND SICKNESS • LIFE*

*Allstate Life Insurance Company is wholly owned by Allstate Insurance Co. Home Offices: Skokie, Ill.

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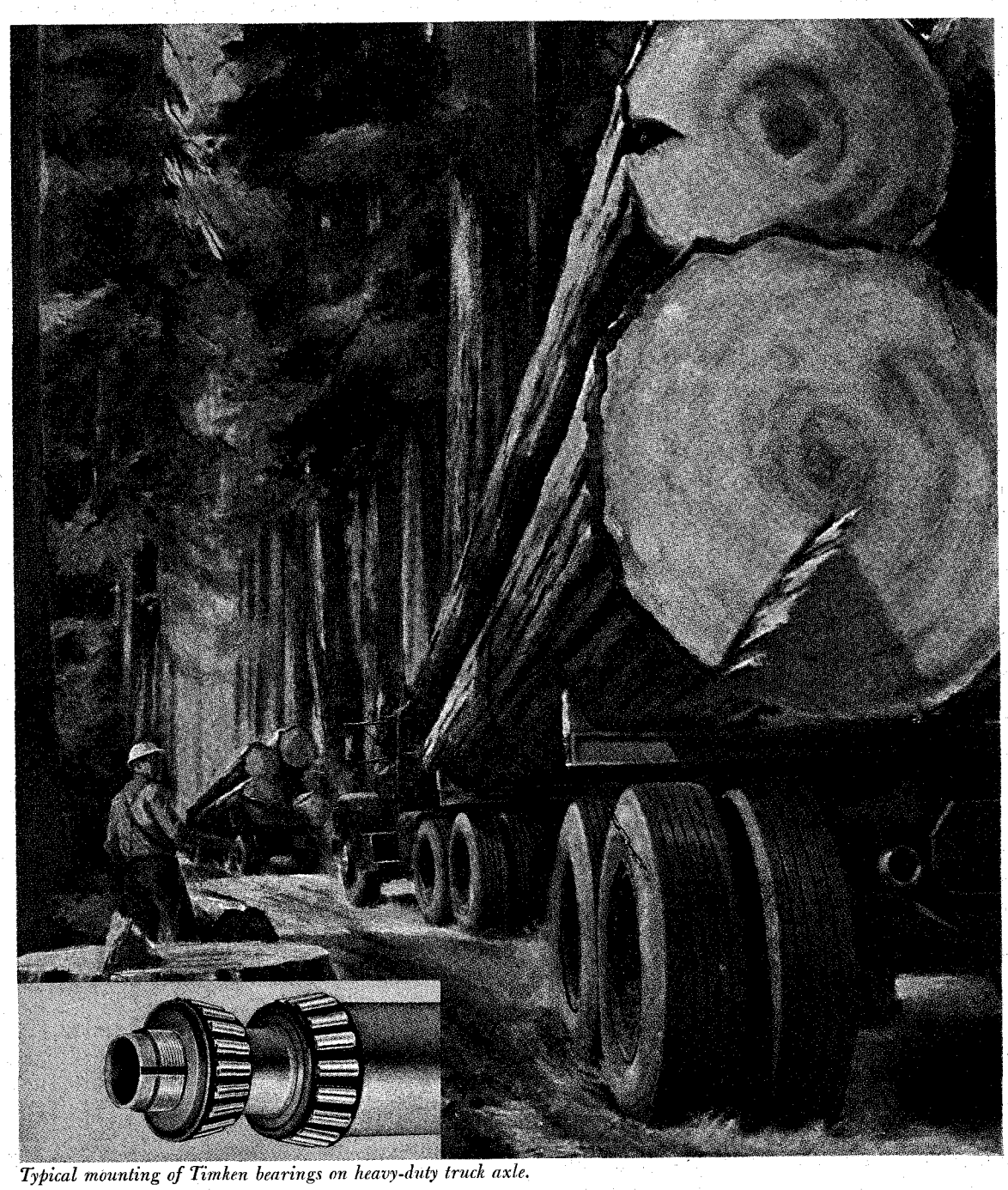
## NOW PAUL BUNYAN DRIVES A TRUCK

PAUL BUNYAN'S axe cut down trees like a scythe cutting standing wheat! Babe, his big, blue ox, curled the logs in his tail and swished them down to the sawmill. But not all the oxen in America could haul the lumber for today's new homes, churches and schools.

Now, monster trucks speed logs out of the forest and down to the mill. These trucks make it possible to supply the fantastic lumber requirements of our growing population. And that's Better-ness—America's knack for making the machines that make our lives easier and more rewarding.

Better-ness in trucks starts with Timken® tapered roller bearings. On wheels, pinion and differential, Timken bearings take the shattering shocks with easy, friction-free performance. And we make them tapered to take *all* the loads —from up, down and sideways. Wherever wheels and shafts turn, Better-ness *rolls* on Timken bearings. *First in bearings for sixty years.*

That's why every make of truck and every make of car but one uses Timken tapered roller bearings. Why not make sure your next one does?



*Typical mounting of Timken bearings on heavy-duty truck axle.*

# This is BETTER-ness...America is for it

# and TIMKEN® bearings help you get it

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# We Conquered Hidden Peak

A member of the American Himalayan expedition that scaled the world's second-highest unclimbed mountain gives his exciting account of the daring feat.

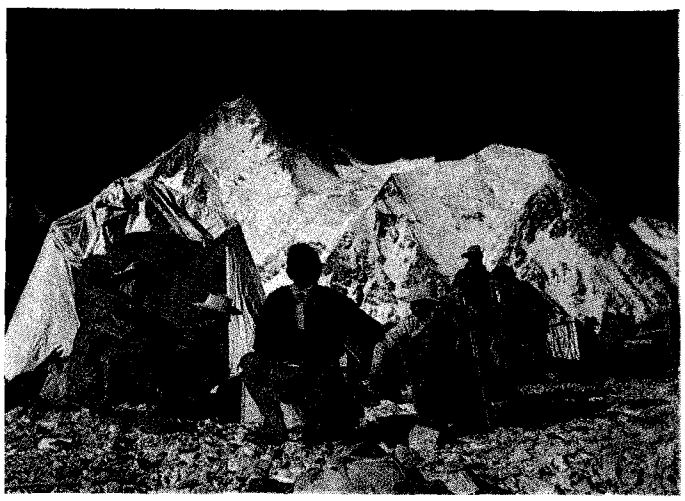
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY

By NICHOLAS B. CLINCH

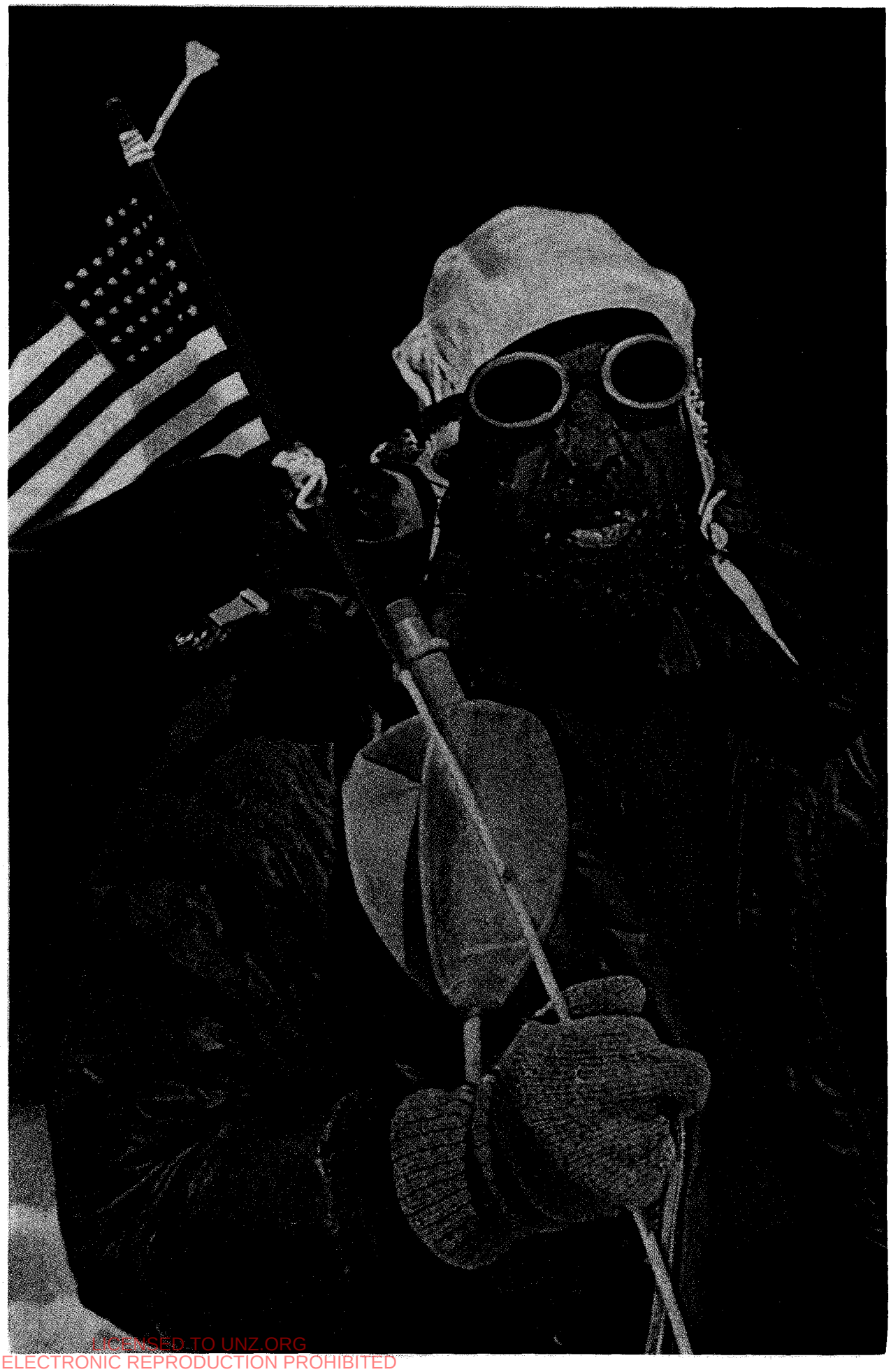
The skies cleared and the waves of heat reflected by the glaring surface of the Abruzzi Glacier shimmered in the hot sun. Beads of sweat saturated our eyebrows and slid down our faces, stinging our eyes and fogging our goggles. The three-inch-wide pack straps bit into our shoulders like hot piano wire. We turned a corner on the trail and suddenly there it was—Hidden Peak, the second-highest unclimbed mountain in the world. We had worked for over two years and had traveled halfway around the world to reach this massive bulk of rock, snow and ice, and now the struggle was just beginning.

Up in the hills of Berkeley, California, there is a nondescript house which was once called Toad Hall by five climbers who were renting it. In October, 1955, it was haunted by a group of avid mountaineers who gathered from all over the San Francisco Bay Area to enjoy spaghetti and conversation. It was after one such repast, with the occupants and their guests relaxing on couches, chairs and the floor that I asked, "Who wants to climb Hidden Peak in 1958?" The question received the laughter it deserved.

A neighbor of K2 in the remote Karakoram range of northwestern Pakistan, Hidden Peak, or Gasherbrum I, as it is listed on the map, at 26,470 feet is the eleventh highest mountain



Looming against the skyline above is the party's goal—the 26,470-foot crest of Gasherbrum I, or Hidden Peak.



On the summit: Andy Kauffman took off his oxygen mask for pictures during the hour he and leader Pete Schoening spent at the top. His face shows the painful ravages of acute sunburn.

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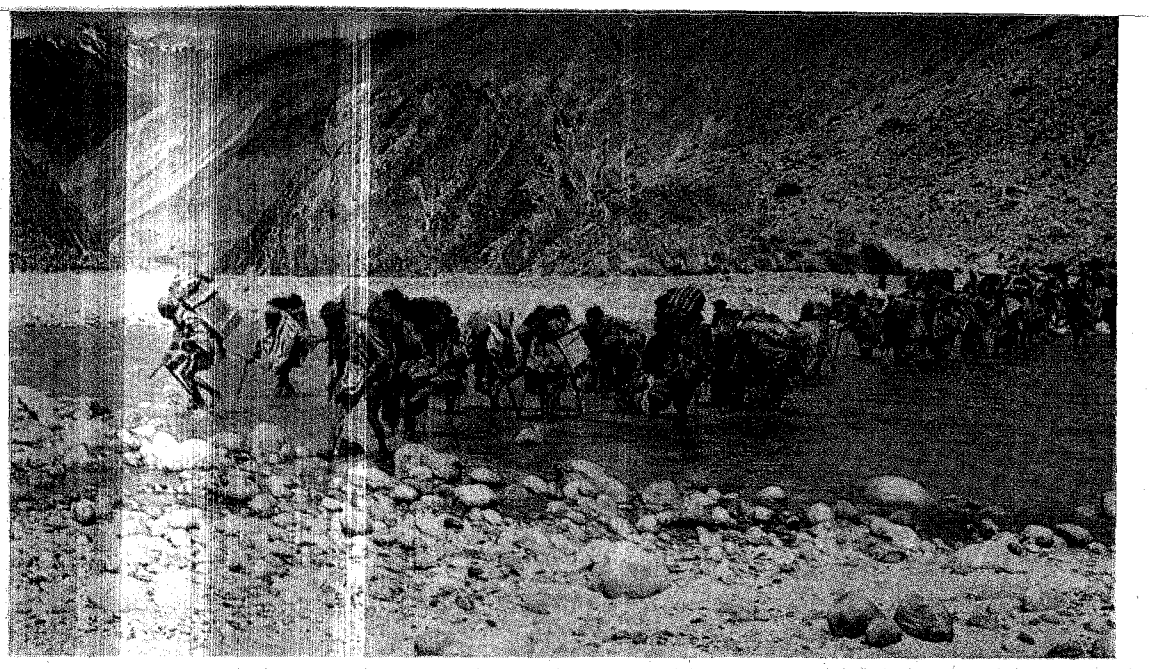


Above: Crossing the Korophon River during the 150-mile trek to Hidden Peak. The expedition included 112 coolies, and each carried sixty pounds of supplies.

Upper Baltoro Glacier: Here, still two and a half days from Base Camp, the supply line mounted into the heart of the Karakoram range. Ahead is Gasherbrum IV, scaled by the Italians two months later.

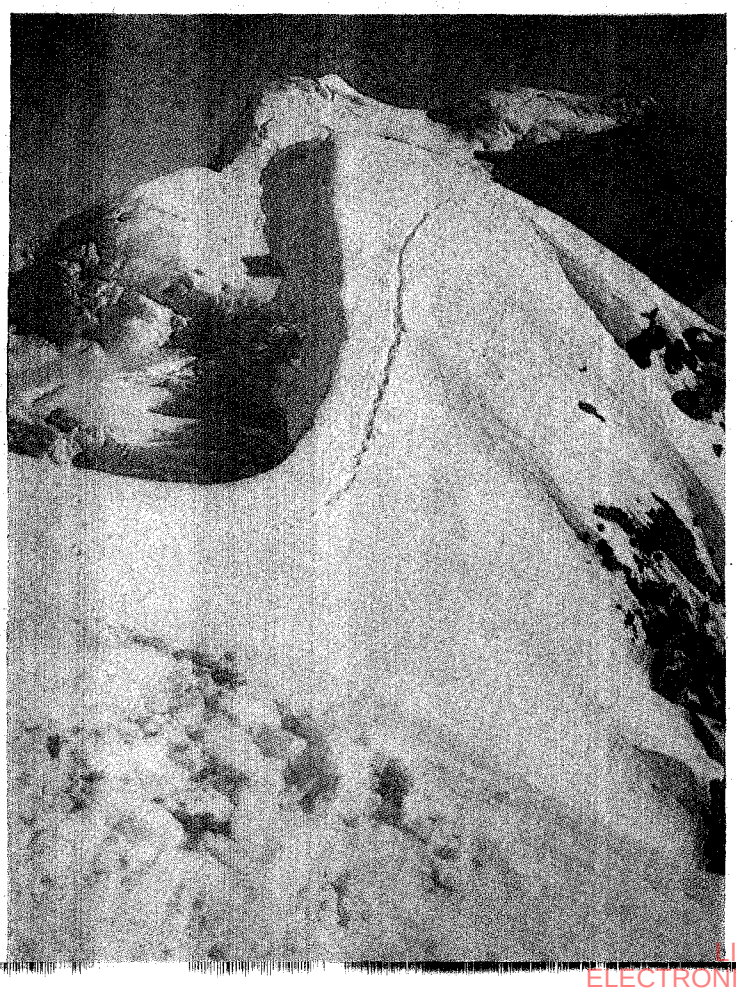
in the world. It is in the select group of thirteen mountains over 8000 meters (26,268 feet) which are the ultimate goal of all mountaineers. Until the successful French expedition to Annapurna in 1950 all efforts to climb one of these giants had ended in failure or disaster. Today with the aid of modern equipment and technique, most of these mountains have been climbed by strong, well-equipped parties from many countries, including England, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Japan. But despite three gallant efforts on K2, and one on Makalu, no American expedition had ever succeeded in reaching the "third pole," as these high mountains are sometimes called.

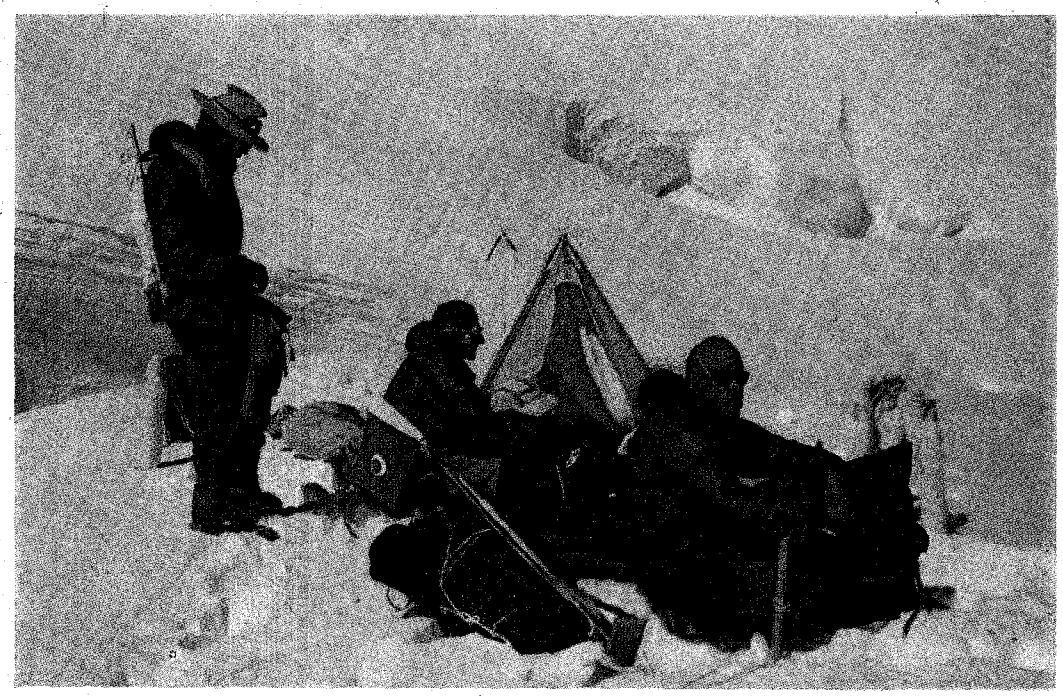
Hidden Peak, only thirty feet lower than Annapurna, had resisted the attempts of two strong parties. In 1934 an international expedition led by Dr. G. O. Dyhrenfurth was turned back by bad weather. Again, in 1936 a well-equipped party of the finest French alpinists of that time was defeated by an early onslaught of the monsoon. On the latter trip two Sherpa porters plunged 1500 feet down a snow couloir. Miraculously they survived, but had to be carried out from the mountain on litters.

Besides the problem of climbing the mountain, we would need permission from the Pakistani government, sponsorship by a recognized alpine club, and at least $30,000. We had nothing. Obviously it was impossible.

Undeterred by the laughter that greeted my question, I asked again, "Who wants to go to Hidden Peak?" Finally from the kitchen where Bob Swift and Dick Irvin were washing the dishes came Swift's voice, "I'll go with you," followed by Irvin's chuckling, "Sure, Nick, count me in." Unknown to all of us, the 1958 American Karakoram expedition was under way.

Months passed. We received the sponsorship and support of the American Alpine Club, of which we were all members. Permission to climb the (Continued on Page 62)





Camp V: In the thin air at 23,500 feet, the climbers gasped for breath after setting up this tent, which was to be the jumping-off place for the final ascent.

The tracks on the cornice of snow at left show the perilous route the party was forced to take between Camps III and IV.

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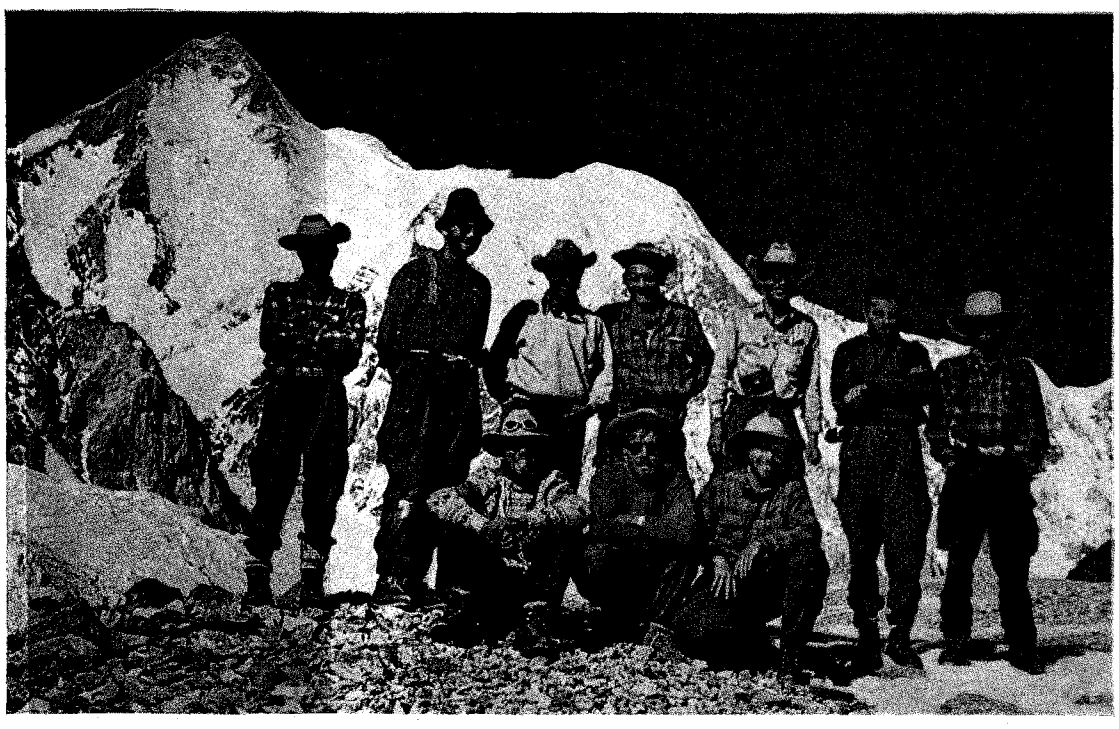
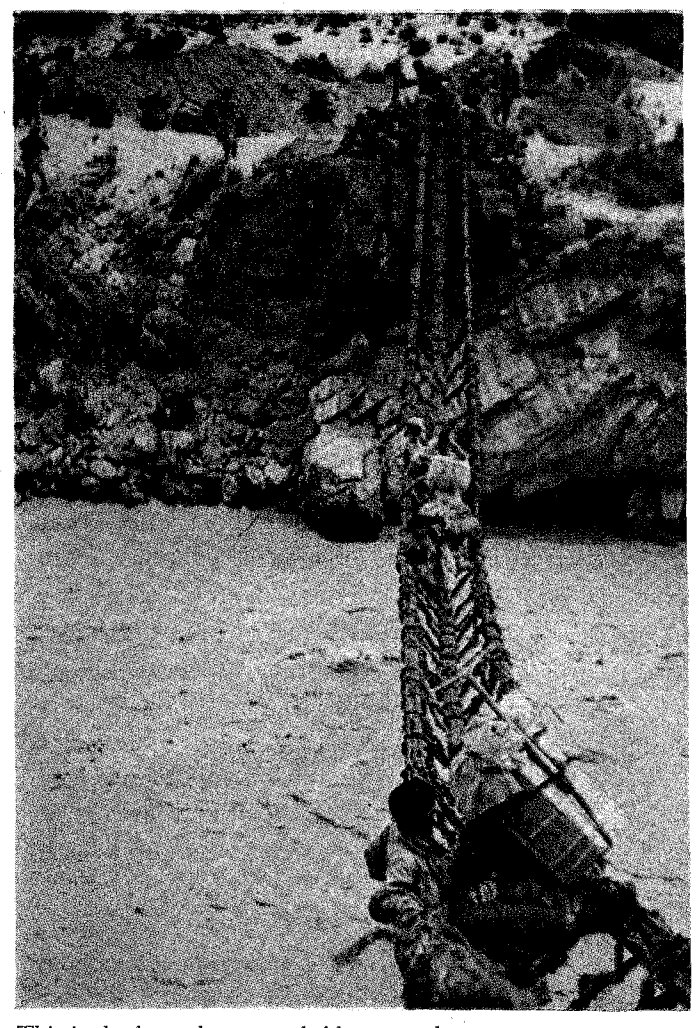
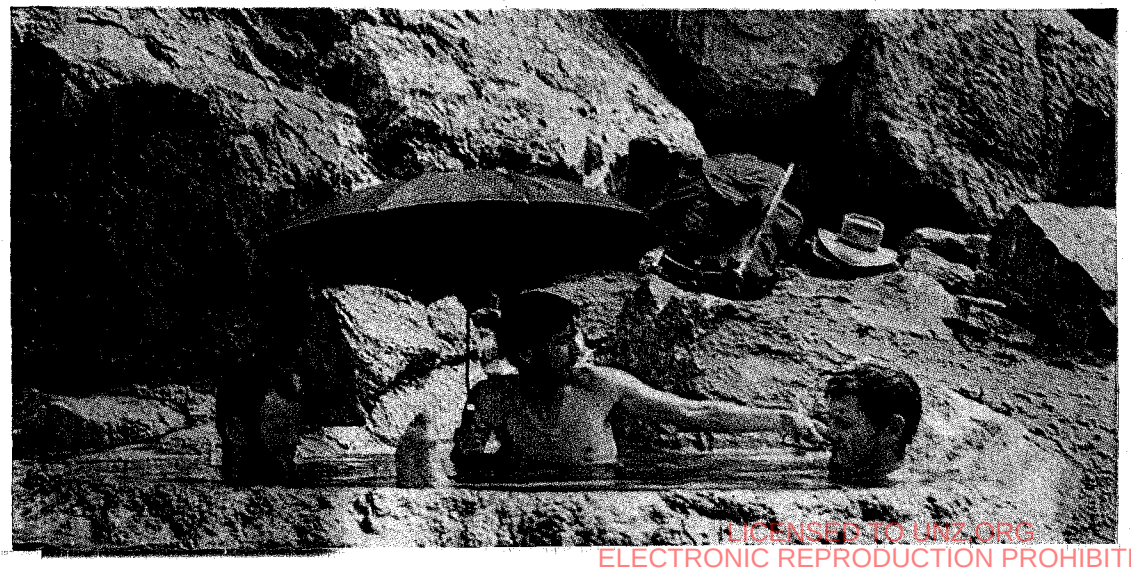
On the snow at right is the exhausted summit team of Schoening and Kauffman as the support party found them the day following the successful assault.



The exultant climbers after their victory over Hidden Peak (in background).
Front row: Bob Swift, Dr. Tom Nevison and Dick Irvin. Back row: Capt. Mohd Akram, Gil Roberts, Captain S.T.H. Rizvi, Pete Schoening, author Clinch, Andy Kauffman and Tom McCormack.



This is the hazardous rope bridge over the Korophon River which the climbers, their coolies and high-altitude porters crossed on the way out.



Gil Roberts, Tom McCormack and Pete Schoening wash away two months of mountain-climbing grime in a hot spring near Askole.



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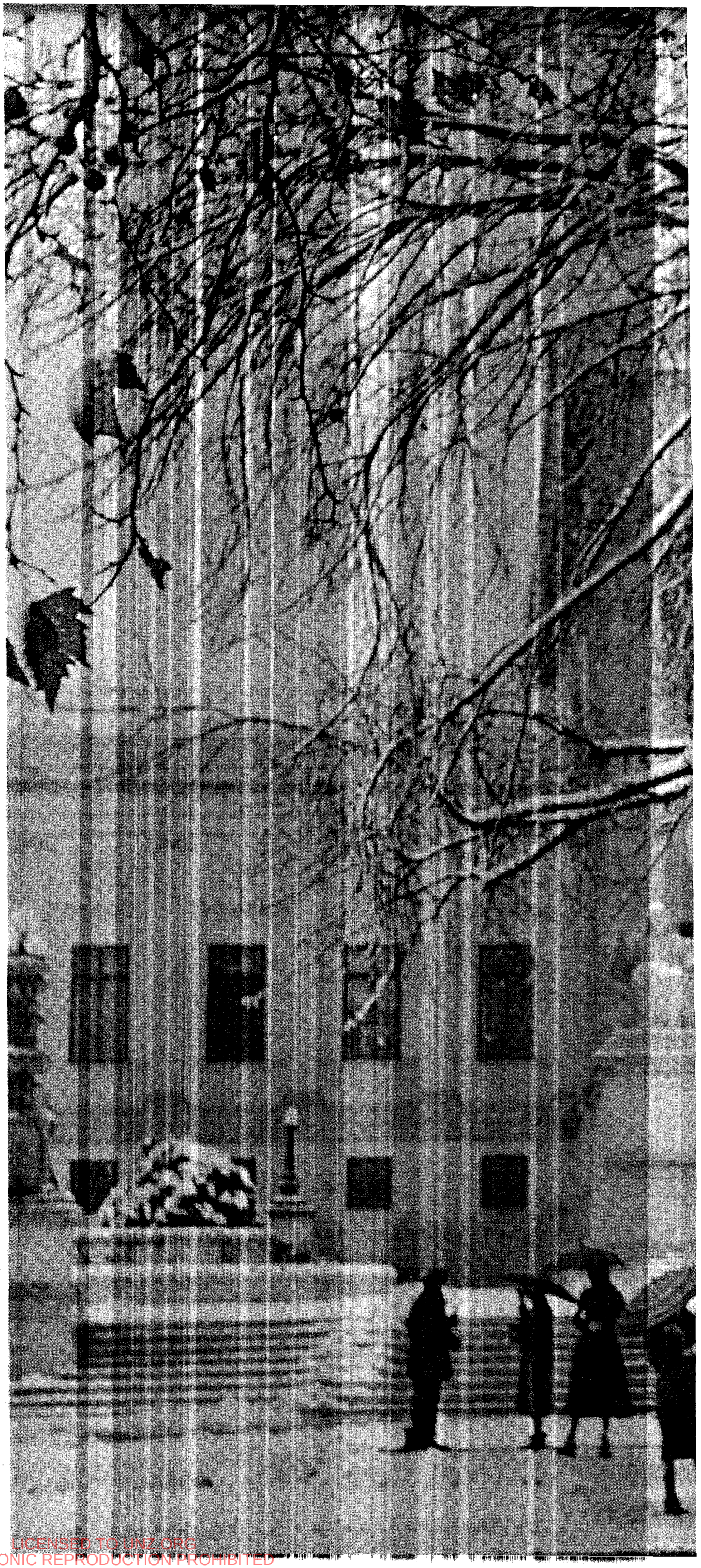
The Face of AMERICA

# Courthouse No. 1

Heavy snowfall in Washington, D.C., sends Government workers scurrying home, while the veil of flakes lends a soft, friendly glow to the austere temple that houses the Supreme Court of the United States. Completed in 1935 to last "for all time," the massive classical structure symbolizes the dignity and integrity of our highest tribunal. Yet it was something of an afterthought—when the young Federal Government moved to its new capital on the Potomac in 1800, the Court was overlooked in the plans and had to borrow a small basement room from the Senate. There, in what wags called "a potato hole," Chief Justice John Marshall handed down historic decisions, such as Marbury vs. Madison, which affirmed the Supreme Court's role as guardian of the Constitution. Today's antagonism in some Southern states because of the Court's rulings on school integration is not unique. In its one hundred and sixty-nine years the Court has lived through many controversies. For example, the Dred Scott decision of 1857, voiding the Missouri Compromise, helped set the stage for the Civil War; the invalidation of key New Deal laws, such as the NRA and AAA, in 1935–36 led to Franklin Roosevelt's "court-packing" plan. But the Court still stands as "the supremest Supreme Court in all the world," as one historian has written.

● Photograph by Fred Maroon



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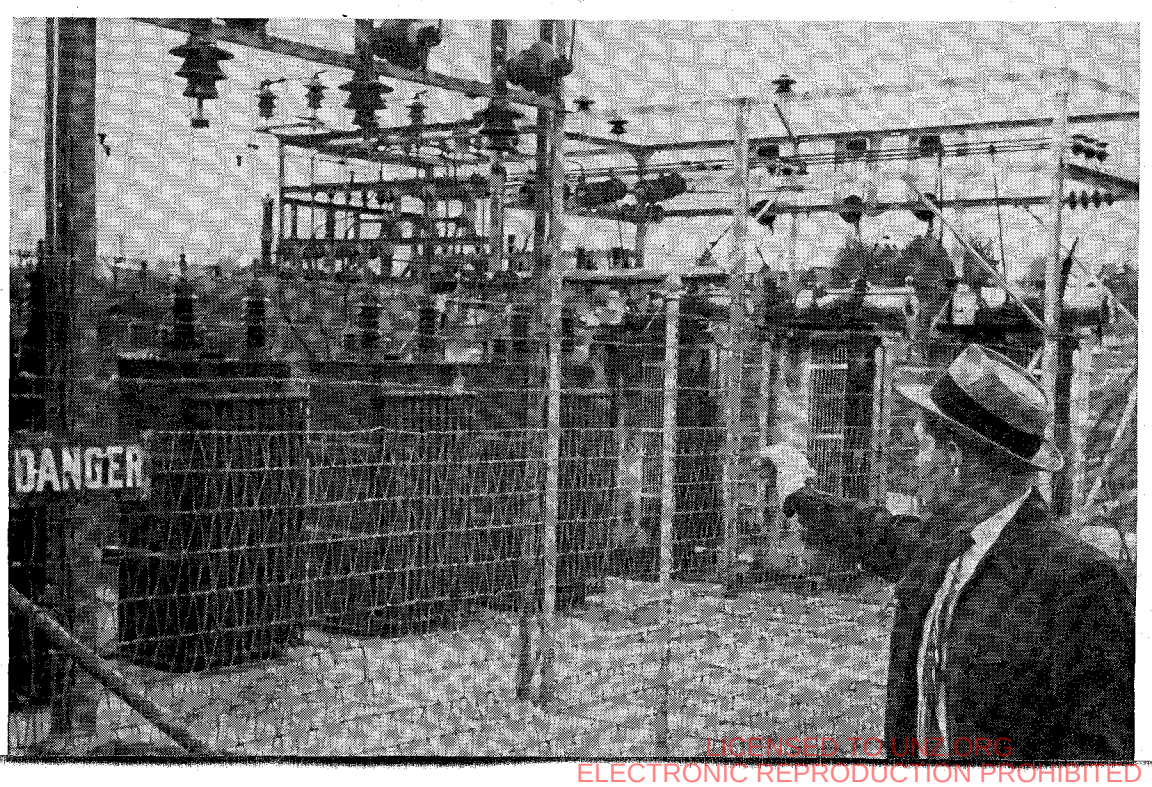
With body, mind and nervous system seared by frightful burns, he refused to die. Instead, he suffered through 60 painful operations—and walked out of the hospital under his own power.

# He Survived 11,000 Volts

By Joseph P. Blank

Charley Kilpatrick with nurse Carolyn Adkins at Emory University Hospital, Atlanta, where he spent 40 months. "I was spared so that I could carry on a useful life."

Charley, shown above in his Decatur, Ga., home, has one artificial leg. To save his other one, he chose to endure agonizing pai




At left, Charley points to the spot in the Buford, Ga., substation where he was nearly electrocuted. The accident occurred when he touched a deadly wire with a survey rod.

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Charles C. Kilpatrick wasn't special. Like millions of other men he went through high school, married, had a child. He lived in a $12,000 house in an Atlanta, Georgia, suburb, worked hard as a survey engineer for the Georgia Power Company, and was known as a good, responsible man who did his utmost on every job.

Then Charley, a small-statured, black-haired man of thirty-nine, was tested. He was tested by pain such as few men are called upon to bear, and to the witnesses of his ordeal, Charley became a living proof that, until tried, no man knows the strengths within him.

Charley's three years and four months of torture began on a dismal February afternoon in 1955. With two assistants he was surveying newly acquired company property forty miles north of Atlanta. He was standing in a fenced-in electrical substation. Somehow the metal survey rod in his right hand touched a high-tension wire. He was instantly knocked unconscious by the 11,000 volts that burned up his right arm, across his chest and down his legs.

An hour and a half later, at six-thirty in the evening, he was taken by ambulance to the Emory University Hospital on the outskirts of Atlanta. He probably was the worst burn case ever admitted to the hospital, whose clinic staff has done pioneer research in burns.

Dr. Glenville Giddings, medical director of the Georgia Power Company, examined the unconscious man. "I wasn't sure Charley would live," he recalled, "and if he did live, I thought he'd wind up a basket case with two legs and an arm lost." Without much hope Doctor Giddings told surgeons Dr. William C. McGarity and Dr. Robert P. Kelly, "We want the man fixed." The two surgeons shared Doctor Giddings' pessimism about Charley's survival. They couldn't understand how he had withstood the massive shock and they had no way of knowing what it might have done to his mind, nervous system and body tissues.

"I couldn't have made it without my nurses," says Charley, here with the three whose round-the-clock care contributed so greatly to his recovery. From left, they are Carolyn Adkins, Bessie Hughes and Mildred Wise.

The next afternoon Charley's lower left leg and foot became gangrenous. Doctor McGarity had to act quickly. Toxic substances from the dead limb could cause a fatal shut-down of the already damaged kidneys. Although the leg had to come off, the doctor was far from sure that Charley could survive the strain of surgery, the blood loss, and the shock of a major nerve severance. Charley's wife, Doris, who was already in a state of nervous exhaustion, reluctantly consented. Doctor McGarity couldn't risk putting the patient under general anesthesia. He refrigerated the leg and amputated.

Three nurses—Carolyn Adkins, Bessie Hughes and Mildred Wise—were assigned to give Charley round-the-clock care. "Charley was unconscious, but he had been so terribly hurt that he kept crying out against the pain," night nurse Wise, a grandmother, said. "He kept singing that spiritual, Bringing in the Sheaves, at the top of his lungs, and I had to keep the door closed so the other patients wouldn't be disturbed. You could almost feel him hanging on, fighting for his life." Early that morning Charley's stump hemorrhaged. Mrs. Wise jabbed him with a hypodermic to prevent further shock, cut the sutures and stuck her finger in the stump to block the artery. From that moment she was caught up in Charley's struggle for survival. She worked on his case for 261 consecutive nights before taking a few days' break.

Another mainstay in the support that was building up around the all-but-dead husk of a man was Carolyn Adkins, a hard-driving, enthusiastic former Navy nurse. On duty from five A.M. till two o'clock in the afternoon, she executed most of the medical orders, changed dressings and took care of the patient's most urgent needs. She had never seen a person so brutally hurt. "I decided to see Charley through to the end," she said, "no matter how long it took."

Two weeks after the accident Charley grew conscious. He was aware of his missing leg, of a nearly foot-square area of charred flesh on the right side of his chest, a deeply burned and mangled right foot, and a right arm and hand so badly damaged that they looked like nothing.

Pain was constant. "But I was alive," Charley said. "Those eleven thousand volts should have killed me. Something told me that no matter what happened, I would walk again."

(Continued on Page 74)

Charles, Jr., Charley, and his wife, Doris. Charley is now a full-time draftsman for the Georgia Power Company.

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"I hope," said Madam Janeway, "that you will have some time to devote to my affairs."

# The Cardiff Giant Affair

## Behind this woman's mask of wit and charm lay a secret no one would dare to believe.

Beginning a new serial by CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Lossie and I sat under the big elm between our twin houses on James Street. It seems not to have been uncommon in the days when our homes were erected, for brothers or close friends to build identical homes side by side, and this is what our fathers had done.

They were close friends and partners, and if a stranger asked their business, they would reply that they were salt boilers. Which, indeed, they were, for the production of salt was, perhaps, the principal industry of Syracuse in the '60's.

Our homes were of red brick, square, and each was topped by a cupola. Fine doorways with fanlights stood behind Doric columns, and on each door was a silver plate bearing the name of the owner. On our door the name was Applegate, and on Lossie's door the name was Fox.

Across the street in a spacious yard stood a fine Corinthian-style house but newly tenanted after a year of vacancy, and by a mysterious and beautiful lady, arrived suddenly out of the nowhere to take residence after a flurry of renovation, painting and furnishing. Even the iron colored boy at the hitching block was shining in freshly painted red coat and white trousers and black boots.

This newest addition to our population created high curiosity and was the occasion of much whispering and speculation. That she was beautiful and stately could be observed by all; that she was wealthy was evidenced by her retinue and by the extremely handsome team of chestnut horses, with coachman to drive them, which inhabited the stables. The coachman was liveried, as was the butler, at whom Lossie and I gazed with some awe.

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Janeway was her name. It was accepted quickly that she was to be spoken of as Madam Cissie Janeway—though just how this came to be so was a mystery to us who were wholly unacquainted with that art which, many years later, came to be known as public relations. At any rate, even before we saw the lady, we had somehow been instructed that her name was Madam Cissie Janeway.

For some days after her arrival she was invisible, which was taken to be a sign of proper modesty and decorum. Then, each morning at ten, her open carriage drove around from the stables and Madam Janeway, dainty parasol in hand, tripped down the steps to the block and stepped into her equipage. She was of medium height, but seemed taller. She was possessed of a wonderful, lithe figure which she handled with consummate grace. Her little bonnet perched upon a coif of bronze hair. Her face was beautiful—almost Grecian—strikingly aristocratic and dignified. Her eyes were large and brown and very, very brilliant. Somehow one was impressed by the fact that her aristocracy was embellished by high intelligence. But also, there was something sweet and a little sad about her expression, and when she smiled one's heart went out to her. The envious guessed that she was in her later thirties; the unbiased opined that she might be in her closing twenties. The fact, not known until later days, was that she was forty-one.

Lossie had returned but the week before from her travels in Europe, and to my somewhat bewildered discomfort I found her not the tomboyish chum who had sailed away in June. Lossie was four years younger than I, being at that time in her nineteenth year. Whatever of hoyden there had been when she went away had been erased by contact with the culture of the Old World, and I was conscious of a restraint between us that never had been there before. Never, from that first day when I had been taken in to see her in her cradle, had we been anything but playmates; she the more daring and adventurous.

But this evening she was not a playmate; she was a lady. No longer was she a creature with scrawny legs and flying hair and smudged cheeks. She did not even look the same, and I, after studying the matter carefully, was dismayed to see that she was on the verge of becoming a beautiful woman. I wondered hopefully if this new, dignified, standoffish manner of hers was real or if it was something she had observed in foreign society and was practicing on me for mischief.

"There she is," Lossie said suddenly, and I looked across the street to see Madam Janeway descend the front steps and walk across the front of the house to a garden where late flowers blossomed. She walked slowly, swaying a little as she walked, not looking about her and unaware that curious eyes might be studying her.

"She looks," I said, "like a queen."

Lossie sniffed. "She's giving us a chance to stare at her," she said.

"That," I said with that impoliteness which is used by children who are intimate, "is silly."

"She," snapped Lossie, "is making a parade."

"You're jealous," I said.

"You're a stupid boy. When you get to be a man you'll be more stupid."

"I am a man," I retorted. "I'm graduated from Cornell College and I'm admitted to the bar."

She looked at me and tittered, and I felt my cheeks flushing. Then she frowned. "Do you think she is beautiful?" Lossie asked, narrowing her eyes at me.

"Very handsome," I said shortly.

"Am I beautiful?" she demanded.

"Fiddlesticks," I told her. "You're just Lossie."

"Stupid!" she said with a shrug. And then, after a little pause while she scrutinized the lady across the street, "She's a hussy."

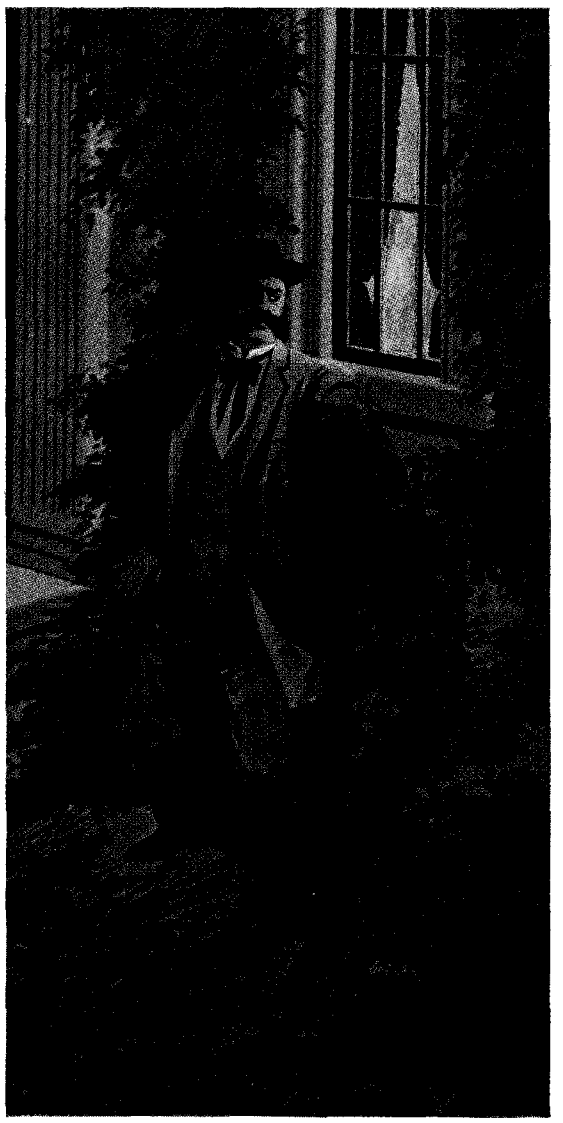
"Little girls," I said loftily, "mustn't be jealous. It makes them look silly."

"I don't feel like quarreling with you this evening," she said. "I suppose our mothers will be calling. They won't be able to restrain their curiosity. . . . Oh, oh, there goes Banker Watts."

It was so. Banker Watts, wearing a tall beaver hat, was indeed turning up the walk toward Madam Janeway's door. She became aware of him and turned with a graceful gesture to greet him. She led the way up the steps and they disappeared inside the house.

Apparently Lossie dismissed our new neighbor from her thoughts. "Let's start early tomorrow morning," she said, with something of her old-time eagerness. "Did your father say you could have the horses?"

Illustrated by Sam Bates



The marauder stood huddled against the wall under the library windows.

"Yes," I told her. "You're going to put up a lunch?"

We were going to the Onondaga Indian Reservation Fair, which we had attended every October since we were children. It was a great occasion, to be reached by going out the Cherry Valley Turnpike on the way to La Fayette village or to Cardiff if you turned to the right. Everybody went and wandered about all day among the booths, and bought Indian baskets and had a wonderful, tiresome time.

My mother called from our front porch, "Supper's ready, Orrin," and I went in.

Only mother, father and I sat at table. Father asked the blessing and hardly had his Amen been spoken when mother said in her brisk way, "Banker Watts just went in across the way—probably to supper."

"Probably business," father said.

"I thought," mother said, "that when people had business with bankers they went to the bank."

"Mrs. Janeway ——" he commenced, but mother interrupted.

"Madam Janeway," she corrected.

Father grinned at her sardonically. "Madam Janeway is a new and important customer," he said. "Wealthy, I understand, and highly connected. It would be good business to pamper her some."

"Nellie and I are going to call," mother said. Nellie was Lossie's mother.

"I wouldn't rush things," father warned.

"Who," mother demanded, "are these important connections?"

"I had lunch with Watts today, and her name came up."

"I warrant it did," mother said ironically.

"He didn't mention names," father went on, "but you could tell he was impressed. Somebody pretty high up."

Mother sniffed in a way she had. "Probably the natural daughter of an earl," she said. "Why the mystery? If she's a member of some family like the Vanderbilts or the Goulds or Daniel Drews, why not come right out with it?"

"It was Watts who was reticent," father explained. "Acting like a banker!"

Mother changed the subject abruptly. It was a way she had. Her mind darted about, sometimes bewilderingly.

"You and Lossie are going to the Indian Fair?" she asked.

"Yes, mother."

"Foreign travel," mother said, "did Lossie good. She's improved."

"It made her snippy," I complained.

"It'll wear off," father said carelessly. "I don't have to tell you to take good care of the horses."

"No, sir," I answered.

"When I was a boy," he told me, "my father didn't own a team worth a thousand dollars."

"Now, Silas!" mother warned, as she did every time father started in to tell us how he was a self-made man.

There was no formality about our supper. The roast was on a platter in front of father; the mashed potatoes were at his left. He sliced the meat and filled plates bountifully, dipping gravy on the potatoes and adding portions of mashed turnip. Mother served the peas in side dishes. We ate with appetite and without conversation. It was not until after the apple pie that father sighed and pushed back his (Continued on Page 82)

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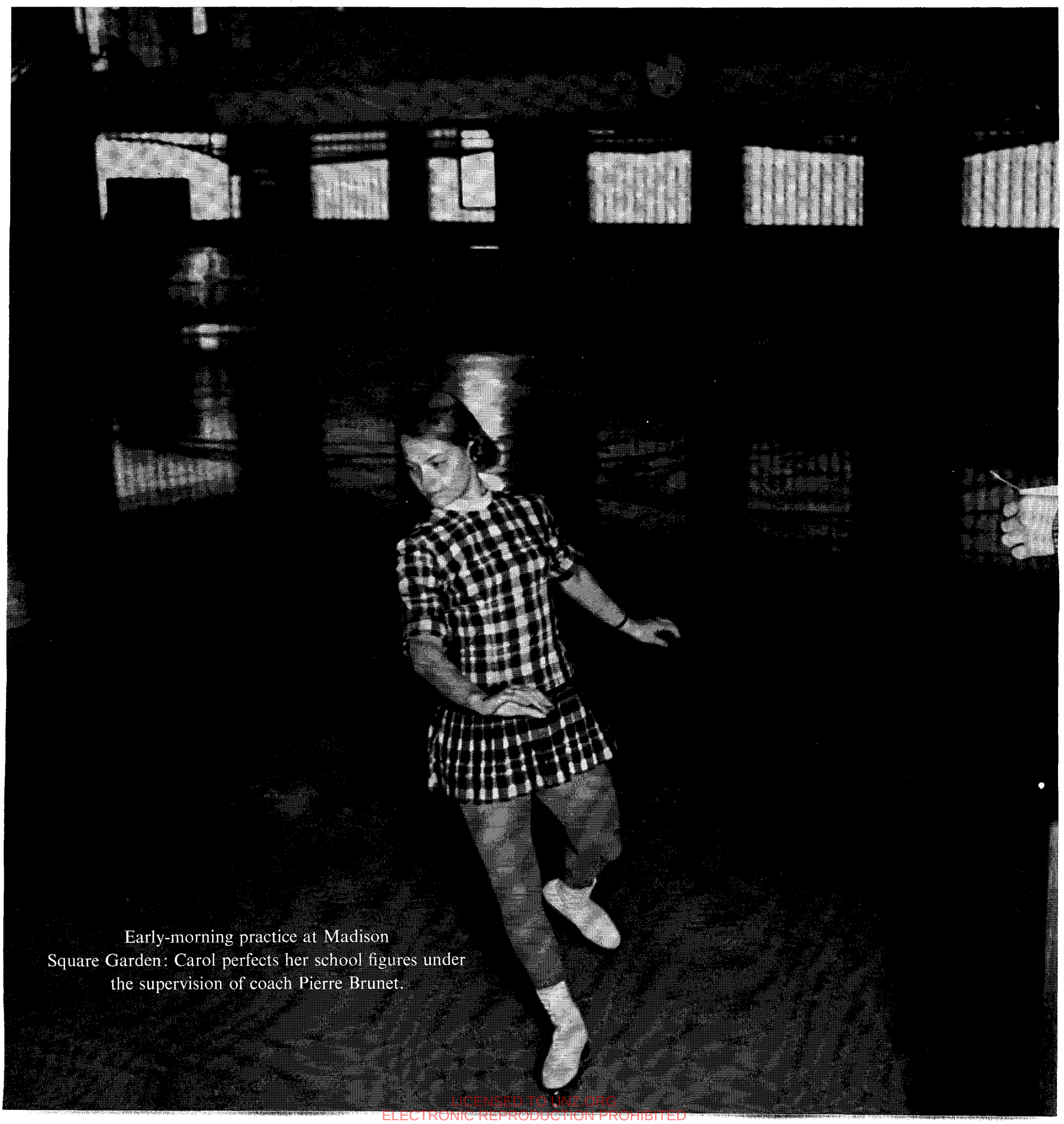
By FRANK GRAHAM, Jr.

# QUEEN OF THE ICE



Early-morning practice at Madison Square Garden: Carol perfects her school figures under the supervision of coach Pierre Brunet.

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Nineteen-year-old Carol Heiss goes after her fourth world's figure-skating championship this year. Here's the inside story of why she gave up a normal childhood in pursuit of glory.

Carol (center) and her family as she arrived from Europe in 1956 with her first world title. From left: Her father, brother Bob, sister Nancy, and her late mother.

To see Carol Heiss on skates is to see one of the loveliest spectacles in sports. This tiny and very pretty teen-age blonde, whose graceful patterns and daring, imaginative style have kindled a new excitement in figure skating, dominates her sport as few girls have since Sonja Henie flashed out of Norway thirty years ago to capture all the amateur titles before making her fortune in Hollywood.

Carol will be defending her national championship, in Rochester, this weekend, and her North American title in Canada next month. Then, on February twenty-fourth, she will go after her fourth straight world championship at Colorado Springs. In the process, she will enchant thousands of spectators.

"She's as good as Sonja ever was," says Irving Jaffee, a former United States Olympic speed-skating titlist and now a prominent skating instructor. "And don't forget that she hasn't reached her peak yet. She's the image of Sonja—as cute as a bug—and she's got the spark that excites an audience."

Nobody is better aware than Carol, who turned nineteen on January twentieth, that her artistry on ice is not the magical gift it may appear to be. Her rise has taken place against a background of tragedy, hardship and controversy.

In reaching her present eminence, Carol sacrificed her childhood to a rigorous training routine, while others also consecrated themselves to furthering her career. Her father, never well-to-do, worked long hours for the money Carol needed for lessons, equipment and travel. Her mother, fatally ill of cancer, threw all the strength of her last years into steering Carol to success. After the mother's death, guidance was taken over by Carol's skating coach, Pierre Brunet, who saw in the girl the realization of dreams that had been shattered when his only son was killed.

Because precision is so important in figure skating, an aspirant must put in long hours of practice every day. It is comparable to the endless practice on the violin or piano that discourages many potential child prodigies in the field of music. Only the most dedicated youngster will endure such drudgery for possible rewards in the distant future.

Mrs. Marie Heiss, a baker's wife in Ozone Park, New York, made this decision for Carol and for her two other children, Nancy and Bruce, when they were tots. All of the Heiss children are now champions.

Mrs. Heiss, a German immigrant like her husband, told a friend shortly before her death, in 1956, "Here in America most children don't want to do anything. They don't seem to have an objective like (Continued on Page 54)

Thirteen-year-old Carol (left) with champion Tenley Albright before their first encounter—the 1953 U.S. nationals. Tenley won this and their next six meetings.

Carol (left) smiled to mask disappointment after losing to Tenley in the 1956 Winter Olympics. But two weeks later she finally defeated her long-standing rival.

Nancy (left), Carol's 17-year-old sister, is also a top skater, will give her sister stiff competition in the 1960 Olympics.

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# THE GIRL ON THE ROAD

By HUGH B. CAVE

She thought she could take care of herself. But now she needed help quick.

With a whisk broom borrowed from the motel proprietor, Ed Morton was sweeping New Mexico sand out of his car in front of Number Two cabin when the girl walked in from the highway. He saw her hesitate before the office as though afraid to go in. Either the suitcase she carried was heavy or she had come a long way.

At the far end of the dusty court Buddy Arndt, the owner's stepson, straightened from under the hood of his souped-up jalopy and started toward her—a big, handsome boy with a sulky mouth and rudely appraising eyes; the kind of teen-ager that nice kids of his age feared and despised. "Somethin' I can do for you?" The leer in his voice was unmistakable.

The girl hesitated, awed perhaps by his bigness, perhaps by the black leather jacket. She straightened her shoulders. "Do you—are you the owner here?"

"My pa runs the place."

"Could I speak to him, please?"

"Why not? He's in the office."

She turned to the office, and Buddy followed a few steps, then stopped, grinned and slouched back to his engine overhaul. On sudden impulse, Ed Morton decided it was time to return the whisk broom.

When he opened the office door, the girl was at the counter saying to Pop Cline, "I suppose you've heard it before, but in my case it's the truth. I left my purse in a restaurant, and when I got back it was gone. So I haven't any money. I can work for a night's sleep, though, cleaning cabins for you or something."

Pop frowned at her, a soft, homely man with compassion and (Continued on Page 58)

The boy had a hand over her mouth to keep her silent, his other hand pressing her against him to stop her from breaking free.

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# The Man Who Frightens Bureaucrats

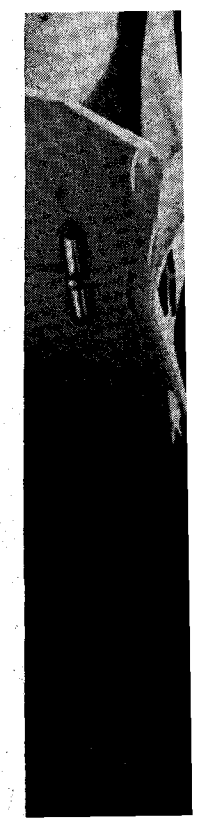
By Peter Wyden

Certain maliciously inclined wits in Washington, D.C., have long had the urge to send through the State Department an emissary who would flit from door to door shouting: "Rooney is coming!" These wits contend that the impact would be entertaining. Coffee cups would vanish. Desks would be swept clean, especially of papers relating to departmental finances. Blood pressures would bounce upward. Some officials might risk a break to the backstairs exits. The reaction, in sum, would be that of a reform school suddenly visited by the chairman of the parole board.

This would be understandable, because such, indeed, is the relationship between Congressman John James Rooney, Democrat, of Brooklyn, New York, and the State Department, as well as the Justice Department, the entire system of Federal courts and the United States Information Agency, which is supposed to put our best propaganda foot forward all over the world.

Technically, Rooney, who looks like a balding, undersized Uncle Sam with bad digestion, is only

(Continued on Page 87)



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**This secret passage was known to only two men—a murderer and his victim.**

# The Death Tunnel

By GERALD KERSH

Before I learned to master my emotions and mask my feelings, as a child, and fell into fits of ungovernable rage, my father used to admonish me, "Charles, you see the wrong side of things. If your pony threw you, do not beat the pony—blame yourself for not mastering it. Don't look as if you hate it. Hate is death. Hate digs its own grave. Hate is a dead end, my dear boy. Only love conquers in the end."

He could afford to talk in comfortable clichés, because he was free from all care, a prosperous gentleman in retirement who liked everybody to be content; an unambitious dilettante happy in his library, the most frequently opened book in which was his checkbook. There was no charitable cause to which he would not subscribe. I hate charities and all forms of benevolence—they impoverish the giver and degrade the taker.

But while he put all mankind in his debt, and made a virtue of it, my father always warned me against owing money to tradesmen and bankers, or borrowing it from friends. The workings of such a conscience are incomprehensible to me; like the mysterious quirks of mind that enable certain "thinkers" to reconcile Darwin with the Book of Genesis. "Neither a borrower nor a lender be"? Tell that to your banker, tell it to your company promoter, tell it to your government itself! "Borrow on a promise and lend at interest on good security," Polonius should have said.

As a child I would not allow another child to look at one of my picture books or play with one of my toys unless he paid me in marbles or other small coin. I remember that I was given a stereoscope: I charged a farthing a look; and when I had a magic lantern I would not show it unless I had an audience of at least a dozen, and they had to pay a halfpenny a head. With money thus accumulated, I bought new slides for a change of program.

What happened? Another boy was given a bigger magic lantern and let the whole countryside come and look free of charge, just for the fun of playing to an audience, and I was left with a box of slides on my hands. I approached this other boy and suggested a partnership. He said no, but I could have his lantern and slides for ten shillings. I bought at nine shillings. The following week a cinema came to town and my equipment was bankrupt stock, which I sold lock, stock and barrel for five shillings.

I was only ten years old then, but the bitterness of this fiasco left a taste in my mouth as of green mold on old pennies. I have never rid myself of that bad taste—the taste of defeat. To make it worse, I had bought the lantern slides on credit, and the tradesman threatened to ask my father for the money. So I stole some money from my father's desk. He found out, and forgave me—even increased my pocket money to keep me out of temptation's way—but with what a lecture! I swore never to be found out again.

It was the same at school. A local dealer was selling cricket bats at fifteen shillings apiece. In London I had seen the same bats on sale for eleven-and-sixpence. So I ordered half a dozen, offered them at thirteen shillings, sold them, and cleared a profit of nine shillings. I was about to post the purchase price to the London dealer, when it came to my attention that there had broken out one of those devastating schoolboy passions for a new kind of cheap fishing rod, the catalogue price of which was eighteen shillings.

The village shopkeeper said they were unprocurable as yet, but he took me aside and said, "Matter o' fact, I got a dozen o' they rods unpacked. You're a right smart young gentleman now. I'll let you have 'em for nineteen shillings apiece, and I'll be a surprised man if you don't get rid of 'em for a pound."

I sold two of the rods at a pound each. Then, to my horror, that village shopkeeper filled his window with the same articles at seventeen shillings and sixpence, the very next day!

When I protested he grinned and said, "Ah, that'll pay a clever young gentleman like you for they cricket bats, I reckon. I'll take the rods back at fifteen shillings apiece, and seeing as how you took and signed for 'em at nineteen shillings, that'll make forty-eight shillings you owe me."

So I asked my first favor of Jack Havant, captain of the Fifth Form—again with that green, moldy taste in my mouth.

Jack Havant was a big boy, wide-eyed and honest, fresh as an apple—the kind of athlete and moral hero one used to read about in schoolboys' stories—a serious scholar, a pitier of the weak. He reminded me of my father in his heartiness and his bland simplicity. Of course, I did not approach him for help directly: I had only to look morose and sorrowful after the fishing-rod affair, when the other boys shunned me and called me "Shylock," and Jack Havant came at once to the rescue.

"What's the matter, Charles?" he asked. I told him, and he said, "Poor old fellow! You must have been hard up to try and make a profit out of your friends—and a clever man like you too! Won't your governor cough up?"

My father would indeed have paid that tradesman five times over, but I said—no, my father would beat me, humiliate me, and give me hell. I depicted that saintly old gull as a sort of fiend in human guise, and said that if it were not for one thing and another I'd run away to sea.

He said, "Don't play on the wrong side, old boy. It never goes to get off on the wrong foot ——" Then he stopped, blushing, remembering (I have not mentioned it before and will not mention it again) that I was born with one leg slightly shorter than the other and wear a surgical boot.

I knew I had him then. He said, "My governor's a holy terror too. Liver, and all that—Africa and what-not, you know. But he's rolling in the dibs, and—well, look here, I've still got my Easter fiver and a couple of pounds besides. I'll arrange everything for you with that old cheat in the village. Only try not to do it again, and not a word to a soul."

He arranged this little matter and thereafter—being made that way, I suppose—became at once

(Continued on Page 67)

Illustrated by Carroll Jones

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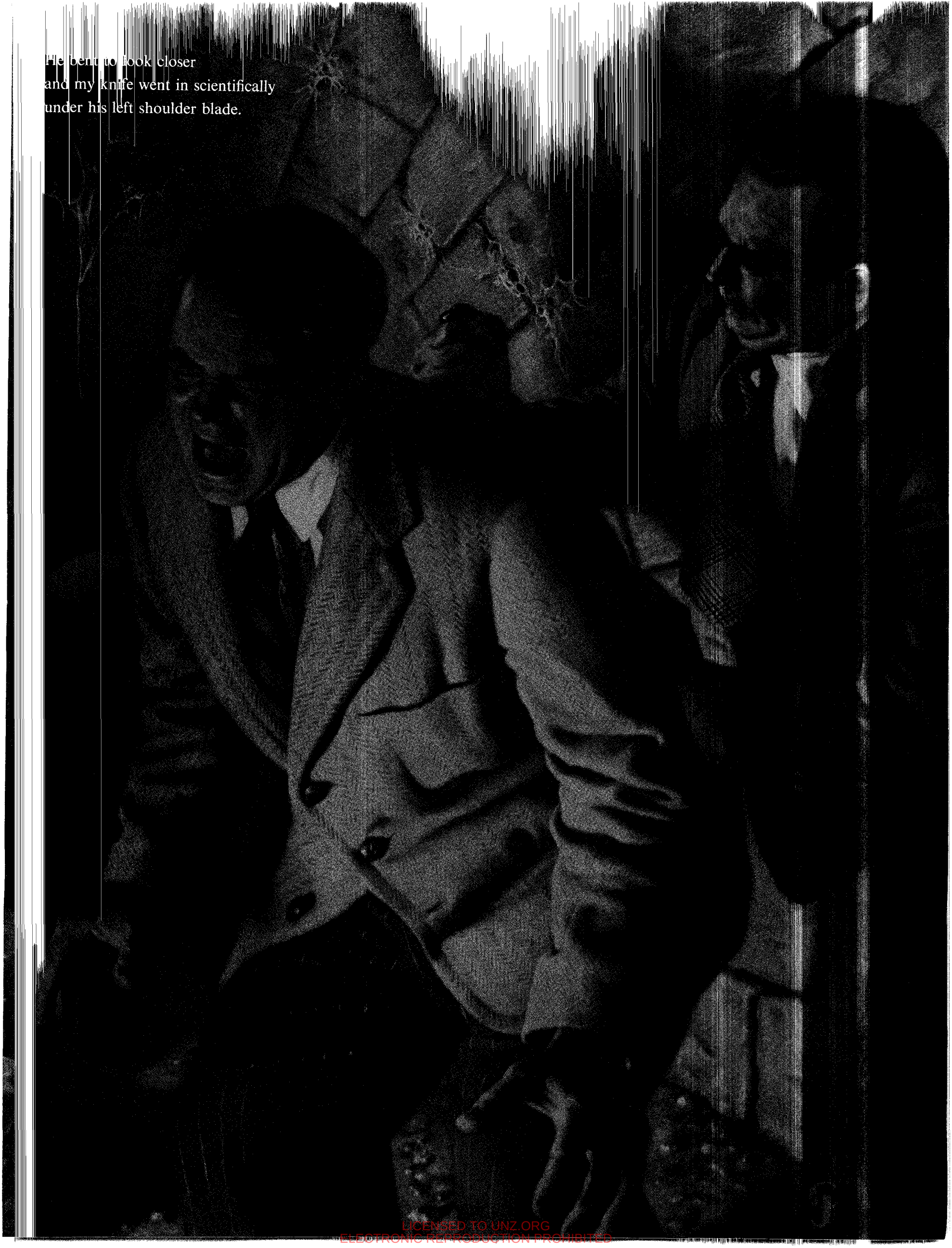


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Hollywood party: In the foreground (from left) are Lydia and Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor and her husband, Jack Bean.

1948: The film Furia, with Isa Pola, was one of the eighty pictures Brazzi made in his native Italy.

1954: Three Coins in the Fountain introduced Brazzi to Americans as a new romantic actor. With him here is pretty Jean Peters.

1955: Summertime, with Katharine Hepl returned Brazzi to stardom—this time in the

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# ROSSANO'S REVENGE

By ROBERT JOHNSON

That smoldering Italian star of the movie South Pacific, Rossano Brazzi, finally made it to the top after Hollywood once rejected him. This is how he got even.

Six years ago Rossano Brazzi was a failure. Demoralized and debt-ridden, without honor in his native Italy and all but unknown in America, the man who today ranks as Hollywood's leading romantic lover seemed at thirty-five to have skidded past the point of no return. No one then could have guessed that Brazzi—the name rhymes with Patsy—would rise from the rubble of his shattered career to star in such films as Summertime and South Pacific.

Yet less than a decade earlier the actor's life had been marked by an unbroken series of triumphs. Nothing he attempted had ever thwarted him. At seventeen, on a bet, he had boxed his way to the amateur featherweight championship of his country—"Not because I was so good," he says, "but mainly because I was very strong and the other people, they were very lousy." At nineteen, he had earned his law degree from the University of Florence. At twenty-five, he was one of Italy's most popular movie stars—"I been box-office all my life," he states. And during the war he served ably as one of three leaders of the anti-Fascist Underground in Rome.

Perhaps, indeed, Brazzi's trouble was that after the war he had no place to go but down. In any event by 1953 he had reached bottom. A humiliating assault on Hollywood five years earlier had been followed by the gradual loss of his popularity even with the once-devoted Italian public; and in a desperate effort to stem the ebbing tide he had then tried his hand at producing.

This turned out to be the greatest disaster of his life. Generous and trusting by nature, Brazzi has never been able to say "No" to anyone—"If my husband were a woman," his wife says, "he would always be pregnant"—and he casually delegated authority to people with no more business sense than himself—which is to say, none. The result was that he wound up his career as a producer without a lira to his name. Worse, he discovered that he owed various creditors the equivalent of over $200,000.

Today he could pay off such an amount with the income from a single picture, but, at the time, his price had dwindled to little over $10,000. With no other means of settling accounts, he began a frantic and self-defeating round of borrowing money at exorbitant rates of interest, first to pay the debts from his producing venture and then, at still higher rates, to satisfy the demands of the previous moneylenders.

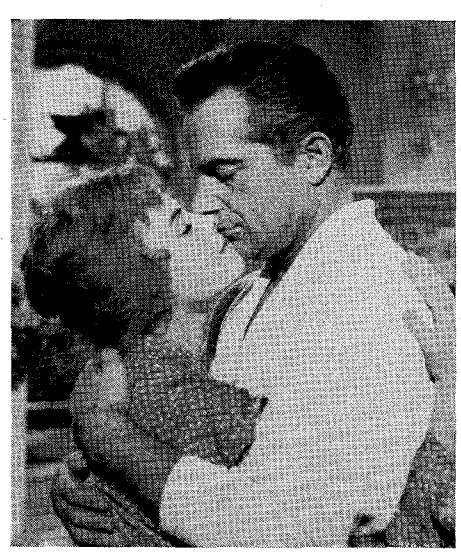
Simultaneously, in a feverish effort to make money, he appeared in one hastily produced picture after another, with the predictable result that the remnants of his popularity swiftly disintegrated. Even more damaging for a man who has nothing to sell but himself was the growth in Brazzi's once-robust ego of a malignant inferiority complex.

Then, just as the bitter waters of despair were closing over him for what might well have been the last time, he was thrown a lifeline from the very place he blamed most for his predicament—Hollywood. With a courage supported by nothing more tangible than faith and friendship, Jean Negulesco, a director Brazzi had met in this country on his first visit, offered him a part in a forthcoming picture. Negulesco risked his reputation in doing so: the producers had specifically asked him to get another Italian actor for the part—Vittorio Gassman. Negulesco took it upon himself to say that Gassman wasn't free, wouldn't be for years. On that basis the studio accepted Brazzi.

"There are six roles," Negulesco told the actor. "Don't expect anything important." But Brazzi was overjoyed. The picture was Three Coins in the Fountain, released in 1954, and Brazzi, as a love-smitten young Italian, played the third male lead, behind Clifton Webb and Louis Jourdan. In truth the part was small, but the picture did well and it introduced Brazzi to the American public as an attractive new romantic personality.

Then, as now, Brazzi's looks fitted him admirably for the part. A trim 170 pounds today, with hips and (Continued on Page 69)

1958: In South Pacific, costarring Mitzi Gaynor, he resented not being allowed to do all his singing parts himself.



1958: In A Certain Smile, with Christine Carere, Brazzi portrayed a college girl's lover.

1959: In the screen version of Nancy Mitford's novel, The Blessing, he plays Deborah Kerr's wayward husband.

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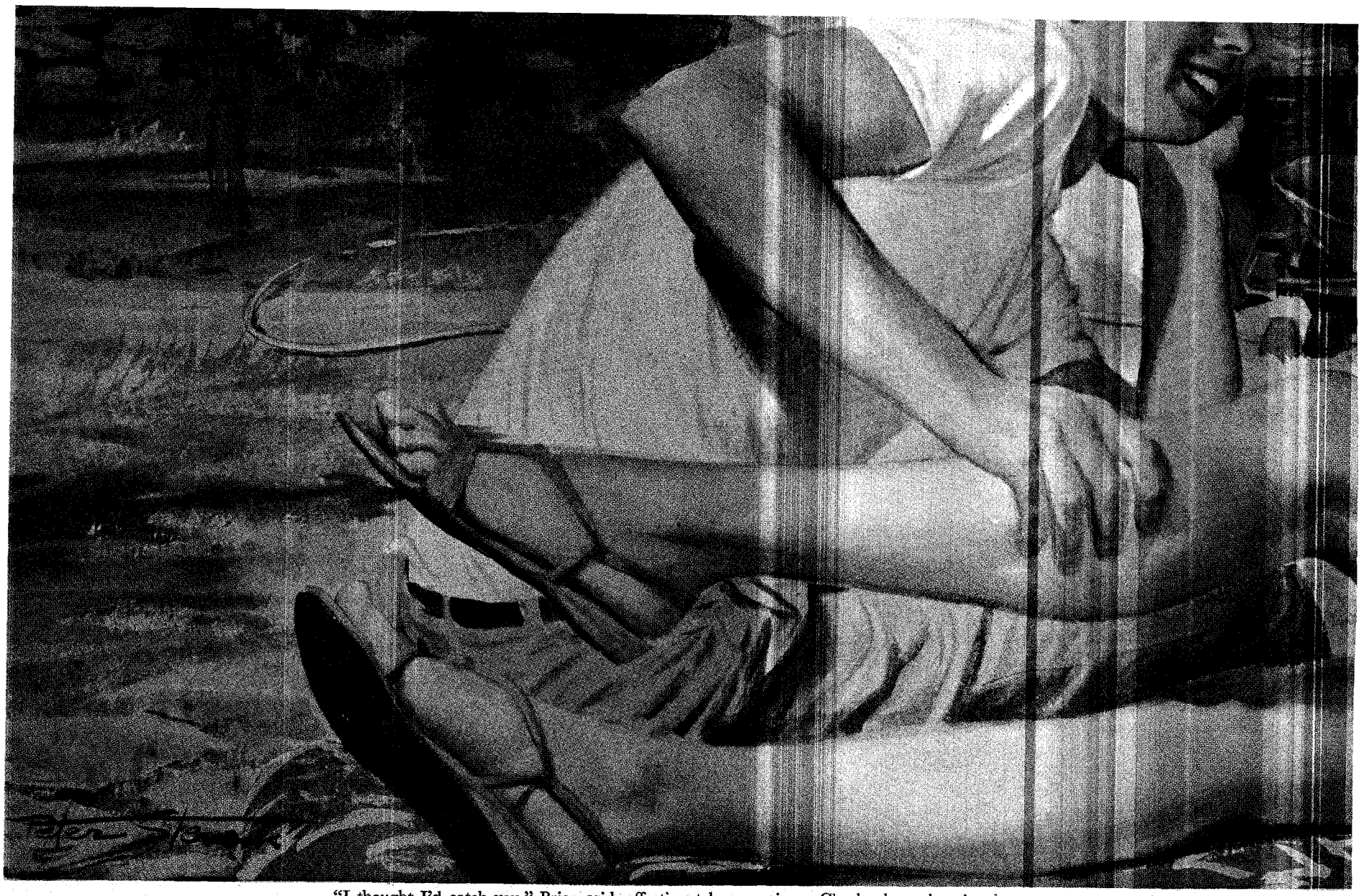

"I thought I'd catch you," Brian said, affectionately squeezing a Charley horse into her leg.

# Adolescent Afternoon

## A teen-age boy needs plenty of sympathy . . . and so does his mother.

By CLAE WALTHAM

The tool shed was eight feet long and four feet deep, set against the back of the house. They had been bound to it, mother and son, for two and a half days. After many a moon the mother had decreed it was to be painted and arranged properly.

The girls were off camping, the father away on a short business trip. Into this hiatus had come a dual determination to get some work out of this big, lazy boy and order into the shed.

The inspiration had struck Tuesday morning. Now it was Thursday afternoon. The others would be home tomorrow. What a mistake it had all been! They would never finish. The accumulation of years, crammed into the shed, the boy had removed in a moment into a semicircle of disorder—without stepping far enough from the door. It took a good two minutes to negotiate this impedimenta. Even the dog lay warily beyond the clutter, eying it askance.

"Are we ever going to get done, Brian?"

"Oh, sure, mom," he said, running a comb through his hair, which he had recently discovered girls admired. He slipped the comb into his pocket and stood looking down on his mother, fingering his pompadour.

"If you could manage to keep your hands away from your hair for a minute or two, maybe you could screw in these hooks to hold this small weeding stuff. We have to begin getting some of this stuff back in here."



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"The shed sure looks better with this white paint, doesn't it? We'll be able to see these tools now. You can't tell, mom, I might get interested in helping you weed the borders."

"Oh, Brian, will the day ever come when you're interested in anything besides baseball and eating? It would be a new age of miracles."

"Some kids my age don't even play baseball. You ought to be glad that there's something I do. And I'm getting darn good at fixing my own meals."

It was true. He was becoming a master short-order chef. She prepared for him three large and nourishing meals a day, but the four others he fixed himself. Between meals he ate soda crackers. A trail of crumbs always led to where he was lazing away the golden hours. And no matter how much he hated to be found, he always pulled his body together with a philosophical air to do her bidding. He really was quite a philosopher. Flaplip the Philosopher, his father called him; Cat addressed him as Professor, and Jen as Doctor. All in all, he was taking a verbal drubbing this summer. But he was good-natured about it, good-natured and faintly puzzled.

"Well, come on and get good at putting this junk back in the shed. We could have done this job in just one day, Brian. If someone asked me to explain how we managed to take so long with this chore, I couldn't. I'd have to call it the great riddle of the universe. Come on, boy!" He was twisting his head to catch his reflection in a small window. "Get those hooks in. And try to look alive if you can."

He stretched his shoulders and stifled a yawn. "Aye, aye, sir!" This was his answer when he thought he was being treated harshly, but meant to keep a stiff upper lip.

"Do you remember," she asked, "how I used to read mythology to you children when you were little, and how you liked it and always wanted more?"

"Um-hum! Gee, I wish the girls were home. I miss them. Don't see how anyone could miss such pains in the neck, though."

"Remember the story of Narcissus, Brian?"

"Oh, I don't think I like mythology any more, mom."

"But you remember what happened to Narcissus, don't you, and why?"

"Yeah, he's the guy sitting beside the pool admiring himself."

"We all have a little of Narcissus in us. We all have to ——"

"Oh, mom! You're not going to get off another sermon on such a hot day, are you? And with all this work to do?"

"I just don't want you to forget certain things you once knew."

"I won't. But just what has Narcissus to do with me? Now if all I did ——" The hooks were in now, so he paused and leaned against the wall.

"Don't stand around doing nothing. We have to get done. Move! Think! Act! Hose off those flower pots. If only we could get them put away, I'd feel encouraged."

Earth was caked on the pots. Those flower pots! Her husband brought home plants during the winter, lovely things she enjoyed in the house. But he could not bring himself to part with a flower pot. For years he had stood on the brink of "needing" a flower pot. Now her son had managed to strew them over the yard, but could not manage to get them picked up again.

"I'll be back in a minute," she called as she went into the house.

The flower pots had triggered a burst of anger. But she didn't want to bawl him out really. An instinct whispered that his laziness and shortcomings were more painful to him than to the rest of the family. And from an area of her mind she thought of as the southeast a voice warned her not to jump on the boy, but to let him (Continued on Page 80)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens



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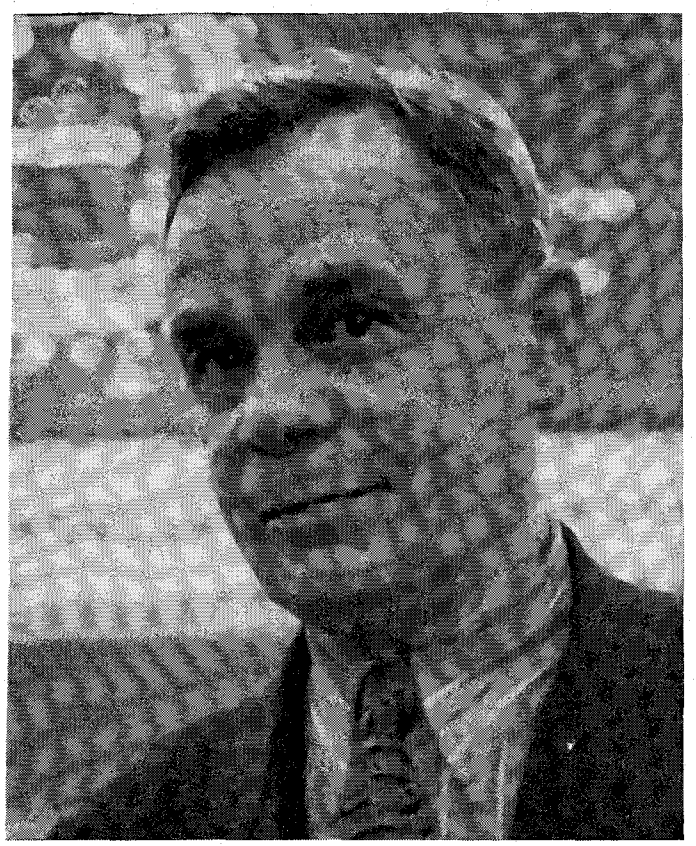
# THE BIG PUSH IN SOVIET SCIENCE

By VICTOR COHN

An expert's alarming firsthand report on the Soviet's recent technological progress, including some scientific triumphs which their Sputniks and their Luniks have made us overlook.



Nicolai Pavlov, chief engineer at the Dubna atom smasher, the world's largest. This machine's discoveries, says a top U.S. physicist, may surpass the psychological impact of the Sputnik.

I went to Russia recently to seek the answer to a question: "Who has advanced more in science, we or the Russians, since the Russians sent the first Sputnik into the sky?"

The answer, when I finished, was inescapable. The Russians have continued to advance faster than we have in most branches of science. In many of the most important applications of modern science, we are now a second-class power.

As the first American science reporter to tour Russian physical laboratories, I spent five weeks in the Soviet Union. I attended the first International Geophysical Year report meeting in Moscow, then visited eight major scientific centers and talked to leaders of the powerful Soviet Academy of Sciences. I watched Russian delegations at two more major scientific congresses outside Russia. Most important, I have been in close contact—for seven years now—with qualified Western scientists who constantly examine Soviet progress.

The Russian lead in getting into space—beginning with the shock they gave us on the day of the Sputnik, October 4, 1957—is not a half or a hundredth of the story.

Not twenty-five miles from a loghouse village, where an open well is the water supply, I saw the world's most powerful atom smasher. It is built of 36,000 tons of steel, the amount it takes for an aircraft carrier.

At Leningrad, center for Soviet polar explorations, I heard the plans for use of the new atomic icebreaker Lenin, world's first atomic ship for peaceful use. At the Geneva atomic congress, I heard happy little Vasily Emelyanov, Hero of Socialist Labor, tell surprised reporters that Russia has a new 100,000-kilowatt atomic power plant, the world's largest, which will grow into a huge 600,000-kilowatt station.

I flew in the sleek Soviet jet airliner that started operating commercially more than two years before our commercial jets. It is probably also the world's only jet airliner with lace curtains.

Russia is now planning the world's largest telescope (bigger than our Big Eye, the 200-inch telescope on Mount Palomar), the largest solar power plant and the largest neutron-producing atomic-research reactor. She developed the first long-range ballistic missiles (most U.S. authorities believe), the first portable H-bomb (of advanced and air-borne design, back in 1955) and first fully peaceful atomic power plant.

Russia now has the largest Arctic-Antarctic research program and largest world program to study the oceans. She has the largest hydropower plant (on the Volga) and biggest new oil field (west of the Urals).

She has science muscle and she has science men, and she (Continued on Page 90)

Aleksander Mikhail Samarin. A peasant's son, he was sent to school by a trade-union, is now a director of Moscow's important Institute of Metallurgy.

Pavel Gordienko, of the Arctic and Antarctic Institute, directs polar research which may help Russia control world weather.

Nadzhestai Mednikova is an executive of the Nizmir earth-and-atmosphere center. Many of Russia's top scientists are women.

Raisa Stablova does upper-atmosphere research. Young Russians in science outnumber U.S. students 3 to 1.

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When they were through, Ed James said, "Thanks."

# FIRST AUDITION

By GEORGE BRADSHAW

## What chance did a starry-eyed couple stand in a city already loaded with talent?

I will intersperse a few quips from Zack Waller in this narrative. Zack was a man of, oh, forty-five, with thinning hair and thinning face, but who still overflowed with irony, venom and gross sentimentality. He was a theatrical agent, and a not very successful one. For instance, one day he said, "I will read you a prepared statement on hope." He put on his glasses, picked up a paper and read: "Hope lasts longer than money." Then he put down the paper, took off his glasses and went on to something else.

He was referring—this was some time after the event, I had better add—to the arrival in New York from the wilds of Ohio of a pair of dancers. There is, of course, nothing very unusual about such an arrival; every day hundreds of kids—artists, writers, dancers, actors—come to New York seeking their fortunes. ("What's with them?" Zack would say. "Do they think they'll find the Grail on Forty-eighth Street?") You could call them typical, but no two young people, fresh and scrubbed and twenty-three, arriving at Penn Station on a bright October day, were ever "typical."

These two were Chris and Millie Townsend. With their suitcases, they came out of the station, and then for a moment they just stood in the sunlight and watched the racket of Seventh Avenue. (Continued on Page 76)



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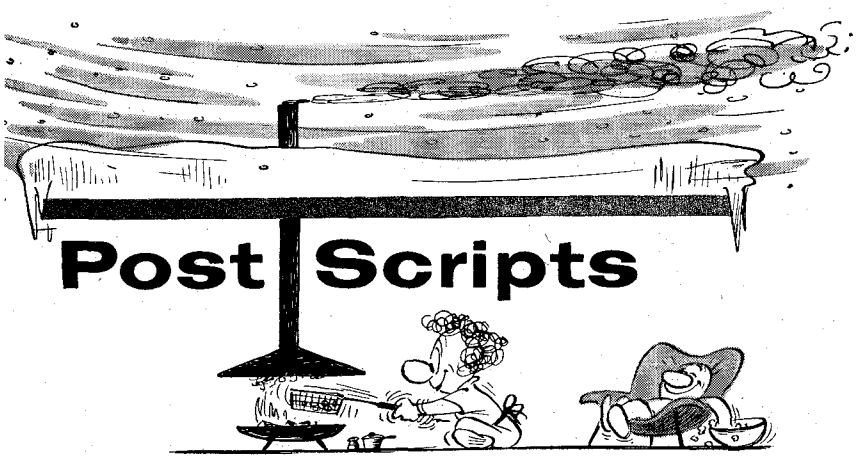



## Clean Work and Hard Living

He doesn't attribute his success
To wedding the boss's daughter,
But to his diligence, grit and zeal—
All amply proven, we're prone to feel,
By the stintless effort, the time and toil,
And lavish burning of midnight oil,
The neat appearance, the perseverance,
The cool rebuttal of interference,
The poker face, and the well-planned chase
With which he pursued and caught her!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

## Advice to People Who Live in Glass Houses

Better plant some shrubbery:
Human necks are rubbery!

PENNY PENNINGTON

## Holdeth Open the Front Page!

If certain historical events had been reported in modern-day office-publication fashion, they might've shaped up like this:

**Christopher (The World is Round) Columbus** recently returned from an extended ocean voyage during which he discovered a new route to India. Nice going, Chris! And did you happen to notice, gang, the terrific sun tan he got? Real becoming, we'd say. Incidentally, Chris asked us to thank all the guys and gals around the sovereign court who chipped in and bought him the nice welcome-home gift—a genuine leatherbound logbook.

**Homer,** whose epic poem, The Iliad, really went over with a bang, reports he's working on a new poem, but he won't reveal the title of it. C'mon, Homer, let us in on your secret!

STORK EXPRESS: Notice the big smile **Julius Caesar** is wearing these days? Julius, in case you haven't heard, is the proud father of a brand-new baby girl, Julia. Congratulations there, pop!

Looks like **Robert Fulton** is making some of the big shots really sit up and take notice of his successful application of steam to navigation. Some of these days we're going to be saying we knew Bob when.

TRAVEL NOTE: **Napoleon (Oh, That Hat!) Bonaparte** has just returned from a short business trip to Waterloo.

CHARLES A. MATTSON

## Movie Plots I've Liked for Years

An investment broker who dabbles in detection promises his fiancée that he'll nothing more to do with murder cases. He tal Caribbean cruise, strictly for vacation purpc but, two days out, the body of a representa of one of the world's largest diamond firms found in a closet of one of the cabins, so —

The president of a large department store, wh has never been seen by any of his employees, decides to check to see just how efficiently the store actually is being operated. He poses as a new clerk in the shoe department, the supervisor of which is an extremely mean and arrogant ——

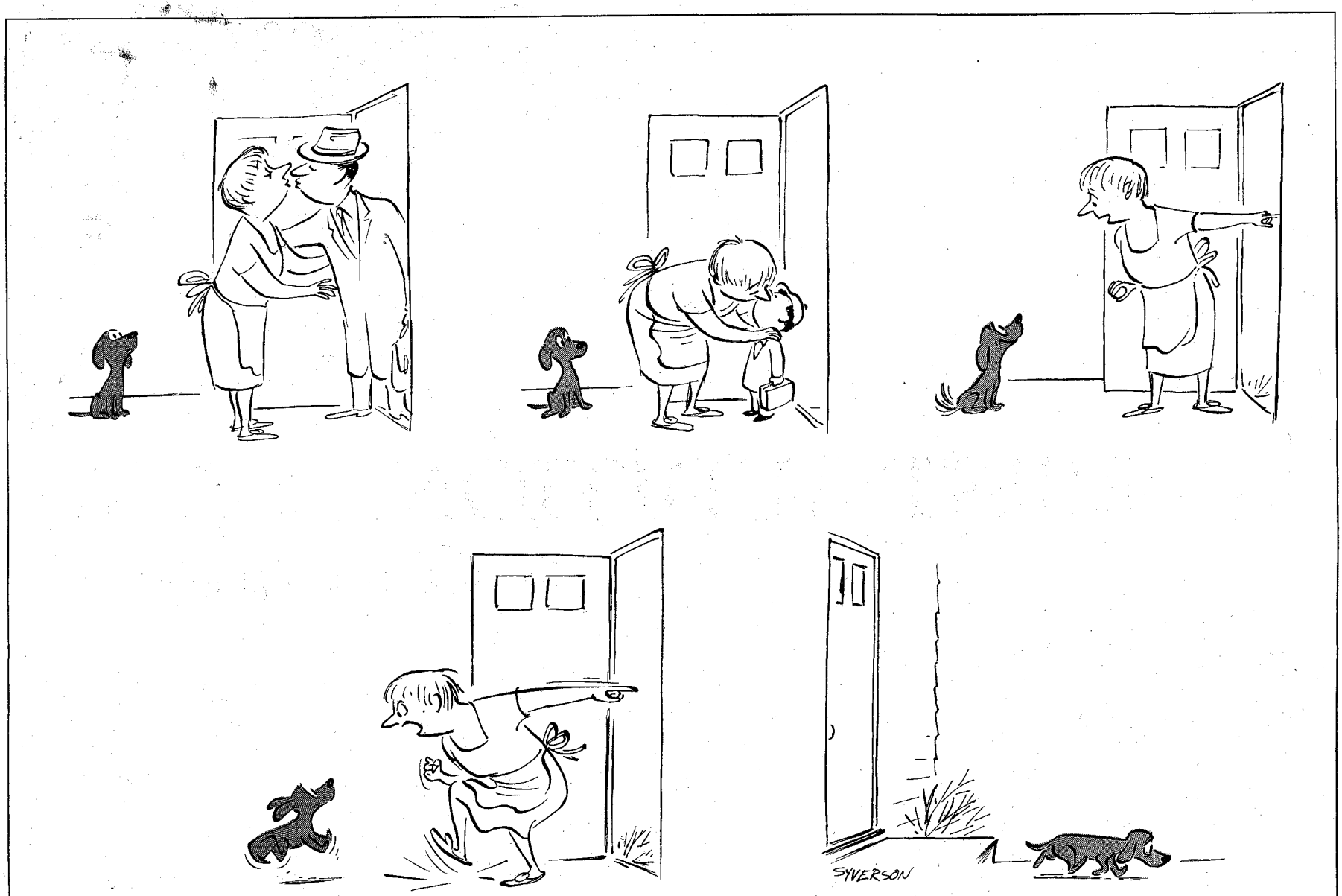
The Navy plans to junk one of its older ships, much to the consternation of the man who has served as her captain for nearly twenty years. The Navy feels that, after just one more mission ——

In an effort to quash an Indian uprising, an overly ambitious young cavalry officer is ordered to lead a small company of men through hostile territory to the aid of the garrison at ——

An heiress discovers that her ne'er-do-well brother has incurred heavy gambling debts and that he's been given just twenty-four hours to ——

A scientist, released after spending fifteen years in prison for a crime he didn't commit, invites the five persons responsible for his conviction to a party to be held at his home on a lonely, fog-bound island in ——

VERNON H. KURTZ



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# Now landlubbers can eat like old salts

## Campbell's freezing brings you a savory oyster stew that would cost you $1 or more in a fine Boston restaurant

People who live near the sea will tell you that freshness makes the difference in oyster stew. To hear some of them tell it, decent oyster stew can seldom, if ever, be found more than a few miles inland.

But now, thanks to Campbell's freezing, you can enjoy oyster stew as fresh as ever was served in Boston, no matter where you live. And it's made in a way that wins grudging approval from the best New England chefs.

### Plump, Pampered Oysters

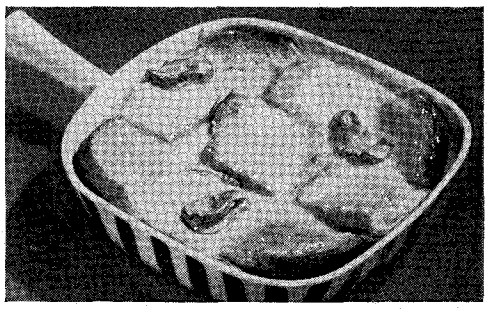
Campbell's uses young tender oysters—fresh from their beds in cool coastal waters. The oysters are simmered with all their good juices until the edges begin to ruffle. Then they're plunged into a rich broth of scalded milk, cream, butter and special seasonings, where all ingredients intermingle perfectly.

Then, without a moment's delay, the stew is rushed to the freezer to lock in all the good flavors.

### Fancy Eating—Plain Price

If you ordered it off the menu at a fine Boston Oyster House, you'd pay a pretty penny for a stew like this. Now you can have as much as you like from your grocer's freezer for only about 20¢ a bowl. Your whole family will enjoy Campbell's Frozen Oyster Stew. Why not pick up a can or two next time you pass your grocer's freezer?

*Fresh, fragrant oyster stew*—a seacoast specialty from colonial times, now frozen by Campbell's so anyone can enjoy it anywhere



**Oyster Fondue.** Thaw 1 can Oyster Stew. Beat together 2 eggs, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, ¼ tsp. paprika; stir in Oyster Stew. Quarter 4 slices toast. In buttered 1-qt. casserole, arrange in layers toast, soup, 1 cup shredded cheese. Bake 30 min. at 350° F. Serves 4.

**Scalloped Oysters and Corn.** Thaw 1 can Oyster Stew. In buttered 1-qt. casserole, arrange in layers 1½ cups slightly crumbled saltines, 1 cup drained whole kernel corn, Oyster Stew. Dot top with butter. Bake 20 min. at 400° F. Serves 3 to 4.

**Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef • Cream of Potato • Cream of Shrimp • Green Pea with Ham • Clam Chowder (New England Style)**

# OYSTER STEW

## FROZEN by Campbell's

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# The Secret of Glacier River

**Under Ravenhill's careful probe the river silently gave up its secret.**

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

"Do you expect me to believe a word of all this?" Carol demanded.

Ravenhill did not, but felt it his duty to try to warn her. Flynn Foley and his bushrats had set up their gold-sluicing machinery—to "test" it—at the archaeological site of her father, Doctor Craig, on Glacier River, just across the Canadian border in Alaska. Ravenhill knew—and tried to tell Carol—that Foley's real aim was to destroy the diggings in order to get at the gold beneath them. Dud Jessop, the doctor's assistant, who was supposed to have claimed the land for the scientist, secretly helped Foley establish rights instead.

Ravenhill confided in Carol, hoping she would tip off the Mountie due to fly in the next day. Because he had just escaped from a trumped-up arrest by Foley's ally, U. S. Marshal Wiggins, Ravenhill could not speak to the Mountie himself.

But Ravenhill's urgent warning only angered Carol: "I'm going to rouse up father and tell him all you've told me!"

IV

Ravenhill ejected the shells from the rifle, then squinted down the barrel. "Very well," he told Carol, closing the breech. "Sorry to have bothered you. You'll still get a good night's sleep, I hope."

She was baffled anew. "But that's all right with you—that I rouse up dad and tell him what you've told me?"

"Quite all right."

"But—but, Riv, haven't you anything further to say? No explanations, no proof, no—no nothing?"

"I've one suggestion," Ravenhill said. "You feel that you're protected by your *in situ* permit. When you rouse up the doctor and Jessop, ask Jessop one simple question. Say, 'May I see the carbon of the *in situ* permit you filed in our behalf at Fairbanks?' If he hesitates, makes excuses, appears to hedge in any way whatever ——"

"Riv!" she cut in, horrified. "Now you're suggesting that Dud Jessop would actually, deliberately —— No, I'll do nothing of the sort!"

"Why? If his conscience is clear?"

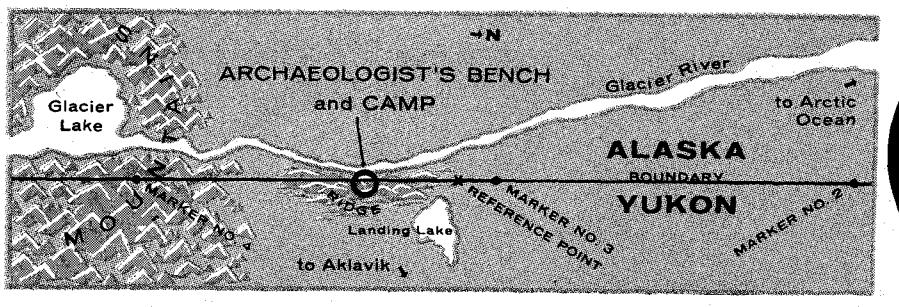
"You wouldn't understand why!" she said furiously. "Dud's a sincere, hard-working scientist; a—a gentleman. He adheres to creeds and codes you've forgotten long ago."

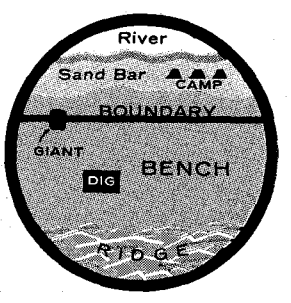
"The rules of cricket, perhaps?" Ravenhill asked. "Things like that?"

"Exactly. Even the suggestion that he'd done something damaging to dad's interests ——"

"Pardon," Ravenhill interposed. "I withdraw it. The record will tell the story, I'm sure." He (Continued on Page 41)

Foley halted at once. "You going down there too?"

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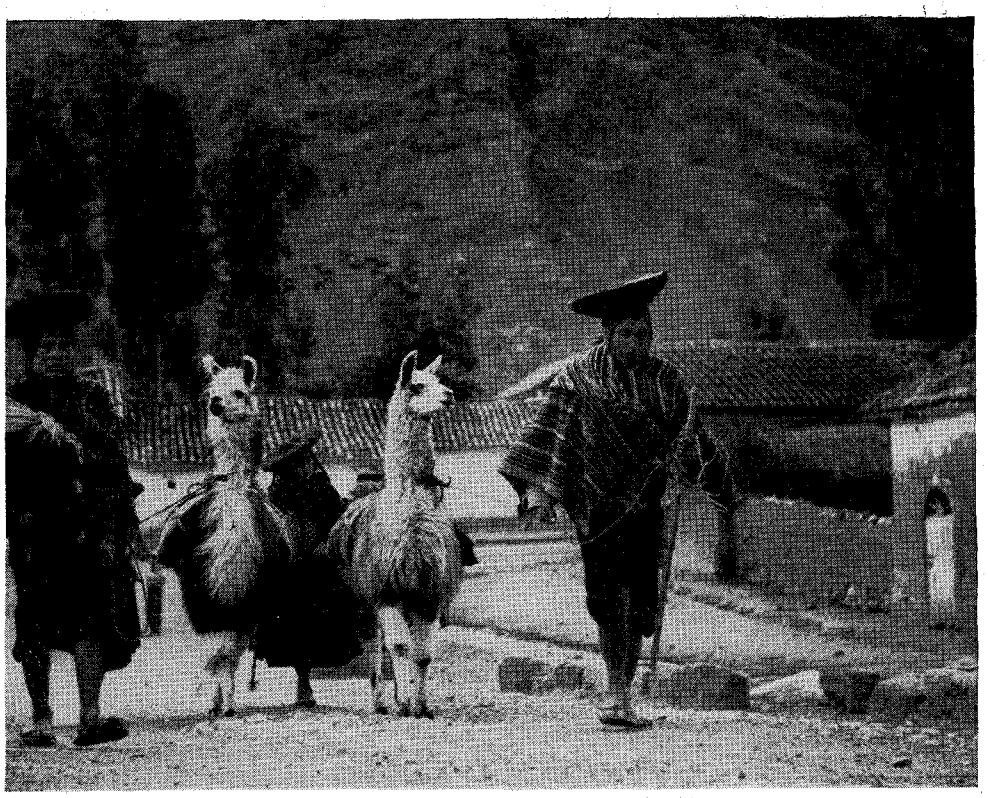
# *Wherever God's people walk the earth . . .*



*Wherever God's people walk the earth, the great human wants are one and the same. And perhaps the greatest of these is the universal wish for health and for freedom from disease and pain. And so it is that, with the great discoveries of science and medicine that have come in recent years, so too has come the challenging task of their world-wide distribution and use. To help speed these discoveries to the far corners of the globe, Pfizer has established a network of manufacturing and distribution facilities. Pfizer products—among them the life-saving antibiotics—are now produced in nineteen countries and are distributed in more than one hundred. Pfizer and other members of the pharmaceutical industry have assisted in broad-scale national health programs and world-wide interchange of medical information. It is from efforts such as these that modern medicine has been able to bring new hope and new happiness to areas of the world where disease and sickness were once an accepted burden of life. Discovery through research, abundance through production, availability through world distribution—this is the three-fold objective of everything we do at Pfizer. And so it will continue to be—until the priceless gift of health has become the possession of all mankind.*

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# The Secret of Glacier River

(Continued from Page 38)

glanced at his watch. "Meantime, why disturb your father's sleep at all? Tell him my cock-and-bull story in the morning, eh?"

"I'll see," she said heatedly, coming to her feet. "I can't understand you, Riv."

"Sorry," Ravenhill said. He crushed his cigarette beneath his heel, then arose courteously and stood waiting.

Her flush of mortification deepened. "This concludes it, then? Company dismissed?"

He nodded gravely. "Company dismissed. Good night, my dear."

She turned and strode resolutely up the path, certain that he would call her back. But when she stole a furtive glance from the bend, it appeared that Ravenhill had already turned his attention elsewhere. His back was to her and he and Old Mac were in close conference, looking down at the meager camp equipment.

Old Mac whispered: "She looks back at the corner. She waits—no, she does not stop. She is gone. Is this good? She will tell the doctor."

"I think not," Ravenhill said. "When she cools off a bit she'll decide to wait and see. She doesn't believe what I told her about Jessop. But never mind," he broke off. "We've work to do, old son. You can be away from camp for two or three hours and no one will know?"

Old Mac nodded. "W'at we do?"

Ravenhill had rearranged his plans. He was about to explore a long chance born of a hunch strengthened little by little as he had studied the terrain. He had counted on Carol to help explore his hunch, but Old Mac would have to be his assistant now.

And it could be worse, he decided. Moreover, there was a question that Ravenhill had been waiting to ask the old Eskimo.

"Did you and your people use to hunt here on Glacier River, long ago?"

"Yes," Old Mac said. "We hunt walrus on the ice pack. Then we come here to wait for the caribou. It was good for caribou in the old days, when I was a boy. Not any more."

"Why not?"

"The riverbank is too steep," Old Mac explained. "When the ice melts, the water is too swift below the bank. The young caribou do not like swift water below a bank. So now they cross down-river."

"And the bench was wider then?"

"Much wider," Old Mac said.

"How much wider?"

"Thirty steps, maybe more. I do not know. And the bank is lower."

Ravenhill nodded. This was what he proposed to verify. The last international survey of the boundary—whose findings were unassailable until proved otherwise—had been in 1908, an even half century ago.

"Bring the grub and blanket," Ravenhill told Old Mac.

With his musette bag slung over his shoulder, he led the way north, across the willow-fringed creek which joined the landing lake with the river. At the farther edge he cut a willow wand some six feet in length and stripped the bark from it with his pocketknife as he progressed. He was swinging eastward around the base of a low dome upthrust above the ever-descending terrain toward the Arctic.

Minutes later they were mounting the dome on its northeast side. They came cautiously to the crest and flattened themselves there, peering south toward the bench. It was in full view, tiny in the distance, with its cluster of toy tents below the riverbank to the right, and the brush-covered ridge to the left. Beyond and higher up, the gap leading to Glacier Lake had shrunk in dimensions. Ravenhill must now outline the task at hand, in terms Old Mac could understand.

"We are here," he explained to the old Eskimo, "to find the line between Yukon Territory and Alaska. We cannot see the line, and still we must see where it crosses the bench yonder. The white men have marked this line long ago, with little markers four miles apart and so big." He indicated with his hands: a small concrete base surmounted by a cone some thirty inches high. "I have seen one marker above Glacier Lake, on the way down yesterday. The next one is behind us, on the top of that round hill." He turned to indicate the crest of the hill, in silhouette against the Arctic. "Do you see this marker to the north?"

Old Mac squinted briefly and nodded. "I see it. Like a little sea gull sitting alone at the top."

Ravenhill now adjusted his field glasses and trained them due south, aiming at the heights above Glacier Lake. This crest, too, was in silhouette against the sky, and the glasses soon centered upon the tiny marker there. He handed the glasses to Old Mac. "Now find this one. To the left of the gap leading to Glacier Lake."

Old Mac found it at once, then lowered the glasses. "Once I have found it," he boasted, "I can see it without the glasses."

"Good," Ravenhill said. "Now listen, Old Mac. When one stands on the bench he cannot see the marker above Glacier Lake, because there is a bend in the canyon and the bench is too low. From the bench one cannot see the marker to the north because this hill is between. But here, where we stand, we can see the marker to the south, and the marker to the north, and we also see the bench. Now, how can we tell where this line crosses the bench?"

Old Mac shook his head. "We cannot tell. Can our eyes see over a hill, to a bench that is hidden?"

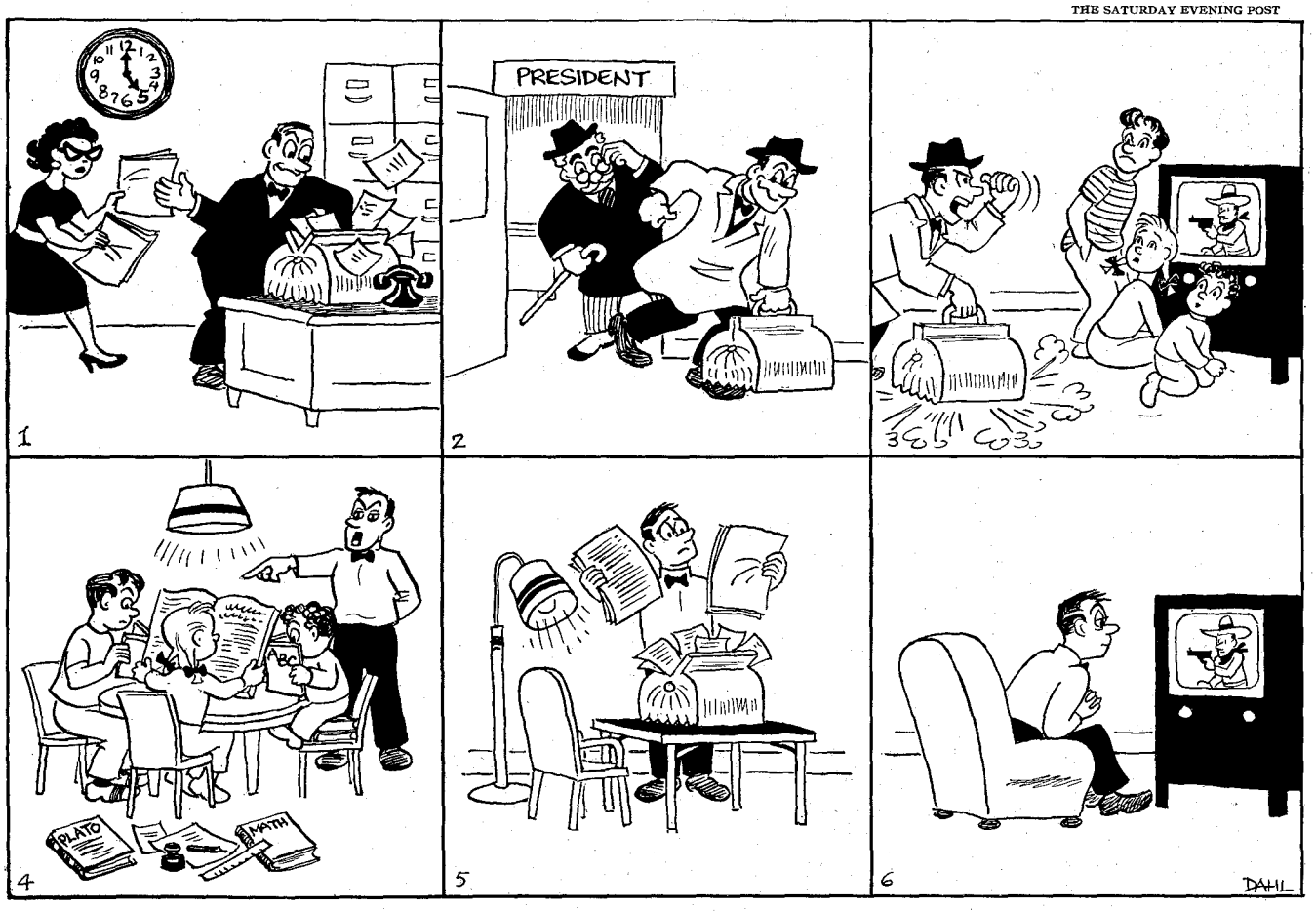
"Our rifle can," Ravenhill said. "Like this."

He drew a line in the thin surface soil. "This is our line. These are the two markers—here and here. This is where we are. This is the bench, between us and the marker above Glacier Lake. Now, you stay here, while I go back to the north marker. You will take this willow stick and hold it straight up and down. I will put the rifle on that north marker and aim at this one to the south, above Glacier Lake. Then I will lower the rifle, very carefully, and aim here. I will tell you with my arms, so"—indicating right or left—"where to (*Continued on Page 43*)

## THE GREENWOODS

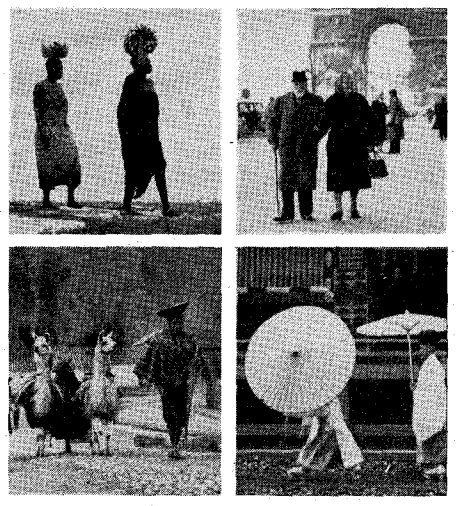
**By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST





## Wherever Science Can Save Human Lives



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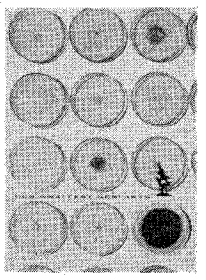
### A World-Wide Treasure Hunt

At the same time that Pfizer is making drugs available around the globe, its research teams continue to test soil samples from every corner of the earth. A pinch of soil from Viet-Nam or Vienna, Lapland or La Paz may yield the new organism whose life activity can be utilized by *fermentation chemistry* to produce drugs to conquer cancer or the common cold.



Fermentation chemistry is the subject of an absorbing and unusual book, *"Our Smallest Servants"*. The book tells how science harnesses millions of microscopic creatures to save human lives. *If you would like a free copy, write Dept. 25.*

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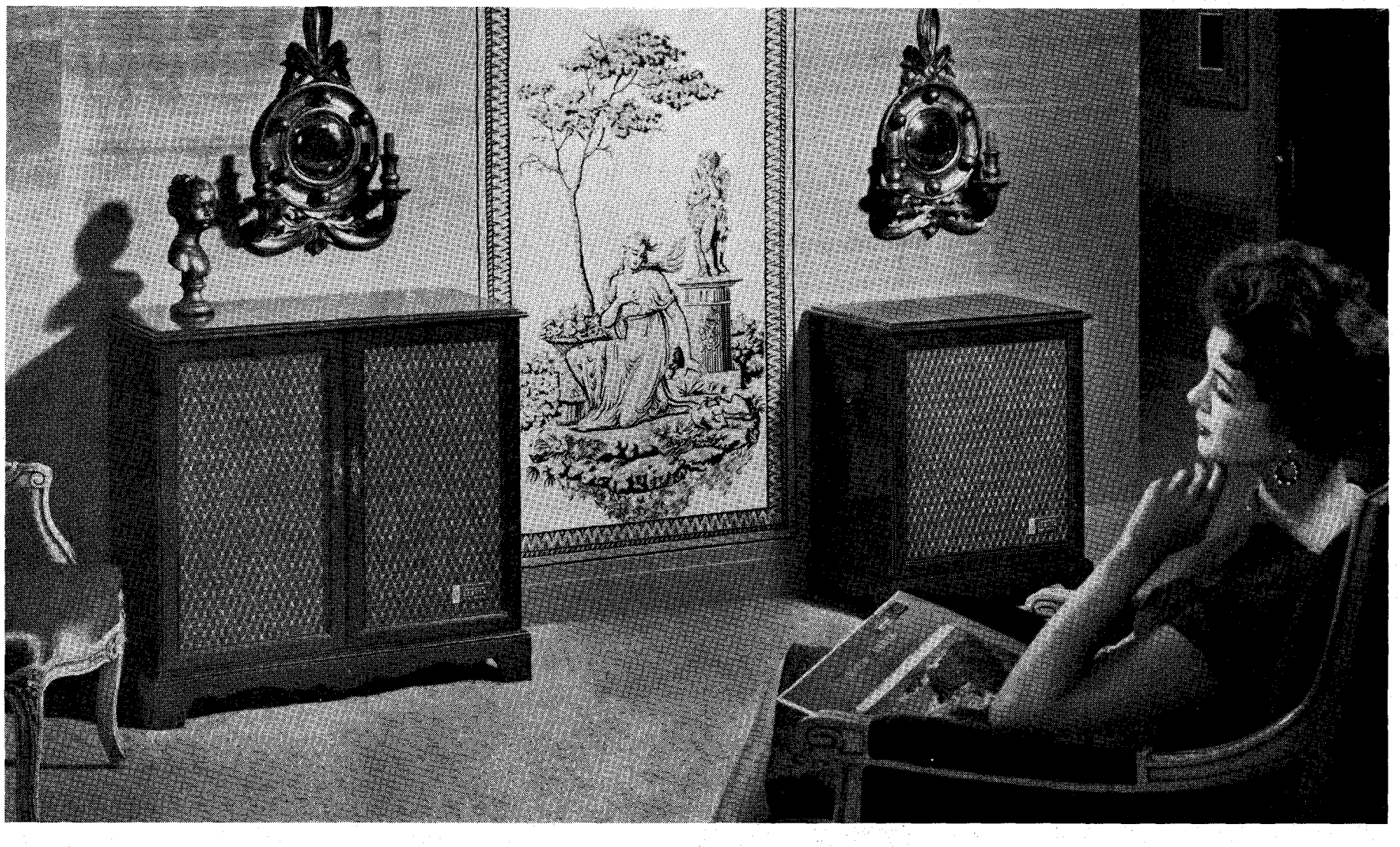

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You experience sound *moving* around you, close up—as live as the minute it was recorded. You seem to hear performers in the room with you—not through the speakers.

And you may choose from Zenith full stereophonic instruments, self-contained in magnificent fine-furniture cabinets, or from stereophonic equipped instruments with companion remote speaker systems.

Above is the Zenith *Liszt*, a full stereophonic high fidelity ensemble, complete with Zenith quality FM/AM radio. Matching Georgian styled cabinets of mahogany or cherry veneers and hardwood solids. Model SF190, with remote speaker system, priced at $550.00*. Self-contained Full Stereophonic High Fidelity consoles priced from $299.95*. Stereophonic equipped models priced from $159.95*.

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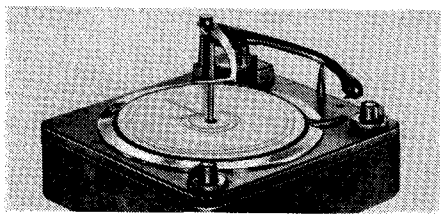
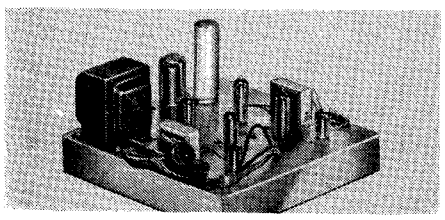
**Specially designed Zenith quality components—for world's finest sound**

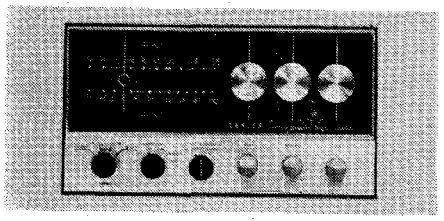
Exclusive Zenith features, to please even the most discriminating high fidelity enthusiast, are incorporated in these remarkable new Zenith instruments.



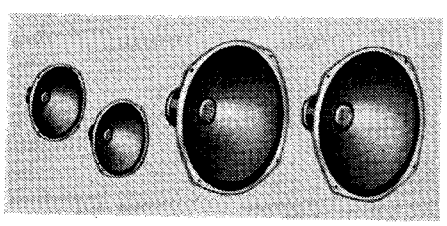
**Exclusive Cobra-Matic® Record Changer** has four speeds. Zenith's all-new Cobra® Tone Arm with its dual-needle cartridge preserves records with its feather-light touch, yet picks up every recorded sound with incredible fidelity.



**40 watts of undistorted power output—** up to 80 watts peak—from dual channel amplifiers designed by Zenith for the finest stereophonic sound reproduction.



**Stereo Studio Control Panel,** another Zenith exclusive, gives you precision control of tonal response—virtually the same control as that of a recording studio sound engineer. Has Zenith's exclusive Presence Control; Stereo Balance Control.



**Powerful speaker systems** employ at least four high-rated Zenith quality speakers—two woofers with heavy Alnico 5 magnets, two cone-type tweeters. Crossover networks separate and channel frequencies into their proper speaker systems.

ZENITH

(*Continued from Page 41*) set this willow stick. When I tell you—stop!—you are on the line. Do you see why?"

Old Mac grasped it at once. "The rifle stays on the line. When it looks down, the line is here."

"Good! Now, I bring the rifle back here, where we can see the bench, and we set it up on the line you have marked with the willow stick. I build a mound of rocks on which to rest the rifle. I rest the rifle carefully on the rocks, and aim at the marker above Glacier Lake. Then I lower the rifle very carefully ——"

"And it stays on the line!" Old Mac was delighted. "We have bent the line down to the bench. This is a strange and wonderful thing! But wait," he objected. "When you aim at the marker, the rifle is on the line, yes. But when you move the rifle down, how will we know ——"

"That we move it straight up and down?" Ravenhill eyed Old Mac's battered hat, whose ragged band was characteristically adorned with several rusty fishhooks. Long before the white man created the slogan, the law of survival had taught the native hunter to be "always ready." "You've got a fish line in your pocket, old son?"

Old Mac nodded and produced a hand-carved X-shaped spindle bulging with a considerable length of fine fish line.

Ravenhill cut off some four feet of it, tied a small stone to one end and held it up. "We tie it to our willow stick," he explained. "Bending the willow stick a little toward the bench. When the stone stops swinging ——"

"The fish line is straight up and down," Old Mac supplied, nodding. "We know how to bring the rifle down and keep our good aim. This is all good," he concluded. "I am satisfied. We cannot see the line across the bench, but if we are good hunters, we know we are very close to it when we aim our rifle the last time?"

"Within inches, I think," Ravenhill said. "Close enough for our purposes." He was immensely pleased with Old Mac. Old Mac would certainly have been a successful civil engineer.

"Now stay here," Ravenhill directed, "while I go up to the north marker. Do not show yourself. The men from Nome may be watching with glasses from the gap."

He left at once, taking the rifle, field glasses and his improvised plumb bob. En route he cut another stout willow switch to support the plumb bob, and made his way cautiously to the crest of the dome.

He found the small marker there, its concrete base weathered and its bronze cone darkened and pitted by the storms of the preceding half century.

Ravenhill took his time setting up his improvised transit. There was an added technique here, in the interests of accuracy, which he had not explained to Old Mac. Having constructed his mound of rocks and with the plumb bob suspended exactly on the line, he removed the bolt from his rifle, sought for and found an adjacent mist-hung cobweb, and with meticulous care constructed tiny cross hairs across the muzzle and breech of the rifle.

Then, with the rifle barrel in position, and aided by his field glasses, he again found the southern marker and brought it into line. By a trick of light refraction in the superlatively polished barrel of the rifle he could see the tiny marker with his unaided eye. He centered it on the cross hairs, brought the rifle down the plumb bob with utmost caution—a nerve-racking interval—and brought Old Mac's tiny figure within his range of vision.

Old Mac easily followed Ravenhill's arm signals. Soon the willow wand was precisely on the cross hairs. This was a far more accurate procedure than to have relied on the rifle's sights alone, Ravenhill knew. At approximately a thousand yards, under these near-perfect light conditions, the margin of error should be no more than two inches, or around four inches on the final shot to the bench.

He came down to Old Mac's position and duplicated his previous procedure. When the muzzle of the rifle was fixed on the bench and the cross hairs brought into alignment, Ravenhill's lips pursed into a silent whistle. He motioned Old Mac to look, warning him by gestures not to disturb the rifle's fixed position.

"You will see two crosses in the rifle—like this." He showed Old Mac his crossed fingers. "When you bring the crosses together, that is the line."

## Winter Dusk

By Jessie Merle Franklin

Old Winter's dusk dogs, loosed near night,
Gray, shivering hounds with fur ice-taut,
Dug shadow-holes by each snow heap
Outside our window and almost caught
The mousy day. She fled in fright,
And led them west with lengthening leap
Until they lost her. We heard them prowl
The sky hills, baying their defeat,
Then Winter cracked his whip once more
And drove them in with thongs of sleet.
And still we heard them bark and growl,
And when I opened back the door
To fetch firelogs, beyond the light
They crouched, now watchdogs of the night.

Old Mac peered through the rifle intently. "This is strange," he said. "They have told me this line is below the ridge, so that the bench is in Alaska. Instead, it lies on this giant, which is by the river bank."

"Exactly! Precisely!" Ravenhill did not bother to hide his exultancy from Old Mac.

Old Mac drew away from the rifle and squatted beside Ravenhill, shaking his head. "I do not understand these things. The doctor has said this line is one hundred feet from the bank of the river."

"That's where it was," Ravenhill explained. "When they measured the line fifty years ago."

"But can the line move?"

"No, but the river did. You remember that the bench was much wider when you were a boy? Since then the river has eaten away half the bench. Now the line is on the river bank. What's left of the bench is in Yukon Territory, not in Alaska."

"Will the men from Nome know that?" Old Mac asked shrewdly. "Will they believe it?"

"No, but the Mountie will—I hope," Ravenhill said. "If so, he will stand with us." He did not explain beyond that point, the farther waters being too deep for Old Mac.

They would be deep enough in any case. Much would depend upon the caliber of the Mountie. He must first be convinced that the bench was actually on Canadian ground—which might take a bit of doing. Then he must make a formidable command decision—fast, without hesitation—whether to defend the doctor against the Alaskans, using force if necessary.

If necessary? Force was the only argument which would control Flynn Foley tomorrow, when he stood beside the giant on the river bank, his feet firmly planted on ground already thawed and floored with gold. That instant would require a Mountie of better than superior resources of courage and judgment.

"I am confuse'," Old Mac complained, as Ravenhill reassembled the rifle. "The Mountie cannot see this line. How can he say to the men from Nome: 'Here, where I point, is the edge of my ground where you cannot pass'?"

"He can—if he will," Ravenhill assured him. "Men have fought wars over such lines for five thousand years. Shooting wars. But never mind now, old son. Let's get back toward camp. On the way I will tell you what you must do tomorrow, so we will be ready."

"For what?" Old Mac's impassive eyes glistened. "A shooting war, p'raps?"

"Perhaps. At least we must hold the line until the Mountie comes."

Carol slept poorly that night. She had left Ravenhill, determined to arouse her father and Dud Jessop at once, and to challenge Jessop with the question Ravenhill had suggested.

In the end she decided to sleep on it and call for a showdown with Dud Jessop—if at all—after she had observed what the Alaskans were up to in the morning. Flynn Foley had said they would merely test the giant tomorrow, then move it and their thawing equipment upriver. How the Alaskans acted, rather than unproved charges against Jessop, should determine her course of action thereafter.

She was up early and hurried over to the cook tent to talk to Old Mac before the others arrived for breakfast. Old Mac was cheerful and friendly as usual—and as uncommunicative as one of the supporting posts of the cook tent. He would tell her nothing of his and Ravenhill's further activities the previous night, explaining bluntly but with a touch of pride that Ravenhill trusted him alone, and had instructed him not to talk.

Ravenhill had asked him to relay some instructions to Carol, however. First, when the Mountie came, she must be sure to tell him—secretly, unknown to the Alaskans—that he must not return to Aklavik without contacting Ravenhill.

"But where will Ravenhill be?" Carol asked.

"I will tell you when the time comes. Then you will tell the Mountie."

Ravenhill's further instructions were more disturbing. Carol must alert the two young entomologists, Buster and Julius, that there might be trouble on the bench today. They should take their rifles with them when they left camp and stay close to the bench. Also, Carol must gather up her father's and Dud Jessop's rifles and ammunition and turn them over to Old Mac, so that they would be well armed when the crisis came. The trouble would start, Ravenhill was sure, immediately after the Alaskans had tested the giant on the bench.

Carol was baffled and resentful anew at Ravenhill's calm assumption of leadership. She (*Continued on Page 48*)

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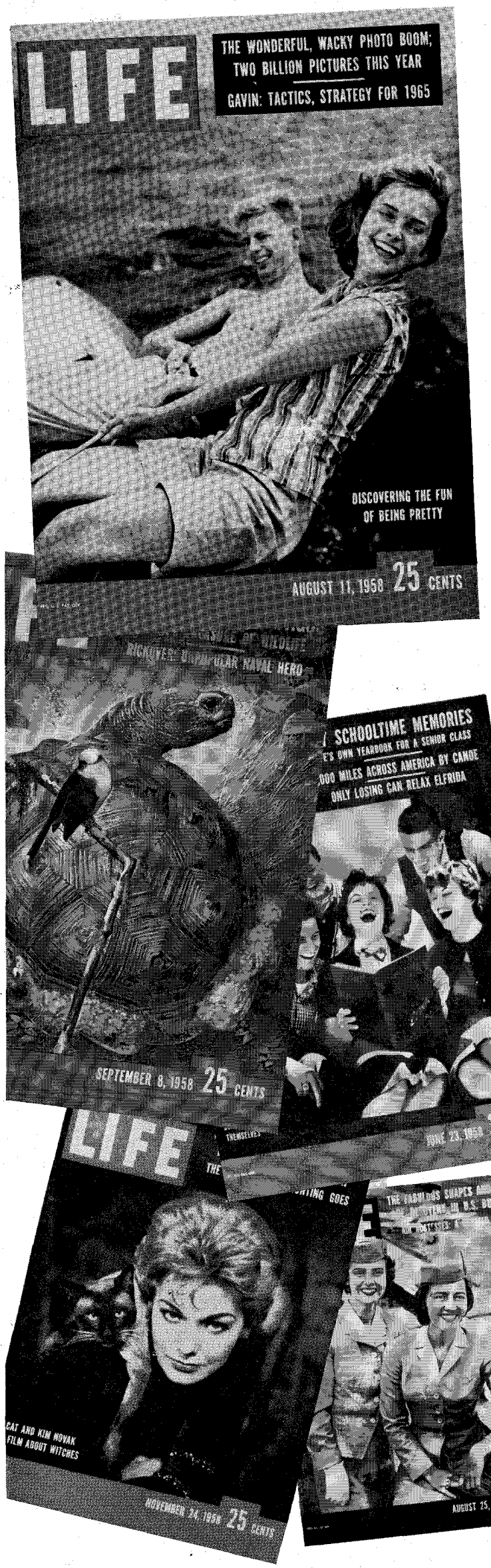
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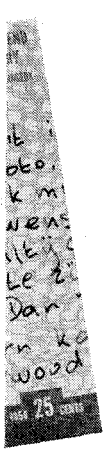

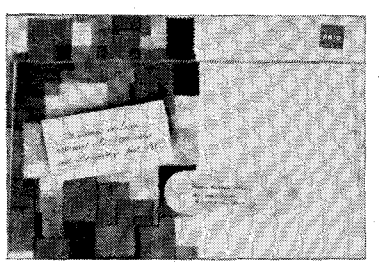

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(*Continued from Page 43*) pointed this out to Old Mac. What was to prevent her from explaining these warlike preparations to the doctor and Jessop—or even the Alaskans?

Old Mac merely shrugged and said simply, "If there is trouble, will you stand with your father or with the men from Nome?"

"With father, certainly. But how do we know where Ravenhill stands?"

"I know," the old native returned. "The men from Nome know. If you tell the men from Nome that we are ready with rifles, they will take our rifles and we will not be ready. When we are hunting the white bear on the ice and our leader says, 'We are close to the bear now,' do the hunters say, 'I do not see the bear, therefore we will throw our rifles away'?"

"But we don't even know there's a bear, darn it!" she protested.

"I have seen the tracks," Old Mac returned. "Ravenhill has seen them. Will you throw our rifles away because you are not a hunter and can see no tracks?"

"You've got a point there," she conceded. "If there's trouble, we'll need the rifles. If there's no trouble, there's no harm done; is that it? But before I talk to Buster and Julius I'm going to uncover a track or two myself."

The opportunity came within the next fifteen minutes. Both the doctor and Dud Jessop arrived in advance of the young entomologists. The usual morning greetings were exchanged. Jessop, beaming approvingly at Carol, asked her how well she had slept.

"Not too well," she said, and after they had seated themselves, with steaming coffee at hand, she plunged directly into the subject in a matter-of-fact way. "I got to worrying about what Mr. Foley said last night. About our *in situ* permit."

Jessop said nothing, studying his coffee. The doctor blinked at her. "What about it, my dear?"

"Are you sure, Dud," she asked, "that the permit includes the proper description of the ground? That it includes the whole bench?"

"Of course," Jessop said. "I copied the metes and bounds directly from our field notes. Why do you ask?"

"I had a bad dream," she explained. "I dreamed that you'd made an error. To forestall any more nightmares, would you mind getting the carbon of the *in situ* permit and your field notes so I can compare them and be sure?"

Jessop stared at her and at the doctor, then glanced at his wrist watch. "Be glad to," he said. "They're filed somewhere among the papers in our tent. But it might take a few minutes to locate them, and the doctor and I are quite anxious to get up to the dig. Let's wait until tonight, eh?"

"I'd really like to see them now," she insisted, trying to make it sound casual. "Perhaps it wouldn't take long. As an efficient comptroller and bookkeeper you should be able to put your hands right on them, shouldn't you?"

"Unfortunately, no." He was equally and carelessly insistent. "I've been so interested in the dig that my book work's suffered. The papers are in a bit of a jumble. Lend a hand here, doctor," he pleaded, giving it a lightly humorous touch. "Milady's whims are important, but should we hold up operations this morning while I delve about ——"

"Of course not," the doctor said. "Let it wait until tonight."

Carol shrugged in defeat. This was precisely what Ravenhill had predicted: that Jessop would find some excuse when asked to produce the *in situ* permit carbon. He didn't look or sound guilty, but could it be that she had finally come upon a vague "bear track" in the snow?

Young Mac did not appear for breakfast, and Old Mac was forced to admit that he didn't know where his son was. Old Mac was shamefaced about it. Young Mac had failed the doctor. He had proved untrustworthy. He, Old Mac, would be glad to do work on the screen between his cook-tent chores.

"I'll take Young Mac's place," Carol said stoutly. "Don't look so gloomy, dad. I'm really terrific with a shovel."

The young entomologists saved the day. Julius, the leader of the robust pair, confessed that they had been accumulating overtime in their bug-hunting activities, so they would work until noon at the dig. "We'll be delighted, won't we, pal?" he asked Buster pointedly. "Remember how many times you've envied Young Mac? The dignity of labor and all that?"

"Sure, sure," Buster agreed. "Dignity we can use. But isn't there only one shovel?" he asked the doctor hopefully. "If so, I bow to Julius. Rank has its privileges."

"We've two shovels, unfortunately." The doctor beamed at them both. "I know this is my cue to protest, 'It's out of the question. We couldn't think of it.' Instead—thanks, boys. Happy to have you aboard. Let's hope Young Mac shows up before noon."

They mounted up to the bench. Flynn Foley saw them at once and brought Marshal Wiggins over to meet them. The marshal followed them over to the dig, made polite and obviously disinterested queries about it, then rejoined the Alaskans.

Carol sauntered over to watch the Alaskans' activities. The grizzled partners were laboring below the bank. Flynn Foley and young Tilton worked on the edge of the bench itself, detaching the thawing points, lining up the high-pressure hose and adjusting the giant. Marshal Wiggins merely strolled about, paunchy and placid, surveying the scene like a benevolent tourist.

Again Carol found it hard to believe that Ravenhill could possibly be right: that the seemingly workaday activity of these men was a mere prelude to as daring and ruthless a coup as the records of the north boasted.

And yet, having been forewarned, Carol noted that two rifles were always within reach of the old-timers laboring below the bank. Flynn's rifle and Tilton's leaned as negligently nearby.

At eleven o'clock young Tilton was far out on the pipeline, at the point where it joined the heavy hose which had lately been attached to the thawing points. Flynn Foley stood by the giant, one hand on the valve control back of the tapering nozzle. With the other hand he signaled to Tilton, who squatted beside the valve which diverted the pressure from the points to the giant.

Foley explained to Carol that he was about to test the giant for leaks or flaws by exposing it to the full head of water. "We gotta be careful," he told her. "We got three hunnert pounds, which is a lot of pressure. Buck Tilton's turning it on slow and I'm letting the air out of the big hose. Listen to it sizzle."

The high-pressure hose snaking from Tilton to the giant, lately inert and flabby, was now rousing up slowly, like a huge snake swelling and coming to life. The nozzle hissed on a rising and singularly menacing note. Water squirted from it feebly at first, then with gathering strength.

"Hold it!" Flynn shouted to Tilton. "Ease off while I close 'er here." Tilton nodded and Flynn turned his valve in slowly, watching the hose. "Now!" Foley called, hand upraised.

Tilton opened his valve slowly.

"Wide open!" Foley shouted to Tilton. "O.K.—slow. They test all this at the factory," he told Carol, "but those city lads ain't out here where the grief is."

"Wide open!" Tilton called, coming to his feet.

Foley stepped back and motioned Carol back. The base of the giant shuddered a little, anchored though it was with cumbersome rocks. Foley stood fast, watching it. Tilton stood motionless. The faces of the two old-timers were upturned toward them, the whites of their eyes glistening. With a final shudder the giant and connecting hose became rigid, static, yet somehow surrounded with menacing force, like an explosive primed and ready.

"O.K.—we're set!" Foley announced, wiping his face with a shirt sleeve which already clung dankly to his bulging forearm.

Now came a curious byplay. The giant had been tested, apparently. Yet Flynn Foley did not motion to Tilton to close his valve and shut off the pressure to the giant. Instead, he turned to appraise the doctor and his party laboring at the dig, then swung around to face the marshal, who was approaching from the right. Beyond the marshal, below the bank to the north, Old Mac leaned against the door frame of the cook tent, arms folded. Lastly, Foley gave Carol a brief, guarded glance and she saw that his seamed features were glistening again.

The marshal said, "Hold it, Flynn. Follow the blueprint." Then more forcefully: "Take a vote on it!" At the same time he shook his head, in a deliberate, thoughtful way.

Flynn looked down at the two grizzled partners, who were standing side by side. They, too, shook their heads, and Blackie pointed at the sun.

Young Tilton had galloped up and now slid to a halt beside Foley. "What's next, boss?" he demanded, his suppressed excitement plain. "Do we fire or fall back?"

Foley moved forward and leaned on the giant, his left hand supporting him. With his right hand he produced his black plug of tobacco and bit into it. Then he spat almost viciously into the sand at his feet.

"We hold our fire," he told Tilton. "We take those points out and stack 'em at the end of the bench. Get going on it."

Work was resumed at once. Young Tilton, already armed with a wrench, began to detach the small connecting hose from the nearest thawing point. Foley bent over the adjoining point. The marshal strolled over to watch Blackie and Swenson.

It seemed to Carol that some unnamed but deadly crisis had risen up suddenly and had as suddenly faded. Or had she merely imagined it? In any event, the business of clearing the bench of the thawing equipment was going forward. Foley had the hose detached from his thawing point. Now, bracing himself, he drew the point out and laid it on the ground.

"Wait!" the doctor called from the dig. "One moment, Foley!"

For an instant Carol thought that something had at long last alerted her father. He and Dud Jessop were striding over purposefully from the dig.

But they were interested only in the thawing point. They squatted beside it and turned it over, examining all sides narrowly.

"Good!" the doctor approved, rising up. "It came out freely. I doubt if any artifacts were disturbed. Any potential damage is far outweighed by the convenience of having the ground thawed. Eh, Dud?"

"Right," Jessop voted. "It's certainly worth it, I should say. Considering the time factor."

"We're extremely grateful to you," the doctor told Foley. "You're moving your equipment now, I take it?"

"Yeah," Foley said. "We pile up the points and hose at the end of the bench there. Sometime today we open up the giant and see how our sluice boxes hold up. Then we move the whole outfit up the canyon and begin to make medicine. It's about time, sure enough."

The doctor and Jessop returned to the dig. Foley and young Tilton went forward methodically with their task of clearing away their thawing equipment. At near noon it was done, and as Carol surveyed the bench she was seized with sudden panic. Foley had set the stage in a far more efficient manner than Ravenhill had anticipated. Except for the giant and the sluice boxes below the bank—and these could be explained in terms of a routine assembling and testing chore—there was no slightest visible evidence that the Alaskans had even thought of destroying the bench.

Now came the suspicion which flooded Carol with both terror and shame. *Had Ravenhill planned it this way from the beginning?* In league with Foley all the while, had he arranged this elaborate but easily staged (*Continued on Page 50*)

"Maybe you oughta take him out for a little exercise."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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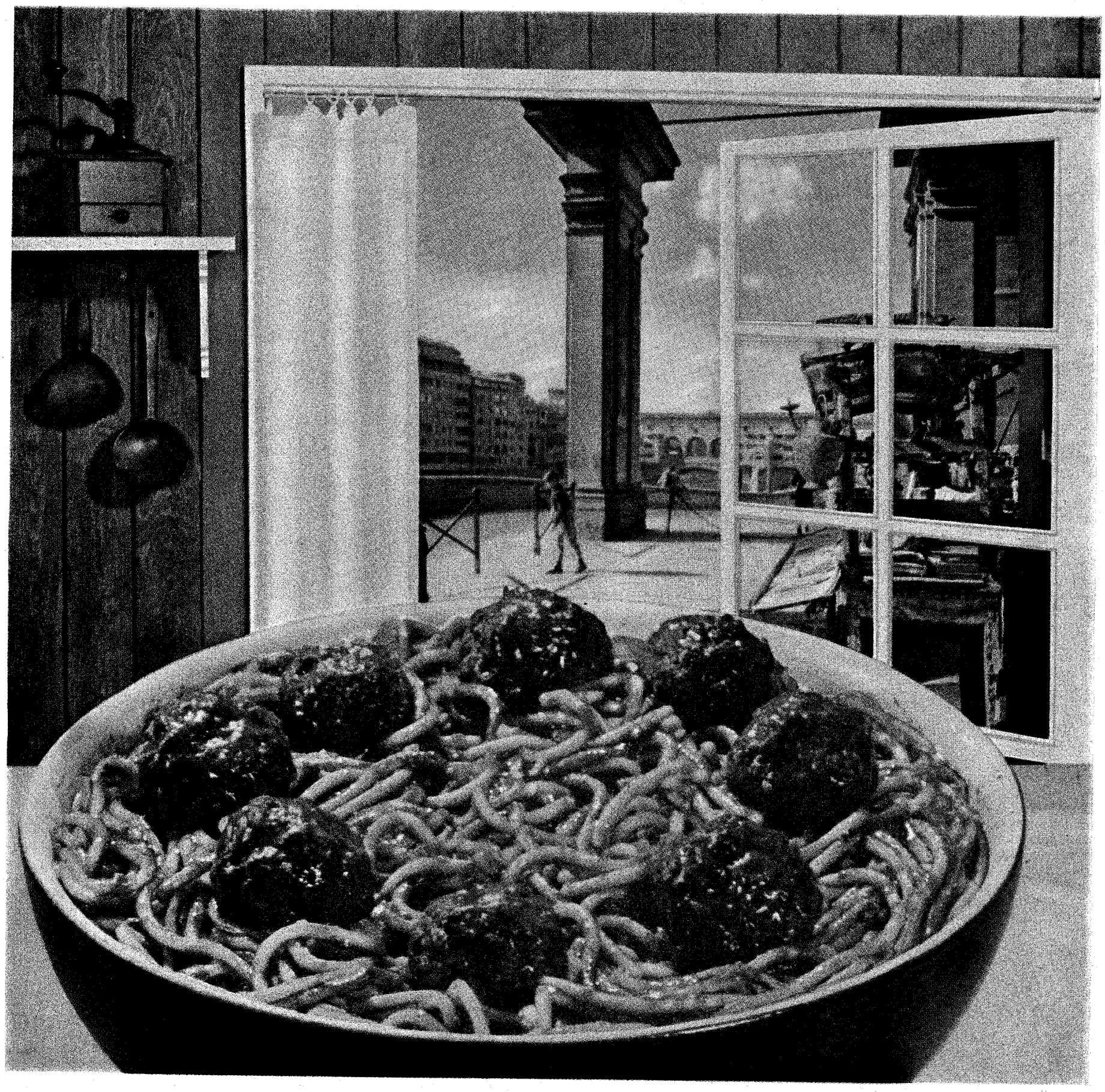

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(*Continued from Page 48*) sequence of events—his alleged loyalty to her father, his "escape" from Glacier Lake—solely to keep her in line until Enders and the Mountie had come and gone?

She hated herself for the poisonous thought, but the possibility had to be faced. To whom could she turn for counsel and advice? There was only Old Mac.

As soon as she could without attracting notice, she hurried down to the cook tent. Old Mac was just inside the door, watching through the screen. He looked keenly into Carol's face. "You go down to the landing lake to wait for Enders and the Mountie? But you are afraid, now that it is almost time?"

"It's worse than that. Listen, Old Mac."

She poured out her suspicions bluntly, trying to state them in simple terms, fearful that their potentials were beyond him. The old Eskimo stopped her in mid-sentence, however, his face impassive. He not only grasped her dilemma but met it with elemental logic.

"Ravenhill is there, watching the bench." He indicated the ridge. "He has seen the bear. There is no time now for talk. We shoot the bear—and talk afterward."

"In other words," Carol said, "unless I've a better plan, just follow Ravenhill's orders blindly?"

Old Mac spread his hands. "It is too late for other plans. The bear is charging. We must be ready with our rifles."

It was indeed too late. The drone of an approaching plane was coming from the east. They had also heard it on the bench. Flynn Foley turned to face eastward. The marshal turned with him. The two old-timers came to attention below the bank.

"Very well," Carol said. Mentally she committed herself, for better or worse. "I'll follow through. And I'd better sneak down to the landing lake."

"Wait," Old Mac advised. "Foley will see you. Why must you hide? Wait for him. Listen."

Foley was calling hoarsely across the bench to the hidden archaeologists. "That's Enders probably. Checking on what happened to Ravenhill. The marshal's going down to tell him. He's got to give Enders the key, also. Enders' ship is padlocked up at the lake. Right, marshal?"

"That's right," the marshal said.

"Enders probably has a Mountie with him," the doctor's distant voice called hospitably. "Invite them both up for lunch, if they have the time."

"They probably won't," the marshal said. "If I know these bush pilots, all Enders wants is his ship."

"Just a second," Foley told the marshal. "I'll go down with you. Finish stacking those points and connecting hose," he called to the unseen Buck Tilton. And to the two old-timers: "Keep an eye on things. It looks like the show will soon be on the road. Let's go, marshal."

As Foley and the marshal strode past the cook tent, Carol stepped out and followed along.

Foley halted at once. "You going down there too?"

"Why not?" She tried to make it sound casual, but she could hear her heart beating. "I've had correspondence with Enders. I've never met him. D'you mind?"

Foley hesitated no more than a full second, his teeth clenched on his chew. Then he resumed his affable mask, hunching his shoulders. "Just asking," he apologized. "Sure, tag along. Step on it, Horse."

It was a sturdy ship, yet sleek as a swallow. It set down in a cloud of spray and taxied on to the small bay where Carol and her companions waited. The first man to swing down to the float was Enders, obviously a passenger. The pilot followed: a tall, solemn-faced youth in the summer service uniform of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

"Step out, gal," Foley whispered to Carol. "You're the reception committee."

She moved forward at once. "I'm Carol Craig," she told the Mountie. "Doctor Craig's daughter."

"Constable Hughson," the Mountie identified himself. He was formal and reserved. "Mr. Joe Enders, Miss Craig."

Enders said, "Howdy." He was blond, gaunt and unshaved. He glanced curiously at Foley and surveyed Marshal Wiggins with morose surprise. Carol introduced Foley first, then the marshal, and the latter took over at once.

"I know this is Canadian territory, constable," he said to the Mountie, his manner touched with a new dignity and formality. "The line's back by the river. Foley and I've crossed the line on Enders' behalf. I hope that's sufficient excuse to cut through any red tape involved."

"Quite all right," said Constable Hughson. "We may ask the same courtesy of you. I'm here to check on Ravenhill."

"Then I've a complete report for you," the marshal said at once. He turned to Enders. "After delivering the mail and supplies here, Ravenhill took your ship well inside Alaskan territory and set down on Glacier Lake. He had no permit to fly in Alaska and no Alaskan license for your ship. So I arrested him and impounded the ship."

"Yeah?" said Enders. "Where's the ship?"

"At Glacier Lake. It's only a mile or so above here, to the northwest."

"And where's Ravenhill?" the Mountie asked.

"He escaped," the marshal said, with a touch of hard-bitten apology. "He headed south, on foot. Into the Porcupine, maybe. Maybe into Yukon Territory. I'll check our stations, as soon as I get back to Fairbanks, to see if he's still on the Alaskan side. You'll do the same, I suppose?"

"If Enders makes an official complaint, certainly," the Mountie said. "Did you learn Ravenhill's motive? What was back of his peculiar actions?"

"I didn't question him for the record," the marshal said. "That would be done at the preliminary hearing. I knew him in Nome before the war, though. My guess is he was broke and afoot at Aklavik. Here was a ship. He was close to the Alaskan line. So he saw his chance and took it—headed south with the ship, either into Alaska or the Yukon. Just a guess, of course."

"Excuse it," Enders cut in. As the marshal had predicted, he had but one object in view. "We could guess what Ravenhill's up to until snow flew," he pointed out. "The important thing is, we know where the ship is now. Is it O.K.?" he asked the marshal. "No damage?"

"Apparently not."

"And how do I get it back?"

"I'll release it to you," the marshal said generously. "On the face of it, of course, you're responsible for the actions of your pilot, Ravenhill, when your ship crosses the line illegally. We can stretch the regulations a little, under the circumstances. We'll press our charges against Ravenhill, if and when we catch up to him."

"You mean," Enders said with delight, "we can fly right up there now and I can fly the ship back to Aklavik?"

"If you wish," said the marshal. "As a safety measure, since Ravenhill was still at large, I padlocked your ship and Foley's together, up at Glacier Lake. Here's the key to the padlock. And you've my permission to fly Enders up to Glacier Lake," he told the Mountie, in friendly official vein. "I think we can stretch the 'hot pursuit' clause that far."

"That's very kind of you, sir," said the Mountie, with relief. "You've been most co-operative. We'll jog on up to Glacier Lake, then?" he said to Enders.

"*Tout suite*," Enders agreed, turning back eagerly to the ship.

"Wait," Carol said. "Surely you can wait over and have lunch with us. Father expects them, doesn't he, Mr. Foley?"

"I suppose so," Foley returned, hunching his shoulders. "If Enders ain't in too much of a hurry."

It was smoothly done. Enders was in a hurry. "We'll take a rain check on it," he told Carol apologetically. "I'm just getting over the flu. I want to get my plane back in circulation. Thank the doc for us, though. O.K.?" he said to the Mountie.

Constable Hughson nodded. "I'd like to see your dig, Miss Craig. Isn't that what they call it—a 'dig'? But we really should hurry along. Thanks again," he said to the marshal, and nodded briefly to Foley. "A pleasure, sir."

They were actually going. Carol had been searching for a desperate expedient to alert the Mountie without arousing Foley's suspicions. To steal softly from the presence of a watchful tiger seemed easier at the moment. The only chance was to use some unrelated and purely feminine device.

"If you'll wait just a second longer, then," she said to the Mountie, getting out her notebook and pencil, "I'll ask you to do me a favor when you get back to Aklavik. I've a packsack of clothes to be laundered over at the Canadian Pacific Airlines office. I didn't have time to make arrangements when I came through. If they're done right away, Mr. Enders could bring them out two weeks from now. Let's see—what's the CPA agent's name?"

"Jackson," said the Mountie. "Cliff Jackson. But a note's unnecessary, Miss Craig. I'll tell Jackson."

"Oh, no," Carol insisted. "I'll go through channels. I learned that at Fort Simpson. I sent word in from camp about my laundry, but I forgot who I'd told, and three months later I was stopping strangers on the street, asking them what had happened to two of my slips, a pillow case and three pajama tops. Nobody knew."

The Mountie's melancholy features softened a little. "Very well. We'll wait."

Carol perched herself on the bank, spread her notebook on her knee and wrote:

*Constable Hughson:* Ravenhill did not escape south. He is hiding on the ridge above our bench. You must find some excuse to visit our camp, immediately, and go up to the ridge, alone. This is a desperate appeal for help. Do not fail us. My father, Doctor Craig, is unaware of the situation. Ravenhill will explain. Beware of Flynn Foley and the marshal.

CAROL CRAIG.

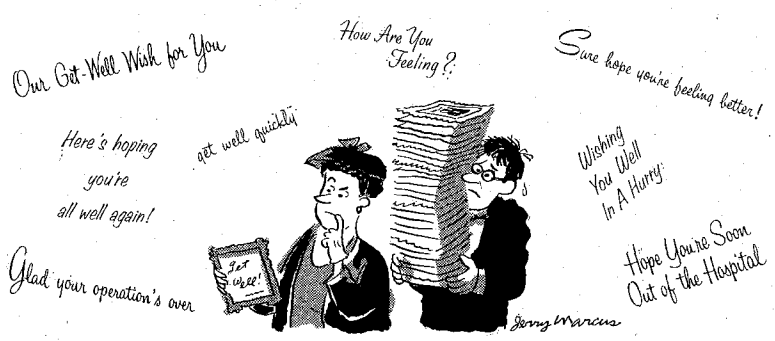
Much now depended on the as yet unknown caliber of Constable Hughson. In this totally unexpected test, would he be able to read these words without a flicker of surprise while Flynn Foley's bleached, formidable eyes were fixed upon him?

She tore out the sheet of notepaper and handed it to Constable Hughson. "Read it, please," she said smilingly. "I write a horrible hand. If you can make it out, Jackson can."

With a tolerant twinkle, Pilot Constable Hughson read the note through. He did not read it twice; he merely folded the note, nodding, and tucked it away in his inside pocket.

"It's quite legible," he said. "I'm sure Jackson will understand and perform properly. Shall we jog along, Enders?"

TO BE CONTINUED


Our Get-Well Wish for You
How Are You Feeling?
Sure hope you're feeling better!
Here's hoping you're all well again!
get well quickly
Wishing You Well In A Hurry
Glad your operation's over
Hope You're Soon Out of the Hospital
Jerry Marcus

## The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Jarett, a compulsive shopper, approached the greeting-card racks in the department store just before closing time. Once there, she began picking out cards one by one and studying them as if taking inventory.

When the salesman asked what type of card she wanted, Mrs. Jarett said she was looking for a special type of get-well card. Further patient questioning narrowed her choice down to a get-well card for a man, then for a man hurt in a sports accident.

After all racks and drawers and catalogues had been exhausted, the salesman finally asked, "Just exactly what do you have in mind?"

"Why," Mrs. Jarett said indignantly, "I simply want a card that would be appropriate to send to a man whose leg was broken in a skiing accident."

"Of course, madam," the salesman said smoothly. "And which leg, right or left?"

**Arlene Schneider**

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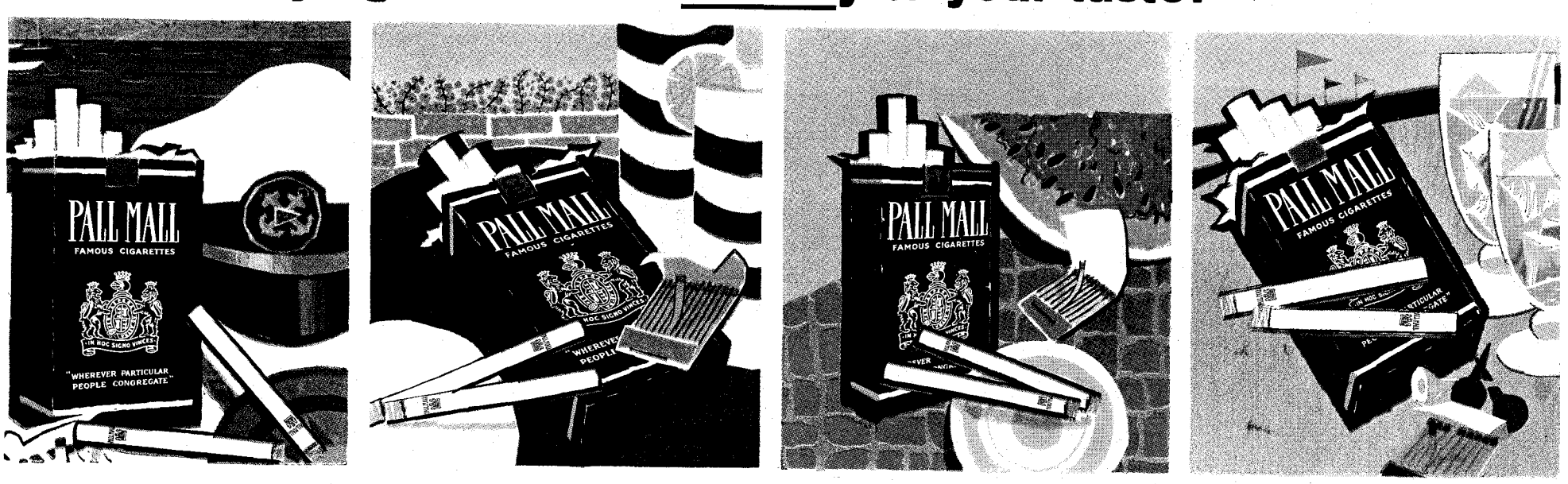
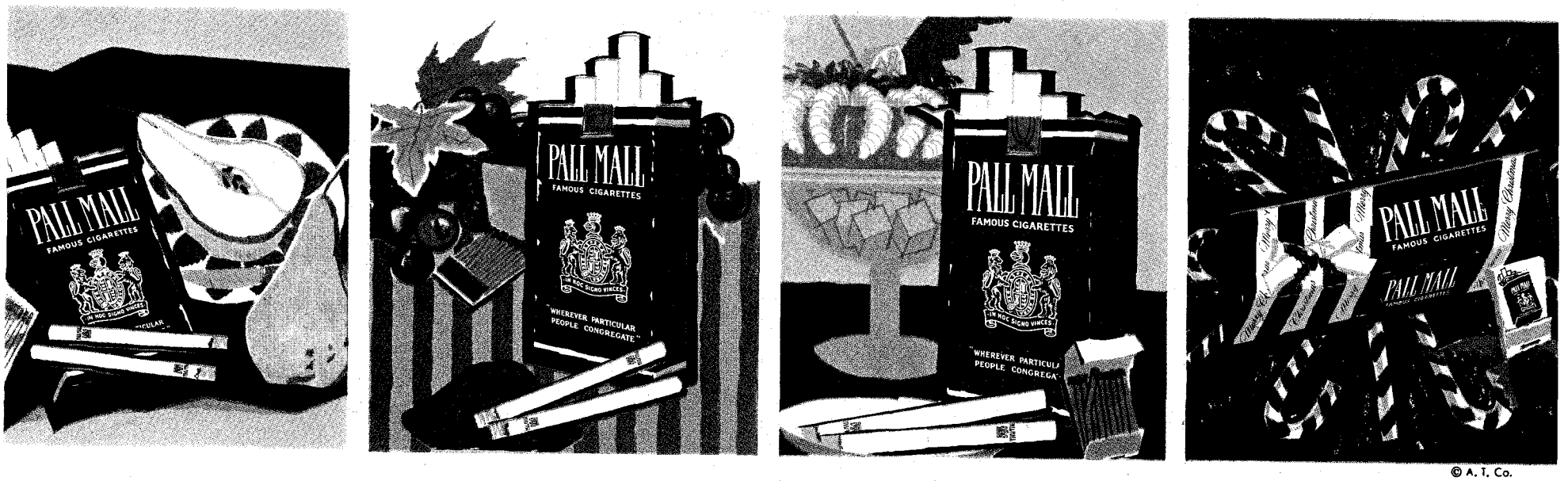
# All thru the year...

# Get satisfying flavor...so friendly to your taste!

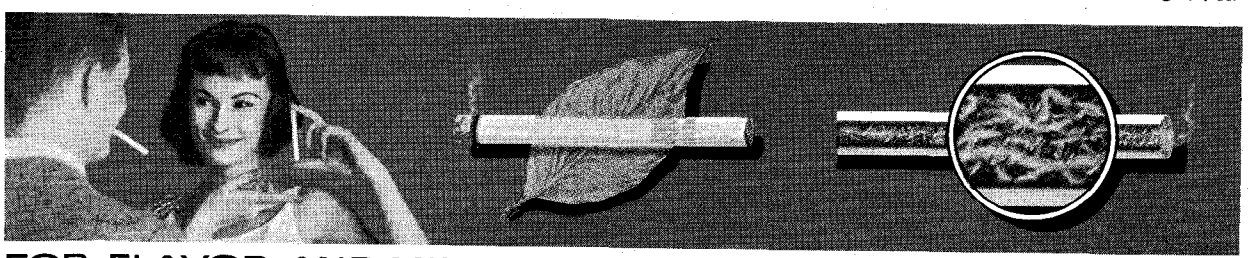



# No flat "filtered-out" flavor! No dry "smoked-out" taste!




© A. T. Co.

See how Pall Mall's greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke and makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!



**FOR FLAVOR AND MILDNESS, FINE TOBACCO FILTERS BEST**

1 You get greater length of the finest tobaccos money can buy

2 Pall Mall's greater length filters the smoke naturally...

3 Filters it over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine tobaccos!

## Outstanding...and they are Mild!

*Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"*

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# Science rich in

## *What is the "L-plus" factor?

Proper diet requires balanced daily intake of ca bohydrates, proteins and fats, along with an ad quate supply of vitamins and minerals. Golde Mazola Corn Oil contains substances called linol ates . . . important to nutrition and health. Free cholesterol, it is rich in natural sterol produc derived from vegetable sources. We call this th "L-plus" factor.

Your body cannot make linoleates, so its supp should be replenished regularly. Of all popular foo oils, Mazola Corn Oil is the richest source of th "L-plus" factor.

CORN PRODUCTS COMPAN

*Sources of excerpts below will be provided on request.*

Fats & Heart Disease

Cholesterol and You

the Kind of Fat,

d Not How Muc

Science and Medicine

Fatty Meals Show Up in Bloodstream

Cholesterol

How Much Cholesterol in Diet?

Fatty Substance Called Factor in Heart Attacks

Are You Eating Your Way to a Heart Attack?

Doctors have new evidence that our high-cholesterol (high-fat) diet the real villain behind coronary disease. Here's why a low-fat diet may save thousands of lives a year.

w Much Fat You Eat—It's What Kind

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# finds Corn Oil "L-plus" factor

## *...so important to good health*

### ...and of all leading U. S. brands only Mazola® is pure Corn Oil

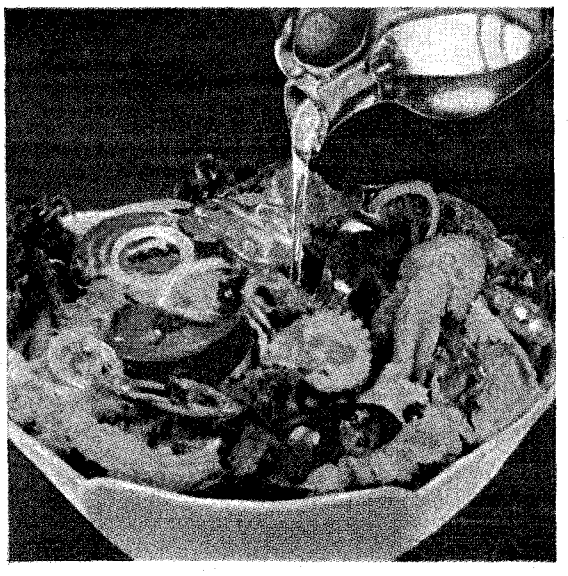
Every day new evidence comes to light emphasizing the benefits of corn oil to nutrition! It is particularly rich in "L-plus" factor...a natural combination of substances valuable in nutrition and health. Research findings also show that corn oil in controlled diets is often effective in lowering the cholesterol level of the blood stream. This may be significant because the fatty deposits which are frequently found in the blood stream of people with coronary heart conditions, contain large amounts of cholesterol.

Doctors often recommend that from one-third to one-half of the total fat we eat should be in the form of vegetable oil. Because of its high content of "L-plus" and its other desirable qualities, Mazola is preferred by informed people.

Of course, for many years Mazola Corn Oil has been the choice of better cooks, prized for its delicate lightness and flavor and golden goodness . . . great for frying, salads and baking. Mazola fried foods are crispier outside, juicier inside. Mazola makes fresher, lighter salad dressings . . . its delicate flavor blends perfectly with seasonings. With its exceptional nutritional value now widely recognized, more people than ever before are including Mazola in their daily meals . . . and love it!

## *There are so many wonderful ways to use Mazola Corn Oil*

**In frying,** Mazola heats quickly *without* smoking, sears *over* foods, seals *in* juices and flavors—gives you delicious, digestible golden-brown goodness.



**For salads,** Mazola Oil is the favorite of millions—it's like "liquid sunshine"—makes the finest, freshest dressings, quickly and easily.

**In cooking vegetables,** add a tablespoon or two of Mazola. Vegetables will be richer, tastier, and you need less water, thus preserving vitamins. Try it!

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# Queen of the Ice (Continued from Page 25)

they do in Europe. They just want to watch television. I tell Carol that the television really helps her. All the other children watch it. They don't go out and skate or do anything else. So, much of her competition is knocked off right at the start."

Carol's Spartan girlhood has not robbed her of her pleasure in skating or of her natural high spirits. She skates the way Fred Astaire dances and Willie Mays plays baseball—as if she enjoys it. Off the ice she is cheerful, agreeable and unaffected. She laughs a lot. Her face is bright, and her five-foot-two-inch body is packed with apparently inexhaustible vitality. Although she has traveled all over Europe and Japan, she still takes an almost childish delight in seeing new places and meeting new people.

After retaining her world championship last year, she had to be restrained by Pierre Brunet from giving over her precious spare time to acknowledging with a long, chatty reply each of the 300 fan letters she received.

"A brief note of thanks is enough," Brunet told her. "That's all anybody expects."

Carol remains eager to please both her public and the press despite an unfortunate experience at the time of her first important brush with fame. This came during the 1956 Winter Olympic Games. To one looking back on it now, the uproar was almost inevitable. The proceedings can grow dull for some of the countless writers at the games. A pretty girl is always one source of news, and controversy is another. Put them together and you have a whale of a story.

The 1956 Olympics started out as a great adventure for Carol. She had progressed so rapidly as a skater that she was by this time head and shoulders above every woman in the world except Tenley Albright. Carol already had skated against Tenley six times in major competition and had never been able to beat her.

Carol had obviously improved since their last meeting, and the competition was bound to be close. The contrasts between the two girls served to point up their rivalry. Tenley, at twenty, was four years older. She was a marvelously graceful skater—more like a ballet dancer than an athlete. Carol had an active, dashing style, embellishing her precise movements with multiple spins and jumps. Tenley was the daughter of a prominent physician in Newton Center, Massachusetts, while Carol was the child of an immigrant baker.

Carol was a well-liked member of the American team that traveled to Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, for the winter games. The team gave her a party there on her sixteenth birthday. Amid much merriment the team doctor appeared, dressed as a chef and carrying a huge cake.

But a storm was brewing around Carol. Although Brunet tried to keep the knowledge from her, she was already aware that her mother was dying. Brunet, a veteran of Olympic competition himself, knew the facilities at the hotel where the team was to be lodged. Twenty-five people would share one bathroom, for instance. To make the stay more comfortable for Mrs. Heiss, he made reservations for the three of them at another hotel, where the ailing woman would have more adequate facilities.

The word immediately spread that the Heiss party was upstaging the rest of the Olympic team. As Mrs. Heiss was not aware then that she was dying, there was no statement that Brunet could make to the press. The gracious Tenley, staying with the team, won the sympathy of most observers. Sentiment for her increased after she sustained an ankle gash in practice ten days before the figure-skating championship and competed even though the wound had not fully healed.

When the event got under way, Brunet and Mrs. Heiss were confident that Carol would win the gold medal. They felt that in the school figures—the formal patterns traced on the ice, which must be executed accurately and gracefully by each competitor—she was now the equal of the more experienced Tenley. These figures were to count for 60 per cent of the final score. They believed that Carol's free-style skating was more effective and imaginative than Tenley's. This phase was to count for 40 per cent.

Both girls skated brilliantly, winning the cheers of the crowd. However, the judges gave Tenley the better of it in the school figures, and Carol could not catch up in the free-style event. Brunet and Mrs. Heiss were visibly upset.

Now the reporters had their stories. The next day's papers carried headlines about a "feud" between the two pretty girls. Carol had disappeared into her dressing room without congratulating her rival. She hadn't stopped to pose for the photographers although she did so later. There were reports that the United States Figure Skating Association would be asked to investigate the "awful" behavior of the Heiss party.

Brunet came to Carol's defense. "People didn't realize how cold it was out on the ice," he said. "It hadn't been so cold there in over a hundred years, and Carol was almost frozen. We had to get her inside."

Mrs. Heiss admitted later that she had been terribly upset by what she felt was an unfair decision. "But there was no feud with the Albrights," she insisted. "Sure, Carol was disappointed. So were all the other Americans who didn't win a gold medal, but I didn't see anything about them in the papers. Those who think it's wonderful to finish second or third will never win a gold medal. Carol wants to win."

Somehow Carol kept her head through all the fuss. She explained that because of the differences in their ages and backgrounds, the two girls were not the closest of friends, but that there was certainly no bitter feeling between them. Two weeks later, skating in the annual world-championship event, at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany, Carol finally defeated Tenley for the first time.

The new champion's background was indeed different from Tenley Albright's. Carol's parents had come to this country from Germany in the late 1920's. Edward Heiss, her father, worked in a Kew Gardens bakery. Carol grew up in Ozone Park, which is part of New York's City's Borough of Queens, in the same seven-room white stucco house that the family lives in today.

Mrs. Heiss had loved the winter sports of her native land. She wanted her children to love sports too. Almost as soon as Carol, her first child, was old enough to walk, the mother bought her a tiny pair of roller skates.

"When she was just a little over two she could roller-skate like a teen-ager," her father recalls.

Carol was nearly five before she got her first pair of ice skates. She cannot remember them, but her father does. "We put them on her," he says, "and she skated away, just like that."

"The first memory I really have of being on skates," Carol says, "was at the Brooklyn Ice Palace. I was five years old and had long blond curls, and I guess word had got around that I had a little more skating talent than the average five-year-old. They dressed me up as a doll in an ice show which was for the benefit of the Red Cross. I was lifted out of a big paper cake as a 'present' for the audience.

"Was I scared? No, I don't think so. I can just remember laughing very hard because a man behind me was trying to wind me up like a doll. Then I skated off the ice, and luckily I didn't fall down."

Mrs. Heiss first took Carol to an instructor named Ingrid Lordahl, who worked with the child for a year. The instructor saw that Carol had tremendous possibilities, and advised Mrs. Heiss to consult the Brunets, noted instructors at the Skating Club of New York, which uses the rink on the fourth floor of Madison Square Garden.

Pierre and Andrée Brunet, who won the Olympic pair-skating championship for France in 1928 and 1932, were by this time naturalized American citizens. Wholly dedicated to figure skating, they were the parents of a boy, Jean-Pierre, who was soon to defeat the great Dick Button in a novice-class skating event, and for whom they held the highest hopes.

The Brunets were greatly impressed by Carol. Mrs. Brunet worked with Carol until she was seven, then turned her over to Pierre. He called in Mrs. Heiss.

"You've got to make a decision about this child," he said. "A girl can have talent and grace, but she must have other things, too—like the determination to succeed. I see these things in your daughter. But you must understand it will mean a terrific sacrifice for both of you. The expense will be great. She will have to skate five to eight hours almost every day for ten years. When she gets to be fifteen or so she will want to go out on dates, and then she will find that she can't. She will not live a normal life."

"Do you think she can be a champion?" Mrs. Heiss asked.

"Yes. In ten years she will be on top."

"Then we will do it," the mother said.

Mrs. Heiss spared neither Carol nor herself. She took up free-lance dress designing to help pay for the lessons and equipment. She and Carol got up at five in the morning and were at the rink before seven. They did this two mornings a week at first. As Carol progressed, it became six mornings a week.

Brunet's appraisal of the child's character proved correct. Carol devoted herself to her new life with single-mindedness. She accepted without question her mother's opinion that by hard work she would earn a satisfaction denied to most children.

"Carol never rebelled against the program we mapped out for her," Brunet says today. "The only anger she ever showed was directed at herself when she could not execute a certain move. She was an extraordinary child."

Mrs. Heiss found that she could not spend so much time at the practice rink with Carol and properly watch little Nancy and Bruce. So she arranged for them to take instruction from the Brunets too. "That way they're all together and I can keep an eye on them," she said.

The younger children didn't take to the rigorous routine as readily as their big sister. "But when they saw me finally win a medal, they got the competitive urge, too," Carol says.

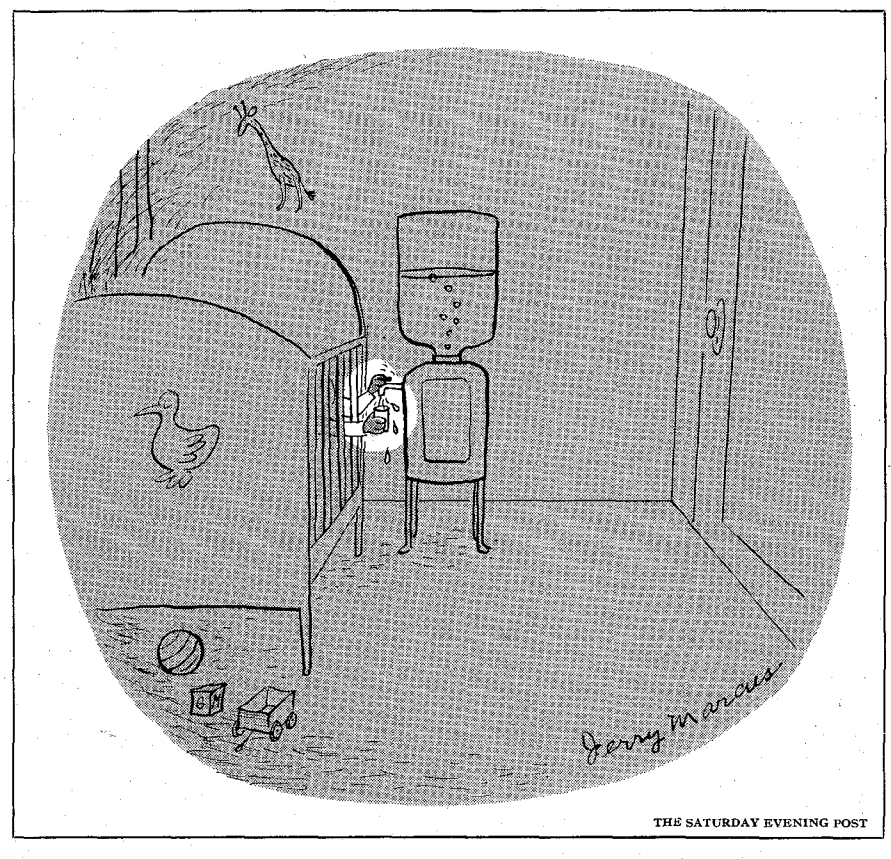
For a time Carol attended St. Mary's Gate of Heaven parochial school in Ozone Park. When she was in the fifth grade there, her mother requested that she be let out a half hour early so that she could take additional skating lessons. The mother superior of the school objected, and the two women clashed. The result was that Carol was removed from St. Mary's and enrolled in Public School 108.

The Brunets' son was killed in a jeep accident in 1948. After that their hopes and dreams were transferred to the Heiss children.

"Uncle Pierre used to frighten us at first," Carol says. "He was very stern, and when we would make a mistake he would scold us so that we would want to cry. But when he did give us a compliment we would feel good, because we knew he was very hard to please."

If one of the children took a horrid tumble and looked to Pierre for sympathy, he would ungallantly shrug and turn away. "One *does* fall," was his invariable comment.

However, he was devoted to the Heiss youngsters. Away from the rink he acted as their spiritual adviser, and listened to their troubles. Like most naturalized citizens, he is intensely patriotic, and he gave them (*Continued on Page 57*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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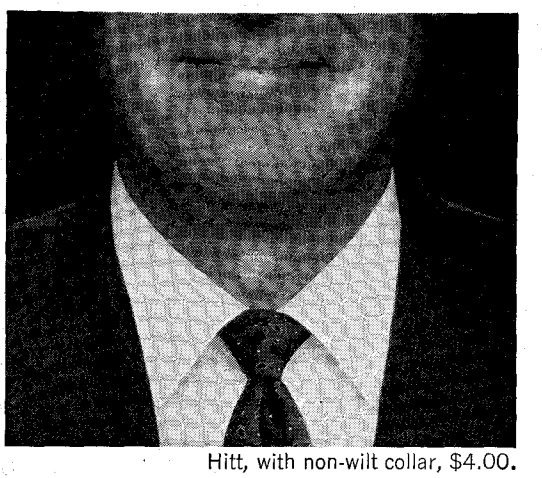
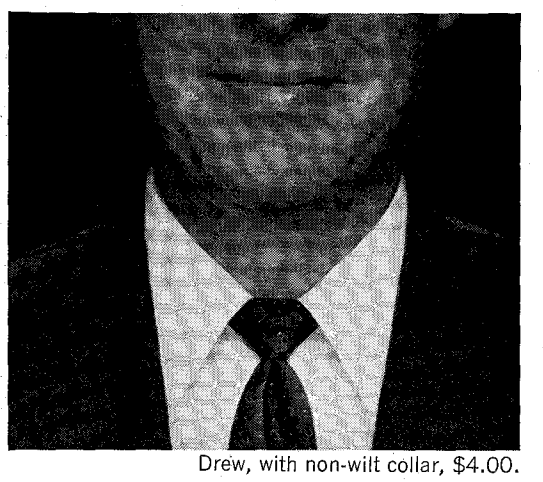
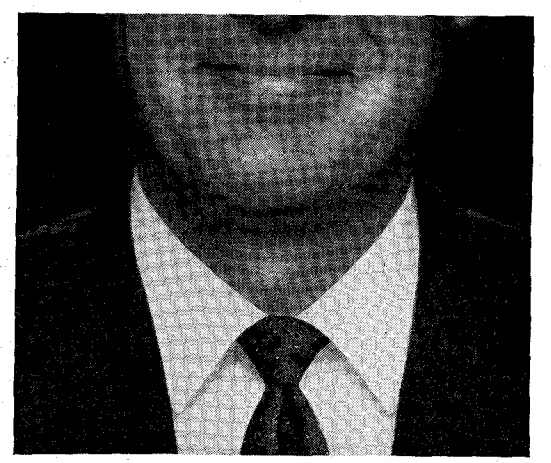
Whip, soft collar, permanent stays, $4.00.



Hitt, with non-wilt collar, $4.00.



Drew, with non-wilt collar, $4.00.



Tide, luxury fabric, non-wilt collar, $5.00.

Arrow Dacron Ties, $1.50.

# Arrow perfects the wash & wear shirt... with unlimited style

**No pampering this "Sanforized" 100% cotton. Wash and dry by machine, hand-wash or send to the laundry**

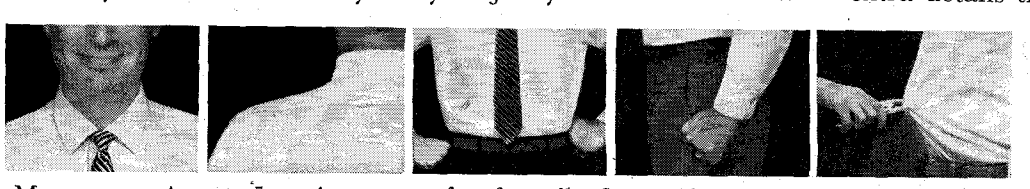
Yes, perfected wash and wear. These fine, 100% combed cotton shirts start fresh and wrinkle-free and stay that way until you take them off. Arrow tailors them in the world's largest selection of collar styles, both non-wilt and soft.

Perfected so that you can wash and dry them by machine using the new wash-and-wear cycle...send to the laundry...or wash by hand. That's why they're justly called the Arrow "Time-Saver" shirts. Another important wash-and-wear point is the "Sanforized" fabric...can't shrink out of fit.

Arrow "Time-Savers" iron themselves as they dry. So, they're not only flattering to men but kind to women. You'll find many collar styles at your Arrow retailer's.

And remember—every Arrow shirt is constructed with the extra details that make Arrow the world's most wanted shirt.

*Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*



MEN PREFER ARROW 5-TO-1 BECAUSE of perfect collar fit, shoulder line contour, Mitoga tailoring to conform with natural body lines, tapered sleeves, anchored buttons, and "Sanforized" fabrics.

ARROW

first in fashion

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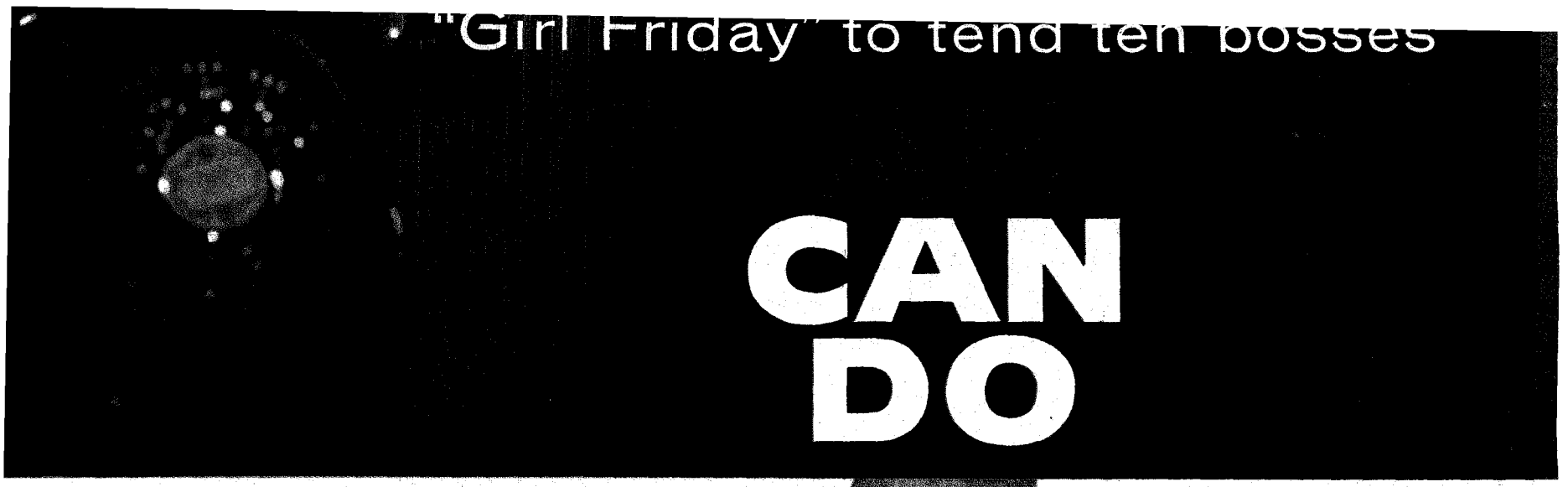


Imagine a compact cabinet that lets a single secretary function as a phone-answering service for ten busy executives. It's another ingenious idea from Automatic Electric. With this clever "switch box," one girl can supervise ten lines—take calls for a whole office of absent executives without leaving her desk!

Making telephone magic is AE's business. In fact, AE developed the first dial-operated telephone exchange. Our "telephone" components are making magic in other fields as well. Because automatic control is a *telephone* art.

*It's worth remembering that almost every device or system that is operated automatically requires the type of switching and relay units originated or manufactured by Automatic Electric.*

If your problem is in communications or control, AE can help you. We're ready to offer engineering advice and deliver the basic components or a control "package." To get your project off the ground, write the Director, Industrial Products Engineering, Automatic Electric, Northlake, Illinois.

We'll leave no stone unturned to prove: *AE can do!*

**AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC**

**MAKING IDEAS WORK AUTOMATICALLY**

*Subsidiary of GENERAL TELEPHONE*

GENERAL SYSTEM

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(*Continued from Page 54*) lessons in good citizenship. When school was out he took the entire Heiss family to his summer home in northern Michigan. There they had a brief vacation from skating. "But they always do a lot of water skiing on the lake," he once said. "It strengthens their ankles."

He even supervised their diet. He doesn't believe in eating bread or cake, which poses a frightful dilemma for a baker's children. Nancy was his biggest problem. She was too skinny. Brunet used to make her sit on a set of scales and eat a bowl of cereal. "It didn't do much good," he reports sadly.

At eight, Carol entered the 1948 Eastern Juvenile events, at Lake Placid, but her inexperience in free-style skating hampered her. She finished sixth in a field of nine. In 1949 a siege of whooping cough knocked her out of competition.

Her first big year was 1950. She won the Middle Atlantic and Eastern junior titles and, in the only attempt she has ever made at competitive speed skating, she won the Silver Skates girls' midget championship in New York. She was on her way.

So intense was her concentration on success that she almost began to resent the lost time during her summer vacations with the Brunets in Michigan. As she grew older she used up part of her vacation on the big rink at Michigan State University before heading for Brunet's home near Lake Charlevoix. Her mother diligently recorded her progress on movie film, sometimes taking Carol's routines in slow motion. Because Carol found the study of these films invaluable in picking out flaws, Brunet has continued with the movies since Mrs. Heiss' death.

When Carol was ready to enter junior-high school, Mrs. Heiss arranged for her to attend the Professional Children's School in Manhattan. The school caters to child actors, musicians and other youngsters who have odd schedules, and Carol was better able to fit in her long practice sessions at the rink.

The need to be on the ice early in the morning has played hob with Carol's social schedule. She never has a date on New Year's Eve, for instance. "New Year's Day is the best day of the year at the rink. *Nobody's* there. We have the whole ice to ourselves, and we can play the music as loud as we like." Then a wistful smile comes over her face. "I'll celebrate after I retire."

The development of Nancy, two years her junior, as one of the world's best skaters has relieved Carol of some of the drudgery of practice. "You're alone a lot in skating," Carol says. "It's not like tennis, where you have a partner. For a while Nancy was so far behind me that, as far as I was concerned, it was just like skating alone. All of a sudden she was in my class. It helped me a lot, because I knew I'd have to work hard to stay ahead of her. She's given me another incentive."

By 1953 Carol, then thirteen, had won all the junior titles. She looked forward to bigger things in 1954. Then, having been selected to skate in her first world-championship event, at Oslo, Norway, she lost her chance in a collision with Nancy. Practicing a jump together, the girls ran into each other. The back of Nancy's blade tore through Carol's left leg, cut the muscle and put her out of action for more than a month. She still carries the scar.

By 1955 Carol was chasing the stylish Tenley Albright in earnest, but couldn't catch her. She finished second in the world, national and North American championships. Carol, like Brunet and her mother, believed that she was developing fast enough to overtake Tenley in the 1956 Olympics, but, as has been related, she didn't quite make it.

After the Olympic setback at Cortina, Brunet took Carol and her mother on a trip, hoping to dissipate the gloom of defeat before Carol's next try in the world championship two weeks later. They visited Italy and Switzerland and stopped in Munich to see Carol's grandparents.

In Garmisch, where the world title was to be decided, the Heiss party got an enthusiastic reception. This little town at the foot of the Bavarian Alps, which looks as if it were created as a model for Christmas-card sketches, considered Carol one of its own. This was her parents' native country.

On February eighteenth, some 8000 spectators gathered in the picturesque stadium that Hitler had built for the 1936 Olympics. Amidst falling snow, Carol and Tenley vied for the championship. Carol, putting on the finest exhibition of her young life, came out ahead of Tenley in the school figures for the first time.

One slip in the free-style event still could be fatal, but Carol had a champion's confidence now. Skating in an emerald-green dress that set off her blond hair, she performed a set of exciting figures to the music of Adolphe Adam's If I Were King. The United Press dispatch that appeared in American papers the next morning described the scene:

"For four minutes she jumped so high and spun so fast that her pony-tail cut the air like a whip. It stood out horizontally behind her as she completed her routine, and the crowd, which had braved sub-zero weather, rose and cheered."

Carol was taken to her dressing room, and there she awaited the decision. "That's always the hardest part—harder than waiting to go on ice or even skating," Carol will tell you. "The scoring is so complicated it takes the judges almost an hour to reach a decision."

As she sat fidgeting and shivering under the stands, the German spectators outside in the snow chanted, "Sechs! Sechs! Sechs!" indicating that they wanted Carol to be given six points, the highest possible score. The news finally came. Carol had earned a score of 5.9—and the championship.

"When I heard the news I was just too tired and too numb to let it really sink in. I guess I cried a little. All I could think was, 'Ten years of getting up at five o'clock!'"

As soon as she got back to her hotel, Carol fell asleep. The next thing she knew it was morning, and somebody was knocking furiously on the door. It was the hotel manager.

"Wake up," he called cheerfully as Mrs. Heiss let him in. "I have thirty telegrams here for our little world champion."

"I sat straight up in bed," Carol recalls, "and for the first time I realized what had happened. 'Mother,' I shouted, 'I'm the best skater in the whole world!'"

Officially she was right, although she had not seen the last of Tenley Albright. In a final meeting between the rivals, which took place in the national championships, at Philadelphia, on March sixteenth of that year, the Massachusetts girl was awarded first place by the judges.

Tenley retired before the next season. Recently she said she was contemplating a comeback. Meanwhile Carol's reign has not been seriously challenged. Her fierce determination is still there, however. The Olympic medal she came so close to winning in 1956 haunts her dreams even now, and she has no thought of letting up until she gets another chance at it in 1960. Six mornings a week she climbs dutifully out of bed at five o'clock and goes through her ardous routine on the ice from seven until noon.

"I've mastered most of the movements and jumps," she says. "Now it's just a matter of cleaning up—of knocking off the rough edges and trying to get just a little closer to perfection."

Perfection is harder to attain now than it was in the days when Sonja Henie ruled the ice. The skaters then were primarily athletes. Ballet movements play a greater part in a figure skater's routine today, and even the athletic routines are more exacting. Sonja could get by with an axel, which is the term for a leap and a full body spin in the air. Today's skaters perform a double axel—a leap and two and a half body turns.

The tragedy that had been building up through the early part of 1956 finally fell upon the Heiss family in October. Carol's mother, still handsome and energetic despite her wasting disease, died at the age of forty-two. Her last thoughts were of Carol's future. "She made me promise that I would not turn professional until I had won the Olympic gold medal," Carol says.

There were many temptations to sign a contract with an ice show. The long illness of Mrs. Heiss had drained the little money the family had been able to save. The full burden of keeping the family together and letting the children continue their skating now descended on Ed Heiss.

In most foreign countries Olympic athletes are subsidized. Many other rivals of the Heiss children come from wealthy families. Heiss is not a wealthy man, but he is doing his best.

"I've had so many promoters come into my living room and promise me a lot of money," he says. "But I don't care about the money. I go to work for that. I don't know much about ice skating, but I know what I want my children to be. They will have something when they're finished—not just a lot of years living out of a trunk at some arena with a promoter bossing them around."

The expenses are terrific. Carol, as champion, receives her traveling expenses wherever she skates today, but the others must pay their own way. It cost Heiss $1500 to send Nancy to the world championship, at Paris, last year. Skates cost $135 a pair; costumes may cost up to $100. Nancy's tuition at the Professional Children's School comes to $600 a year, and Bruce's tuition at a private school is $350.

Carol has done her part. Offered athletic scholarships at a number of colleges, she chose to accept a scholarship based on her grades at New York University, so that she could stay with her family. She has learned to cook—"I'm best at Southern fried chicken"—and has assumed her mother's place in running the home.

"All the neighbors have taken an interest in us and they've been wonderful," she says gratefully. "One of them, Mrs. Elsie Kuhling—we call her 'Mama' Kuhling—even comes in and cleans the house while we're out."

Because of her heavy outside schedule, Carol takes a less than full course load of twelve credit hours at N.Y.U., all in the afternoon. By attending summer school at Michigan State before vacationing with the Brunets, she hopes to graduate with a liberal-arts degree in 1961.

Her warmth and enthusiasm have made her as popular at N.Y.U. as she is with her audiences in skating rinks. She was chosen queen of the Lambda Gamma Phi fraternity.

"Carol?" one of her schoolmates said, when asked about her. "Why, she's one of the boys."

And so the Heiss children keep on the arduous path that leads to success. Although Carol leans right now toward marriage and a family after 1960, there certainly will be a pot of ice-show and Hollywood gold waiting for her if she wins her cherished Olympic gold medal. Nancy, at seventeen, lacks Carol's theatrical spark, but is an excellent technical skater. She will be one of her sister's major rivals in 1960. Bruce, fifteen, is one of the country's best young skaters, and a title could be in store for him too.

"Mother made the right decision for us," Carol says today. "I don't regret a minute of all the hard work I've put into skating. Hard work keeps a person vital and young. I feel I have a sense of accomplishment now that most people my age don't have."

But Carol is aware of the terrible cost of success too. "I really think it's harder, now that I'm on top, than it was when I was trying to get there," she admits. "People still wish you luck, but now they say you don't need it. You're more alone."

THE END

"I'm sorry I asked him what the movie was about!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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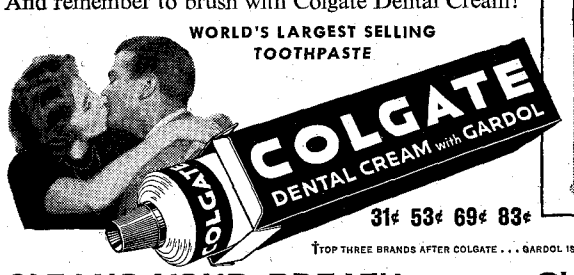


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# The Girl on the Road

(Continued from Page 26)

suspicion waging war on his middle-aged face. "Well, now, I dunno. I don't make a habit of ——"

Compassion was winning, but the back door opened then, and Ma Cline, Buddy's mother, came in. Ma was a tall, thin-lipped woman. One sharp glance at the girl, another at her husband's unhappy face, and she knew.

"What you want? A free bed?"

The girl sighed. She must have guessed it was hopeless now. "I've lost my purse. I just wondered if I might ——"

"No money, no bed," Ma Cline snapped. "And no ifs or buts about it."

The girl's mouth trembled, but she shrugged and turned away in silence. Ed Morton opened the door for her. "Thank you," she said, glancing at him—a real thank-you, not sarcasm. That settled it.

He followed her out and caught her at the foot of the steps. "Hold on a minute, will you?" he said at her shoulder.

She stopped.

"There's another place just down the road," he said. "Take this." He was fumbling a ten-dollar bill from his billfold. "It isn't much—the place, I mean—but you won't find any other. Not in this forsaken town."

She looked at him, but made no move to accept.

"Go on, take it," Ed urged. "I know what it means to be in a jam. I'm on the road all the time."

"A salesman?" she said.

"Yes. Look—have you eaten?"

She shook her head.

"There's a place across the road—Sadie's—be handy for you, and the food's good. Suppose I meet you there in half an hour." He remembered something. "My name's Ed Morton. I'm harmless."

She nodded slowly and took the bill. "Thank you, Mr. Morton. I'm Laura Daley."

"Sadie's in half an hour?"

"Yes."

He watched her go out to the road and liked the way she walked—no nonsense about her walk now that she knew what to do. When she had gone he went back to his cabin, hoping the other people would have a bed for her. They might not; it was an even smaller place than this one.

As he walked across the dusty yard to his door, the boy in the black leather jacket stood watching by the jalopy, a wrench in one big fist. He'd seen the exchange of money—must have—and was scowling suspiciously. *Think what you like*, Ed thought, with a mental shrug.

Ed showered and put on clean slacks, a clean white sport shirt—it was warm in New Mexico at this time of year—wiped his shoes and went out again, being careful to lock his door because he had cameras in the cabin. The girl was just coming into the yard again, carrying her suitcase.

He intercepted her. "What's wrong? Were they full?"

"Yes. It's here or nowhere, I guess."

He frowned toward the office door. "Shall I go in with you? Moral support?"

"No, please."

He let her go. A few moments later the door opened again, and Ma Cline screamed for her son, who put down his tools and walked over to take the girl's suitcase. He led her to Cabin Four, same side as Ed's, two doors down, unlocked the door, walked in. Laura Daley followed. When the boy came out he slouched across the yard with his chin on his shoulder, looking back. Suddenly he looked at Ed, and his mouth curled in a grin. It was a flagrant challenge. Ed Morton felt his hands clench.

When the girl came out she had on a clean white cotton dress, and her face was fresh and shiny. "No lipstick, not even a comb," she said. "They were in the purse I lost."

"You look fine."

"After we've eaten, I'll have to find a drugstore."

They took a small corner table, and she ordered the special—chopped beef with soup, dessert and coffee. After a quick look around, she let her gaze settle on Ed's face. "You said you're a salesman. What do you sell?"

He had to smile. "A line of kitchenware. You wouldn't be interested."

"Meaning I don't have a kitchen?"

"No—no. Meaning it's dull, that's all. Every three, four months I drive over these same roads, call on the same stores, stay in the same run-down hotels and motor courts."

"It does sound dull. Why do you keep at it?"

*Because it's a living*, Ed thought, *and you have to make a living to think of marriage, a home*. But what he said was: "Scared to quit, I guess."

"Do you have a wife? Family?"

"No."

She leaned back to let the waitress bring soup, then smiled uncertainly and picked up her spoon. She was hungry, Ed saw. He let her finish her soup before he spoke again. "What about you?" he said then. "You're hitchhiking?"

"Yes."

"Where to?"

"I don't know where to. Only where from."

"That's a new one," he said, frowning.

"I don't think so. I think lots of people must run away from things they're afraid of."

The waitress took away the soup cups, brought the meal. "What is it you're afraid of?" Ed asked.

"The town I was born in, a town like this one, small, mean, dirty." She glanced at the waitress, cleaning a nearby table. "I was doing what she's doing, working in a restaurant, not even as big as this one or as clean. For the same reason you're selling kitchenware—I was afraid to quit. You know what that means, really?"

"What does it mean?"

"Afraid you might miss a meal or not have a place to sleep some night. As if that were the end of the world. As if it mattered."

*You're wrong*, Ed thought. *I'm not afraid for myself. It's just that Alice is so set on security.*

"So I packed a suitcase and walked out," Laura said.

"No family?"

"I was living with a married sister."

He frowned. It made him uncomfortable, the way she was talking. "Crazy," he said. "Just plain crazy, that's what you are."

"Why? For running away from a thing that can swallow you up?" She shook her head. "I don't think so. What if I'd stayed home?"

"You'd have got married. Settled down. Got over it."

"Married, yes. But only because I was tired of working and wanted someone to feed me. There wasn't anyone I could have cared about, the way a girl ought to. And I wouldn't have got over feeling trapped, ever. This way ——"

"This way you'll get to be a movie star," he said, wanting to hit back at what she was doing to him.

"No. Girls don't want to be movie stars, really. They just want to be what they aren't." She was not angry, only very much in earnest, anxious to be understood. "There are other dreams," she

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said. "It doesn't matter what you want, so long as you want something. My trouble is that I waited too long, and when I woke up, all the things I wanted were out of reach. You need an education for most things. I was twenty-six and had no money."

The waitress again. Ed welcomed the interruption. He had never met a girl, a woman, like Laura Daley before. It occurred to him that he was twenty-nine and no better off, really, than she was. Worse, maybe. He hadn't her courage.

"So there was just one thing left," she said, not looking at him now. "This isn't easy to tell you. You're a man and wouldn't think this way. I had one chance. I'm a woman. I could love someone, be a good wife to someone. What I had to do was find a man who wanted something I wanted, a man I could help."

"So you're on a man-hunt." That wasn't exactly what she meant, Ed knew, but he had to say something. "Where will you find this man? Where are you going?"

"I won't be going anywhere until I get a job," she said with a laugh.

Ed drove her downtown after eating, and when she had bought a comb and lipstick and an inexpensive purse to put them in, they walked about, looking in store windows. There was a SALESLADY WANTED sign in a small department store, and she said, "That's for me, first thing in the morning."

"I'll drive you down. If you're up real early, you can come picture hunting with me first."

"Picture hunting?"

He told her of his hobby, how he made his trips tolerable by keeping an eye out for photographs. "Keeps me from getting buried under the kitchenware. I've been camera crazy since I was a kid." He didn't tell her that Alice Parsons thought it "unfair" of him to spend money on "such stuff," but then, he hadn't told her about Alice at all—perhaps because it was such an unsure thing, as Alice herself kept reminding him. "I was going to make some prints this evening until you came along," he said.

"Make them anyway. Let me watch."

He liked the no-nonsense way she said it, and grinned at her. "All right. Why not?"

There were no curtains at his cabin windows, and the shades were poorly fitted, certain to let in light around the edges if a car came down the highway. He had the answer to that: a black cloth that he carried in his car, along with his portable enlarger and darkroom equipment. As he thumbtacked the cloth into place he saw Ma Cline's son, Buddy, watching from the office porch.

"Leather Jacket has his eye on us," he said over his shoulder. "Probably thinks we're up to no good."

"I don't like tough teen-agers who just hang around doing nothing, waiting for trouble," Laura said. "They scare me. You never know what they're thinking. It's hard to believe he's that nice old man's son."

"He isn't. Pop is his stepfather." Ed glanced again across the court before pressing the last thumbtack home. Buddy was still leaning against the office door.

With the lights out and only a dim safelight burning in a lamp, Ed turned to his enlarger, set up on a table. Laura talked very little as he worked, but studied the prints carefully when they reached the hypo. They were shots he had taken during and just after a rainstorm three days ago: a ranch house drowned in mist, a weeping pine just catching the glitter of cloud-filtered sunlight, mountain views for which he had hiked far from the highway.

"Do you do anything with these?" she asked.

"Sell them, you mean? No."

"They're wonderful. You know that, don't you?"

"I get a good one sometimes, when I'm lucky."

"Lucky!" She came toward him and put her hands on his arms. "You shouldn't be selling pots and pans, Ed Morton!"

"It takes a long time," Ed muttered. Why did she have to talk to him like this? Why couldn't she be like Alice, or just leave him alone? "A long time to get anywhere ——"

"Living takes a long time too."

She held his arms. Her mouth was just under his and her forthright eyes were close and eager, gazing into his own. He was tempted until he remembered the way Leather Jacket had looked at her; then, a suddenly lonely man, he turned

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## School's In, School's Out

By Helen Mitchel

Five days a week the color
flows
In dancing billows down
our street.
In tides of red, blue, yellow,
rose,
The morning flood of color
goes
Shining, fresh and neat.

And when from school the
tide flows out,
Our street again adorning,
The waves of color laugh
and shout,
But neatness? Gone until
about
Nine another morning.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

away. Not for the world would he have done anything to put himself in Buddy's class.

He walked her down to her cabin, said good night, then returned to his own place and sat in the dark, thinking of what she had said. The black cloth was off the windows now. A movement near the office caught his attention. He inched a window shade aside and saw the big juvenile slouching out of the darkness by the office wall.

Ed took in a breath and swung his feet to the floor. The kid wouldn't dare, he told himself, just wouldn't dare. But it wasn't a thing to take a chance on. If he waited to find out, it would be too late.

Trembling, he opened his door and stepped outside, put a cigarette between his lips and struck a match. He held the match a long time before his face and scowled at Buddy over the flame. Like Buddy's glance earlier, it was a challenge.

The boy halted. Ed saw the dangling hands clench, the big chest swell with a breath. Shaking out the match and dropping it, Ed put his hands into his pockets and stood there unmoving, with the cigarette glowing between his lips like a stop light. Buddy turned back and went into the office.

Ed let his breath out, wondering what would have happened if the challenge had been accepted. He was no match for that mass of muscles. He waited a moment longer, then went inside and closed his door, aware that he was clammy with perspiration. Without undressing he lay on the bed with his face turned toward the window.

It was two o'clock before he could make himself remove his clothes and shut his eyes.

The girl's door was open when Ed stepped from his cabin at five. He had explained to her last night what he wanted to do—why it was important to go early. The arroyo just outside the town, with its twisted dead trees and trapped tumbleweed, would be nothing when the climbing sun filled it with harsh light. He put his cameras into the car and went to see if she was ready.

She wore the same white dress, but had touched her mouth with lipstick and done things to her hair; it was a deep, soft copper, he saw. She smiled as she got into the car. "This is fun," she said, "hunting pictures at dawn with a famous photographer."

"Famous, my eye."

"You will be." She made it sound inevitable, as though he had decided overnight to stop being a third-rate salesman and become a genius with a camera. He laughed, but felt oddly excited.

He drove out of town. He had seen the arroyo yesterday in two-o'clock sunshine, he explained, and maybe he was wrong about it; maybe the dawn light wouldn't give it the touch of magic he hoped for. You never knew. These things were elusive.

He was not wrong. It held a lake of mist, and the gnarled trees and tumbleweed were phantoms in a dream. Laura saw at once what he was after. "You feel you can walk into it and keep walking forever," she said. "And find anything—anything you want."

He took many pictures, some from the rim, some at the bottom where she stood at his side and was a phantom herself, a mere voice in the mist, pointing out things he would have overlooked. He called a halt at last by showing her his watch. "Who's supposed to be the picture hound anyway?" he challenged.

"Maybe it's contagious," she said. "Lots of things are."

After breakfast at Sadie's he drove her to the store and, being known there, went in with her. It gave him a warm glow to be able to do something for her. She was a fine girl, he told Frank Kendrick, the owner, out of funds through bad luck and nothing else. Kendrick, a friendly, round-faced man, talked to her briefly and said, "I need a girl for just a few days while my regular girl is out sick. If you want the job, it's yours."

"Thank you, Mr. Kendrick. I want it."

Ed gave her twenty dollars. "A loan. You have to live until payday. I'll pick you up at five." He stopped at the door and turned back, remembering something. "One thing more, Laura. You should move to that other motel."

"Must I?"

"I think so, yes. I'll stop in and ask if they have a vacancy."

But when he returned for her at five, he had to tell her there was still no room at the other place. "They can't take you till tomorrow. I'll be around tonight, though, for what it's worth."

"Only tonight?" she said, suddenly very still on the seat of his car. "You'll be leaving tomorrow, then?"

He turned to look at her, knowing how empty the car would seem without her in it, how empty it had seemed today while he was out making calls. "I wish I didn't have to make a living," he said. "Believe me."

All through supper at Sadie's she was very quiet. Maybe she, too, dreaded being alone again. (*Continued on Page 61*)


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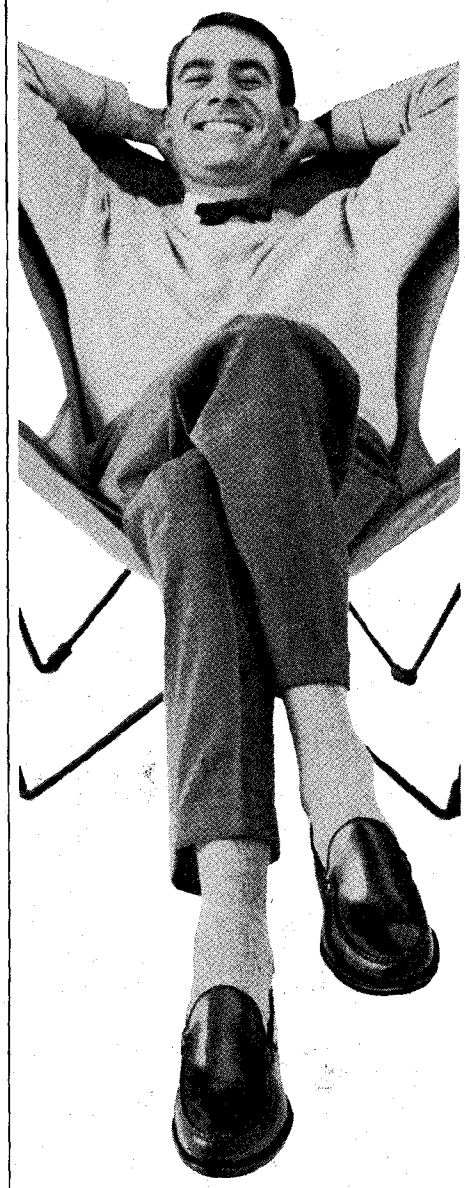

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(*Continued from Page 59*) Maybe she had been away from that little home town of hers long enough to know that loneliness was like a sickness, and the longer you suffered from it the more you despaired of ever finding a cure.

She ate her supper slowly and made the coffee last a long time, but it had to end. "Are we going to print pictures tonight?" she asked then. "The ones we took this morning?"

*We*, he thought. She had used the word without thinking, probably, but it twisted something inside him. *We*. He would never take another picture without thinking of her; never eat alone in a restaurant again without feeling her presence, hearing her saying incredible things that incredibly made sense. *We*. The word had been left out of his language before—Alice made it mean "I"—and now that he'd heard it and learned to cherish it, it would only make the loneliness more unbearable.

"We could make a start on them. Develop the films, anyway."

"I'd love to see how they came out."

She went to her cabin to change, and Ed had the black curtain over his windows when she joined him. Buddy, he noticed, was watching again from the office porch—the usual scowl, and probably nasty thoughts.

When the films were out of the wash water, he and Laura inspected them together. "Ed, they're good," she said quietly; not the quick burst of enthusiasm now, but a thoughtful appraisal, the partner speaking. "This one especially. And this." Unerringly she had picked out the two best. "Can we print some?"

He looked at his watch. "They'll have to dry first. We'll use the fan. If you don't mind getting to bed late ——"

"While they're drying," she said, "give me your home address, so I can return the money you've lent me."

He wrote it down for her—street, apartment number, city—and the act of doing so put him back there, facing the four walls alone with no one to talk to. There was no longer an Alice. Perhaps there never had been. "Will you write when you send the money? Tell me where you are, what you're doing?"

"Yes, if you promise to answer."

It was after two when he walked with her to her cabin. The yard was dark, empty; no sign of Leather Jacket, no traffic on the highway. She unlocked her door and turned to give him her hand, a little tired, he saw, perhaps a little sad too. "Can we have breakfast together before you leave?" she asked.

"If you can stand that much more of me."

Her fingers moved in his, a little squeeze. "Good night, Ed."

"Good night, Laura."

She shut her door quietly, and he walked back to his cabin. It wasn't until he saw his cameras lying there on the table that he realized he had neglected the most important thing of all. He didn't have a picture of her.

He snatched a camera and hurried out again, pushing a bulb into the flash gun as he went. Her shades were drawn, but she wouldn't be undressing yet; she had talked about washing out some stockings. He knocked and called her name softly. "Laura? It's Ed. I forgot something important." When she didn't answer, he guessed she was in the bathroom.

He waited a moment, knocked and called again. Strange. She must have heard. Even in the bathroom she must have heard, would have answered. He reached tentatively for the doorknob, heard a sudden gasping sound, a sound of struggle, and gave the door a violent push.

She was there. She was standing with her back to the open bathroom door, facing him, terror in her eyes and Leather Jacket behind her. The boy had a hand over her mouth to keep her silent, his other hand pressing her against him to stop her struggles. Over the girl's head he looked into Ed's face, his own face an ugly mask of guilt and fear.

He swept the girl aside and lunged forward, incredibly quick for one so big. Ed Morton had no time to decide whether it was an attack or an attempt to escape.

Some part of Ed's mind functioned automatically. With the threatening face squarely in front of him, he whipped up the camera and tripped the shutter to fire the flash, then danced aside. He saw the flash-blinded eyes blinking, the big hands groping blindly.

It was a chance, the only chance he was likely to get. He dropped the camera and swung his own hands, pounding wildly, not caring where the blows landed. He was no fighter. He had never struck a man before. All he could do was hit and keep hitting, try to keep his adversary off balance and hope one of his fists would hit something vital.

To his astonishment, Leather Jacket was down—struggling, dangerous as a wounded bull, but down. Luck, pure luck. He drove in again, aware of pain in his wrists and a fog in his mind, almost too weary now to stay on his feet. But Laura Daley was at his side with a lamp in her hands, an ugly pottery thing, heavy, saying breathlessly, "Ed, here! Use this!"

He snatched the lamp from her and raised it. But he didn't use it. Behind him the door made a slapping sound against the wall, and a voice of authority said, "All right, you. Stand aside." He turned, and there was a uniformed man in the room, thick-set and scowling, and behind him was the white-faced stepfather of the boy on the floor. Ed moved back and put the lamp on a table.

"He—he was hiding in the bathroom," Laura Daley said in a voice barely audible. "I surprised him at something."

Pop Cline said hoarsely to the man in uniform, "I told you I seen him sneak in here. And you didn't want to believe me! You'd have sat there in Sadie's drinkin' coffee ——"

"I came, didn't I?"

"Yes, you came. But if Mr. Morton hadn't got here first ——"

Laura Daley said in a whisper, "What did he want?"

The policeman jerked Buddy Arndt to his feet. "You're in trouble, mister," he said. "You got anything to say for yourself?"

Buddy only glared.

"He's no good," Pop said. "Just no good." He looked around, saw Laura's purse on the table and opened it. "Was there any money in this? Mr. Morton gave you some, didn't he?"

"Yes. There was more than twenty dollars."

"There isn't now," Pop said and turned, scowling, to the policeman. "You'll find it in his pocket, I expect. He figured she wouldn't look in her purse tonight, it's so late, and by the time she discovered the loss tomorrow, Mr. Morton wouldn't be here to say he gave her the money. She came here without any, so she'd be lying. I know how this boy's mind works. I had a hunch he was up to somethin'."

The policeman thrust out a hand to Buddy Arndt and said, "Let's have it," and when the money was surrendered he passed it to Laura. "You ought to know better than to leave cash in your cabin," he grumbled.

"I—I came in to change my dress. I forgot it."

"Well, you'll have to come down in the morning so we can clear this up. You too," he said, glancing at Ed. He gave Leather Jacket a shove toward the door.

It took a day to straighten things out, and on the following morning Ed Morton and the girl had a last breakfast together at Sadie's. Then Ed drove her to the store where she worked, walked around and opened the car door for her, held out his hand. "Good luck," he said. "Good luck with your dream."

"Good luck with yours, Ed." Her mouth trembled before it smiled.

"I'll look for that letter."

"When I'm able to return what I owe you."

He drove out of town, not fast, not seeing much of the road. The thing he remembered most as the morning slipped past was not the fight with Leather Jacket at the motel. He remembered the hours with Laura, the picture-making, the corner table at Sadie's, the things she had said that had seemed so crazy at first and then not crazy at all.

*It doesn't matter what you want, so long as you want something. I have one chance. I'm a woman. I could love someone. What I have to do is find a man who wants what I want, a man I can help.*

If he remembered the motel at all, it was for the way she had examined the pictures with him, and the way she had stepped to his side in the midst of the nightmare, a partner in time of trouble too.

He brought the car to a jolting stop. *Morton, you fool. You blind fool.* He looked frantically at his watch. He turned the car on squealing tires.

It was twelve-thirty when he ran into the store. She was not there. Frank Kendrick, the owner, gazed at him over the counter and said, "She went to lunch," and was scowling. "Ed, you did something to that girl, driving off this morning. You know that?"

"I did something to myself."

"She had the saddest look I ever saw. I watched her. She's a nice girl, real nice girl, Ed. It bothered me. Finally I asked her what was wrong. She said a funny thing."

Ed was impatient. "Mr. Kendrick, I don't want to miss ——"

"Something about being too clever, not realizing that when she found the right man, he might not think her the right girl. That make any sense to you, Ed?" Kendrick was still scowling.

Ed was out the door, running to his car.

She didn't see him walk into Sadie's. She was at their usual corner table, her lunch untouched in front of her, her gaze directed out the window at the highway. She didn't see him until he was at the table, pulling back his chair. Then, with a start, she turned her head, and he saw the tears on her cheeks.

He reached across the table for her hand, held it and looked at her. They didn't have to talk. THE END

## You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

After leaving the office Bert had one small drink. Then he got into his car and started home. On the way, he was injured in an accident. Passers-by took him to the office of Doctor Brown. Unhappily, the doctor, a strict teetotaler, smelled liquor on Bert's breath and refused to treat him. The delay in finding another doctor supposedly aggravated Bert's injuries. He later sued Doctor Brown for refusing to treat him.

"By holding himself out as a doctor he invited sick and injured persons to come to him," counsel for Bert argued. "Therefore he owed them at least emergency treatment. It is lucky that Bert didn't die."

"A physician should be free to decide whom he'll treat, regardless of his reasons," Doctor Brown's attorney replied. "In this instance, the good doctor thought Bert was drunk and he consistently declined to treat drunken persons."

If you were the judge, how would you decide this one?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Bert failed to collect. The court said, "A physician or surgeon is not bound to render professional services to everyone who applies. . . . The law did not compel him to accept the injured man as a patient."

*Based upon a 1931 North Carolina case.*

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# We Conquered Hidden Peak

(Continued from Page 16)

mountain came through in November, 1957. Our request had been shepherded through Pakistani government channels by Pakistan's military and naval attaché in Washington, Maj. Gen. M. Hayaud-Din, a mountaineer himself. Now we began our race with the monsoon; if it caught us high in the mountains our expedition was doomed to failure.

A ten-man party was thrown together. Pete Schoening, a thirty-one-year-old chemical engineer from Seattle, Washington, was unanimously elected leader. Pete had been to K2 in 1953, where he saved the entire party by stopping five falling men at an altitude of 25,000 feet. [WE MET DEATH ON K2, by Robert H. Bates with Robert Craig, S.E.P., Dec. 5, 1953.]

Bob Swift and Dick Irvin, both twenty-seven years old, were California high-school teachers who had composed the American half of the British-American Karakoram expedition to Rakaposhi in 1956. On that trip they barely escaped with their lives after being struck by the monsoon high on the mountain, but they were still eager to return to the Himalayas.

Dr. Tom Nevison, from the Harvard School of Public Health, where he specializes in aviation medicine, and a former president of the Harvard Mountaineering Club, was to come as our medical officer. Gil Roberts, a medical student, and Tom McCormack, a rancher, had climbed extensively while they were undergraduates at Stanford University. Last year Gil made a new route on Mt. Logan near the Alaskan-Yukon frontier, which is the second highest peak in North America, while Tom climbed in the Cordillera Blanca of Peru.

We took the unprecedented step of inviting two Pakistani mountaineers to join us. They were Capt. S. T. H. Rizvi, of the Pakistani army, who had been with the 1957 Manchester Karakoram expedition to Masherbrum, where he had reached the height of 22,500 feet, and Capt. Mohd Akram, a graduate of the Pakistani army's tough mountain-warfare school.

Andy Kauffman, foreign service officer at the American Embassy in Paris, liked to remind us that he was "the tired old man of the party." He was thirty-seven years old, and had eighteen years of climbing experience, with many first ascents throughout North and South America. I'm a twenty-seven-year-old attorney from Dallas, Texas. I was conceded to be the indispensable member of the expedition. I had all the records.

As the average age of the members was only twenty-eight years, it gave us the aspect of a children's crusade in the eyes of many veteran mountaineers. However, eight of us had been to more than 20,000 feet in either the Andes or the Himalayas, which gave us confidence in our ability to go high again. Unfortunately Dick Irvin and Gil Roberts, two of our strongest climbers, would be unable to come in with the main group. Irvin had to teach until the end of the school term, and Roberts was attending medical school. They would come in later to reinforce us, and if necessary spearhead a second assault if the first one should fail.

The secret of organizing such a trip lies in being able to call for help in a convincing manner. Our desperate position gave a sincere quality to our yelps of anguish, and mountaineers from all over the world responded with money and equipment. Members of the American Alpine Club generously donated money which, with a loan from the club, provided for half of our budget. The members of the party mortgaged their souls, and the trip was financed. Despite our limited resources (our budget was half that of another expedition in the Karakoram), we decided to use the finest equipment available—butane-gas stoves for cooking, down clothing and mittens, reindeer-skin high-altitude boots, and oxygen equipment. Although this would be the first time Americans would use such oxygen equipment, we considered it essential to our success and safety.

The three hectic months preceding the shipment of our supplies consisted of crisis followed by panic. But by the middle of March, English, French, and especially Swiss mountaineers, who supervised the purchasing of our gear, had performed miracles, and three and a half tons of equipment and food were thrown aboard freighters leaving the United States and Europe for Pakistan.

Preceding the main group, I arrived in Karachi on April twenty-ninth, where Captain Rizvi joined me to assist in getting our supplies through customs and on the train for Rawalpindi, 950 miles away across the Sind desert. We learned that the Baltoro Glacier which leads into the Karakoram range was going to resemble Main Street on July fourth as both an Italian and a Japanese expedition were expected. The Japanese, who planned to climb Chogolisa, were not due to arrive until June, but the Italians, who were trying Gasherbrum IV, were already descending on Pakistan with seven tons of gear. There was going to be a tight market for coolies to haul loads on the fifteen-day approach march from the village of Skardu to the foot of Hidden Peak.

It was at this critical moment that I learned that our entire case of handmade climbing boots had been put on a slow freighter instead of an express boat. By the time the mistake was discovered the ship was on the Mediterranean crawling toward the Suez Canal. Dr. Jurg Marmet, who made the second ascent of Mt. Everest, and the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research went to our rescue. Radiograms crackled and the crate of boots was unloaded at Port Said and flown to Karachi. At least we would not have to climb barefooted.

By the sixteenth of May we were all reunited at Rawalpindi. Sitting around Captain Rizvi's room in the officers' mess on the eve of our departure to Skardu, we were congratulating ourselves on our brilliant job of organization when the discovery was made that we had failed to bring cooking pots. This oversight was promptly remedied by the Pakistani mess sergeant, who scurried around the local bazaar buying *dekshis*, a locally made cooking utensil. He returned with forty pots. Fortunately they worked very well.

Capt. Sahib Zada, a chief pilot for Pakistan International Airlines, made two round trips over the Himalayas in his heavily laden DC-3 to get our expedition to Skardu. There we received another setback. Already we were a collection of walking invalids. Schoening had picked up a persistent, hacking cough. Back in California while trying to restore decorum in his classroom, Swift had broken his right hand while rapping on a desk, and his arm was in a cast. An old knee injury of mine flared up and required several injections as a stopgap measure. Now Captain Akram came down with a severe case of bronchitis and was hospitalized. He would have to follow us in later with the Italians.

With the assistance of Brig. Habib-Ur-Rehman, the political agent for Baltistan, we repacked our supplies into sixty-pound coolie loads and obtained six Balti high-altitude porters—whom we quickly nicknamed HAPs—under the leadership of Ghulam Rasul.

Our baggage was shuttled across the Indus River on an ancient, rotting barge and on May twenty-first seven dirty individuals, wearing ten-gallon hats and humming the march from The Bridge on the River Kwai off key, stepped out in front of their small army of 112 men and were off to Hidden Peak, 150 miles away. Mile after mile, blister after blister, we pushed through the barren desert terrain. Shigar, Koshumal, Dassu, exotic names from a geography book, were patches of green in a dry, desolate country. Every night we stopped at a little village where we pitched camp and Doctor Nevison promptly set up a sick call for the local inhabitants.

Where prior expeditions had been forced to ferry men and supplies across the rivers on goatskin rafts called *zahks*, we were able to wade across, saving precious days. The water was low, due to the early season and an overcast sky which prevented glacial melting.

We reached the village of Askole, last outpost of humanity, on May twenty-seventh. Here we replaced one high-altitude porter who had been disrespectful to Ghulam Rasul. As there would be no more villages ahead, we had to obtain and carry additional food for our coolies. Our caravan swelled to over 150 men. We were appalled by the thought of keeping such an army under control and could only sympathize with the Italians, nine days behind us, who had 500 men.

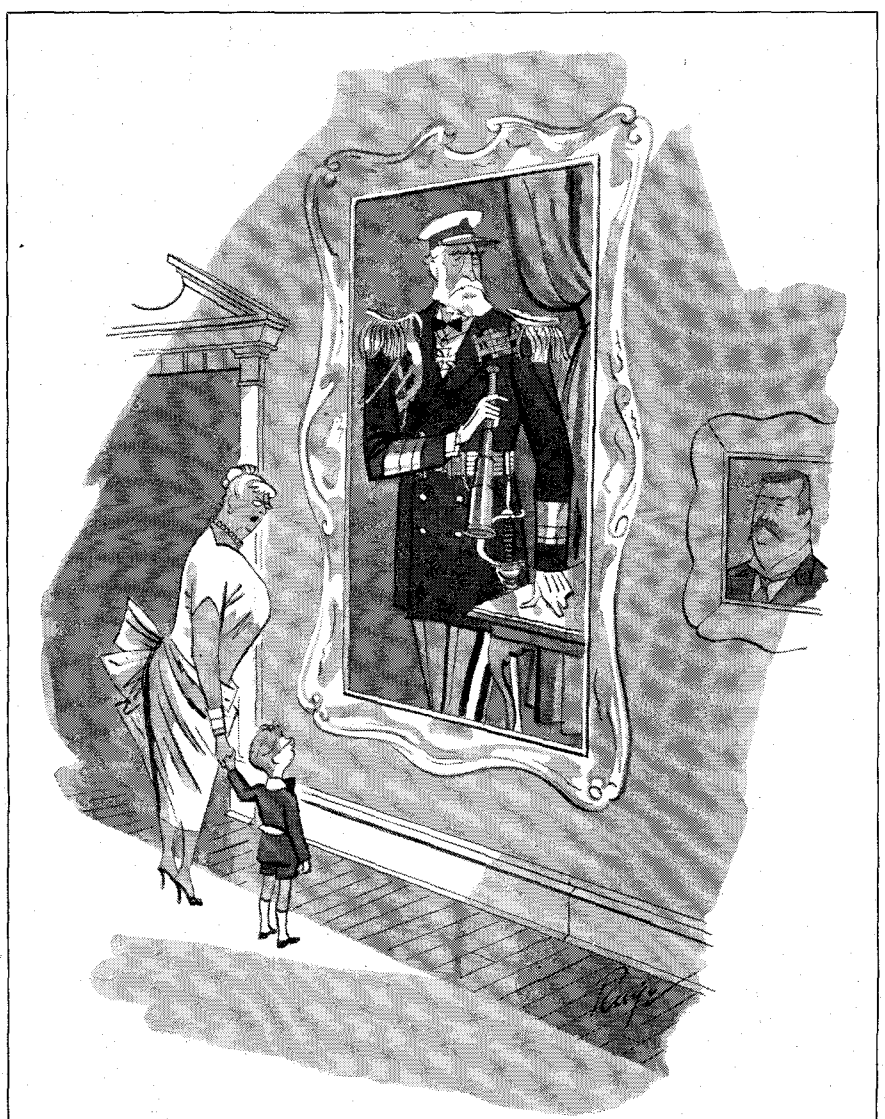
The weather remained bad as we marched up the Baltoro Glacier, which penetrates the heart of the largest and wildest mountains in the world. Finally after eight days of hiking we reached a point on the upper Baltoro Glacier within six hours' walk of our tentative Base Camp site.

We discharged all but twenty of the best coolies and for four days carried our gear to our base camp, which had been located by Schoening and Kauffman at an altitude of 16,800 feet on the Abruzzi Glacier below Hidden Peak.

While this relaying was being done, Pete Schoening, Andy Kauffman and Bob Swift carried out a reconnaissance of the South Gasherbrum Glacier on the northwestern side of the mountain. At one point the entire surface underneath the three men groaned and settled a couple of inches. Although they were tied sixty feet apart on a nylon climbing rope, they were apparently all over the same crevasse. Another time Schoening put his foot in a hole. Swift backed up a step to tighten the rope and fell through to his waist. Meanwhile Kauffman, third on the rope, plunged his ice ax into the snow and heard icicles tinkling in a void beneath his feet as the bottom of the snow bridge he was standing on fell away. They returned to Base Camp and reported that the glacier was "interesting" but could be climbed.

June tenth was a beautiful day in the Karakoram. We spent it getting reorganized for the final push. Nevison cut the plaster cast off Bob Swift's right arm while Andy Kauffman briefed everyone on the use of the oxygen equipment.

Now we had to select a route. There was a hanging glacier which went up the west face toward the summit. While this



"Your great-grandfather wanted to go down with his ship, but he was rescued by the Staten Island ferry."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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way might have been easy, we rejected it because there were ice cliffs above it which could fall at any time.

The south buttress tried by the French was eliminated because it looked too difficult. The glacier behind the French buttress was rejected as it constantly spewed avalanches. Thus the final choice was between the northwest ridge, which went up the left side of the mountain, and the southeast arête, tried by Andre Roch in 1934, which joined a large snow plateau about five miles south of the summit.

We argued violently over which route offered the better chance for reaching the top. The northwest ridge was more direct, but the last 2000 feet would require rock climbing—always a disadvantage at high altitudes. Also, to reach its base two camps would have to be established on the South Gasherbrum Glacier—which had more holes than a secondary road after a rain storm. While the southeast arête looked technically easy, our supply line would be extremely extended on the high snow plateau, and soft snow or crevasses could stop us completely. A severe storm might trap anyone caught in such an exposed position.

Before the final selection was made, Pete Schoening, Andy Kauffman and I went over to inspect the southeast arête while the rest of the party hauled loads up the South Gasherbrum Glacier in order to save time if we finally decided to try the northwest ridge.

We established a tentative Camp I at 18,500 feet at the base of the Roch arête. The next day we pushed 2000 feet higher. The three of us were on a steep snow wall leading to a rock buttress where we hoped to find a site for Camp II when Schoening, who was leading, cried, "This slope is creeping!" Racing for our lives we descended and soon we were off. With the confidence that comes from a position of relative safety, we decided the slope would be safe if fixed lines could be attached to it. We assured ourselves that we were just suffering from a little touch of nerves because of all the avalanches which were constantly roaring down the mountains around us.

Upon our return to Base Camp we held another council of war and by a four-to-three vote committed ourselves to the southeast arête. Our plan of attack was simple. Camp I would be established at the base of the arête. Camp II would be placed on the arête at about 21,000 feet, and Camp III would be on the dome at the top of the ridge where it leveled off to connect with the plateau itself.

One of our biggest dangers was pneumonia, which is a swift killer in the thin air of the Himalayas. We decided that no camp would be occupied until it had been stocked with at least six bottles of oxygen and a "pneumonia kit" consisting of penicillin injection units. In order to prevent anyone from becoming totally exhausted we would rotate at the task of breaking and preparing the trail. On the final dash to the top, the summit pair would use oxygen.

On June thirteenth all seven sahibs and six HAPs carried loads up to Camp I at the base of the arête. The next day Schoening and Nevison drove in hollow aluminum pickets and attached 1500 feet of rope to the snow slope leading to the site for Camp II. Early the following morning Andy Kauffman, Tom McCormack, myself and two HAPs started up. Above the fixed ropes we came to the rock buttress. We could not go around because of powder snow. Andy struggled up the rock and we established a hauling line. When this proved inefficient, I went up and secured the rope for Andy and he descended to retrieve the loads which had been dumped all over the slope. Making trip after trip, Andy managed to carry up the last pack just as it got dark. Meanwhile McCormack had been frantically chopping out a level place on a thin snow ridge above us, and after much effort he cleared out enough space for one tent. Camp II was established.

There was no garbage-disposal problem there. Cans dropped out of the rear entrance of the tent fell toward the Abruzzi Glacier 2500 feet below. But despite these splendid sanitation facilities, everyone hated the place, which inspired us to push forward to a more spacious location.

The weather broke and Camp II was inundated in fresh snow. McCormack developed a fever and a racking cough. Andy and I escorted him down in the storm. Arriving at Camp I, we learned that Captain Akram had arrived with the Italian expedition. Also, we had begun to suffer casualties. Ghulam Razul badly sprained his knee when he fell into a crevasse. He and Haji, who had developed stomach trouble, were out of action for the remainder of the trip. McCormack, who was coughing blood, should have been on the inactive list, but he stubbornly refused to quit. Together with Akram, who was recovering from his bronchitis, he continued to shuttle heavy loads from Base Camp to Camp I.

Akram brought the unpleasant news that the monsoon had hit Bombay so hard that all shipping in that great port had been disrupted for several days. This spurred greater efforts. Despite continuing bad weather, Kauffman, Nevison and

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Swift reoccupied Camp II and began to work on the steep ridge beyond it. Swift returned to Camp I for reinforcements, and Schoening went up. In both good and bad weather the others attacked the ridge, and with their ice axes they demolished double cornices which hung out over space on both sides of it. After struggling three days they managed to hack a way along the knife-edged arête and up an ice slope to the top of the dome. By using snow pickets, rock and ice pitons, they anchored fixed rope to most of the route. The way to Camp III was open. We had brought over a mile of Manila rope and every inch of it was attached to the mountain.

Meanwhile the build-up of supplies into Camp II continued. Climbing in the Himalayas has been described as hours of boredom punctuated by moments of stark terror. But not even the thought that the entire slope between Camps I and II might avalanche with us relieved the monotony of carrying fifty-pound loads up it day after day.

The climb between Camp II and Camp III, however, was exhilarating. We walked a snowy tightrope with a 2500-foot drop only one step on either side. Several rock barriers barred the way and climbing them with crampons took our minds off the difficulty we had in moving at that altitude. Load after load of food, oxygen and equipment was carried up that arête, and on June twenty-sixth Captain Rizvi and I with two HAPs occupied Camp III at an altitude of 22,000 feet.

Another storm moved in and pinned us to the tents. Then early in the morning on June twenty-eighth, Pete Schoening, Andy Kauffman, and Hussain unexpectedly arrived at Camp III. They had been caught by bad weather on the ridge between Camps II and III and had been forced to camp there overnight. Hussain had refused to wear his dark goggles and had gone snow-blind. But they were carrying full camping equipment and were able to pitch an overnight tent on the single flat spot on the entire arête. The same day Swift, Nevison and McCormack came up from Camp II and joined us.

That night with all the sahibs present except Akram, a final conference was held. We agreed that everyone would carry heavy loads to the end of the ridge where Camp IV would be established. Five men would stay in Camp IV and would carry Camp V up on the plateau. The summit team would sleep there overnight, using oxygen equipment, and then make the final dash. The day after the first assault the three men in support would move up to Camp V to make a second attempt. Pete and Andy were elected to make the first attempt, and Swift, Nevison and Rizvi were chosen to back them up.

The next day we pushed along the ridge toward the point where it joined the plateau. Several times the steepness of the left-hand wall forced us to walk along the top of a large cornice. We came to the end of the ridge, but we could not get off. We made a large bollard out of the snow and tied a climbing rope around it. By dropping the rope a hundred feet down a sixty-degree snow slope we were able to reach the plateau. At this point Rizvi's bad throat forced him to return, and I took his place. The porters refused to go down the rope. All the loads were lowered off the ridge and Camp IV was set up.

The worst storm of the trip broke. Five of us—Schoening, Kauffman, Swift, Nevison and I—were in two tents at 22,500 feet with only five days' supply of food. Meanwhile McCormack and Rizvi were forced by illness to descend to our Base Camp. Now only two HAPs, Qasim and Rehim Khan, were between us and Camp I. Their initiative and courage allowed us to push on. They made two trips in bad weather between Camps III and IV, carrying food. When they reached the top of the fixed rope leading to Camp IV they would yell, and two of us would retrieve the supplies which they lowered.

During lulls in the storm we plowed a track onto the plateau. The first time we merely marked the route with dark green bamboo poles. The second time we carried up oxygen bottles and established an intermediate dump. On July fourth a cold wind roared out of the northwest and swept away the clouds.

Shouldering forty-pound packs, we started up the plateau. We arrived at the dump and added the oxygen bottles to our loads. Now we had to break a track through snow that was often knee-deep. At Andy's suggestion we rigged a pack with oxygen equipment so that the man breaking trail could breathe the gas while the others would follow him without it. The lead was rotated every thirty minutes. The oxygen regulator jammed, and it was too much trouble to fish a new one out of the bottom of a pack. We continued but changed the lead every ten minutes. We had to rest every hundred yards. We cursed ourselves for not doing better, and tried to increase our efforts, but we still had to stop and breathe deeply after every step.

Finally at three o'clock that afternoon we reached a flat spot on the plateau at an altitude of about 23,500 feet. We were still approximately two and one half to three miles from the 26,470-foot summit—but we just couldn't go any farther. Nevison, Swift and I wished the summit pair good luck and stumbled back to Camp IV.

Sleeping with oxygen for the first time, Kauffman and Schoening got a good night's rest. They started off again at five in the morning. The temperature was below zero, but the weather was perfect. The snow was still soft powder. Schoening had improvised snowshoes for himself and Kauffman by forcing their crampons through the plywood tops of some food boxes. This helped a little, but they were only a few hundred yards out of Camp V when Kauffman's pair came off and slid down the slope. Slowly they struggled upward. After five hours of steady plodding they reached the 25,000-foot saddle between the plateau and the summit pyramid. They had already done a full day's work for the Himalayas, but the top was still one mile and 1500 feet of climbing away.

They took a ten-minute rest and continued. Suddenly the rope tightened between them and Kauffman yelled to Schoening to slow down; his oxygen bottle was empty. Rolling the useless cylinder down the slope, he hooked his mask into the second and last bottle. Soon Schoening had to make the same switch. Kauffman took over the lead. The snow became firm and they cautiously picked their way across some snow-coated rocks to a steep gully. Still moving together, they tiptoed up this on the prongs of their crampons. A traverse up and to the left brought them to a snow ridge, a thin white blade leading to infinity. Step . . . pause . . . step . . . pause. Then there was no place to go. They were up. It was three in the afternoon.

The bulky pyramid of K2, second-highest mountain in the world, rose in front of them. Between them and K2, but below their feet, they could see the top of Broad Peak and the other peaks of the Gasherbrum massif, all over 26,000 feet high. Removing their oxygen masks, they took out their cameras. Pete's was frozen, but Andy's still worked.

The expedition had packed many flags and Schoening and Kauffman hauled every flag that had not been lost in the shuffle to the summit. They took pictures of the U.N. flag, the Stars and Stripes, the crescent and star of Pakistan, and the flags of our predecessors on Hidden Peak, the Swiss and the French; they even had the Lone Star flag of Texas and the Free Hungarian flag.

For one glorious hour Pete and Andy absorbed the view from the highest peak ever climbed by Americans. Then, reluctantly, they started down. The altitude, which often plays tricks on mountaineers, had lulled them into thinking they would not need any food and water, so they'd not carried any. Now they needed it badly. Their oxygen ran out and they discarded the empty cylinders to lighten their packs. By now they were completely exhausted. They sat down every few feet. Darkness closed in and the cold became intense. Blindly following the tracks they had made sixteen hours earlier, Schoening and Kauffman practically crawled to the tent, which was the only patch of warmth in the white vastness. They lit the stove and began to melt snow into water, which they eagerly gulped down. Andy took off his boots and looked at his toes. Four of them were frozen.

Meanwhile the rest of us at Camp IV had spotted them on top with binoculars. The next day Nevison, Swift and I moved up toward Camp V, hoping to make a second assault. We met Kauffman and Schoening halfway up. Their drawn faces testified eloquently to the hardships they had endured. The weather was changing. Clouds raced over the top of Hidden Peak. We had gambled and won. Now we decided to play it safe and called off all further assaults.

Bob Swift escorted Andy and Pete down, while Nevison and I dumped the oxygen bottles from our sacks and went up to Camp V to bring back the important gear. This same day McCormack and Akram arrived in Camp IV after storming all the way up from Camp I in two days in order to be ready to make a third try for the summit. They and Bob Swift brought down Camp IV. By nightfall Pete and Andy were safely down in Camp I, and the rest of us were in Camp III. The last major danger was behind us. Another storm broke the next day and we descended to Camp I through blowing snow.

The evening of July seventh we were all reunited in Camp I when we heard the scraping of skis on hard snow and saw two bobbing lights out on the glacier. Dick Irvin and Gil Roberts, who had traveled part way with the Japanese expedition, burst into the big tent. They had been force-marching for two weeks without letup from Skardu. We were darn glad to see them.

We had been going constantly for over a month, and it would have been nice to rest; but Andy's frostbitten feet demanded immediate attention. The Japanese expedition to Chogolisa had just established a Base Camp on the Abruzzi Glacier and if we wanted to use their coolies for our march out we would have to move fast. On July ninth we started back for Skardu. We learned later that the Japanese climbed Chogolisa on August fourth and that the Italians, two days afterward, reached the top of Gasherbrum IV.

When you're snowbound at high altitude it's easy to lose track of the days, but we vaguely thought the mountain had been climbed on July fifth. We weren't sure, however, and one member of our expedition who had made daily entries in his diary was so positive that it was July fourth that he swayed all of us to his thinking. Accordingly, we dispatched messages saying that we had reached the top on Independence Day. Halfway down the Baltoro Glacier, however, the culprit's face lit up. "Say, fellows," he said, "June only has thirty days!" While the rest of us looked at him in shocked silence he showed us his diary, which had an ink entry dated June thirty-first. We had climbed Hidden Peak on the fifth of July.

The confusion about the dates was a relatively minor matter. We had had a great adventure and great fun. No one was seriously hurt, for even Andy's feet healed. And we had made the first American ascent of an eight-thousand-meter peak in record time—the round trip from Skardu to Skardu had taken exactly two months. THE END

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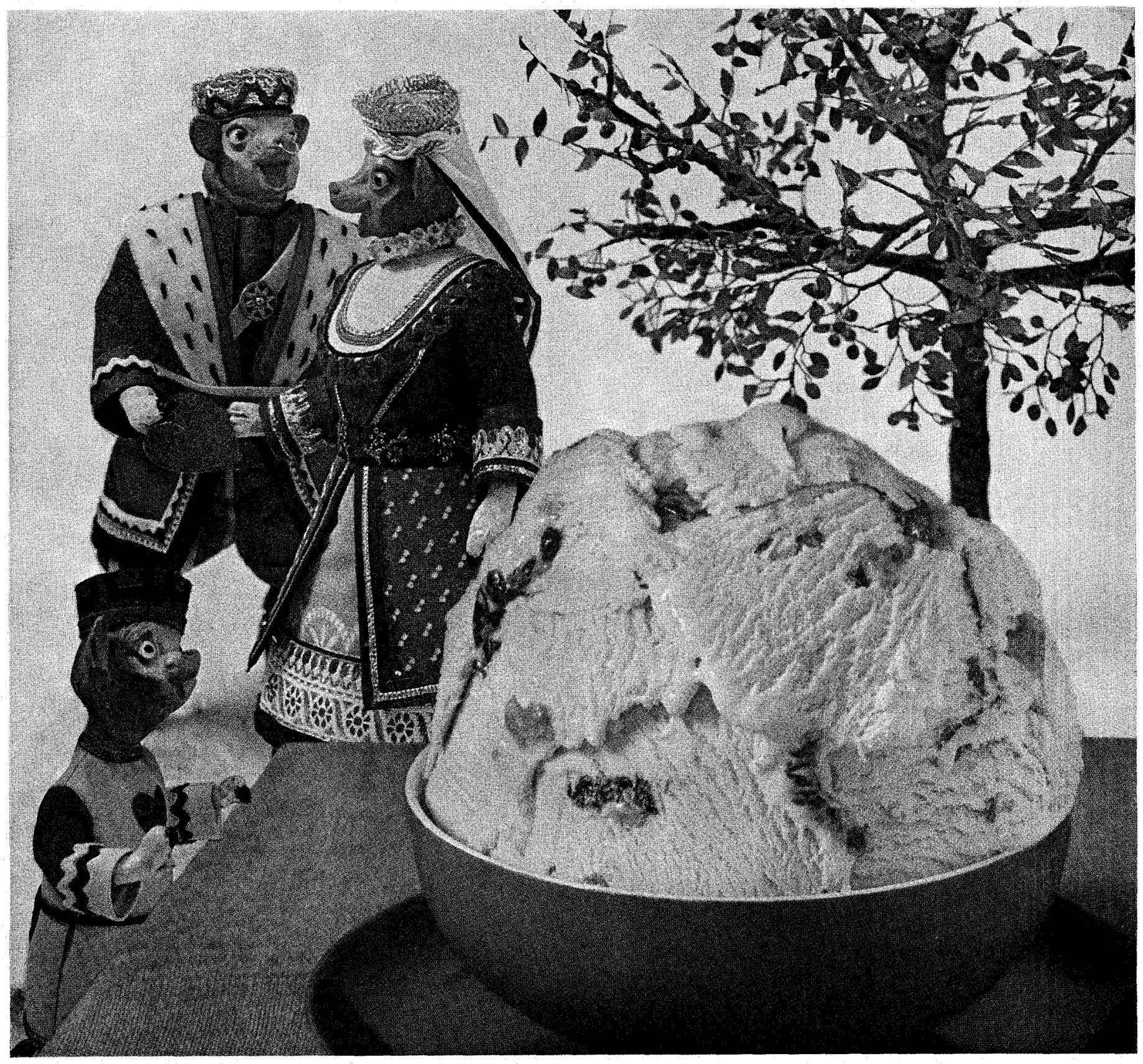

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# The Death Tunnel (Continued from Page 28)

my guardian angel and my willing slave. I was his personal responsibility, his wayward brother. I spent one summer holiday with him at Havant Manor. There was a fantastic old place, if you have a taste for such things—for emerald-green lawns, immemorial elms, ancestral oaks, and a house of such antiquity that it was considered old when Henry VIII spent a week there nursing a sore leg.

This house was full of concealed panels and secret passages dating back to the fourteenth century. It pleased me to limp about this old place while Jack was playing tennis with the sprigs of the local gentry, and his father was grousing in his den, paralyzed with an attack of genteel gout.

There was the long gallery with its ancestral portraits, and the library lined with fine old books, the latest of which had been printed in 1860. It was paneled in old oak. There was a huge stone fireplace, cold at this time of the year; and above it, in heavy gold inlaid in the stone, these three lines:

that which i gained i lost
that which i saved i spent
that which i gave i have

This piece of arrogant humility irritated me beyond measure, when I thought of the beastly egotism of these so-called "givers." It reminded me of: *Honesty is the best policy.* If you make a policy of honesty, you are in business and therefor dishonest; and if you give to have, you are taking, not giving, surely? Exasperated by those odiously shy little dotted *i*'s of personal pronouns, I climbed up on a chair and, motivated by pure malice, struck at them, all six in turn, each on its dot, with the brass handle of a heavy poker.

Then something happened that terrified me. The massive stone fireplace seemed to groan. I felt a tremor that seemed to run through the house and to the right of the fireplace one of the great panels fell ajar. I looked up again and saw that the dots on the *i*'s were now embedded below the surface of the inlay. Evidently these were six studs which, depressed in their right order, released an old spring that held fast a forgotten door.

I looked into the darkness thus exposed and saw stone steps leading down. But then I heard the tennis players coming in, and I hastily shut the secret door; whereupon with soft clicks the studs sprang back into their original positions.

I had barely time to push my chair back where I had found it and pick up a book, when Jack Havant came in with a sunburnt nose, shouting, "Oh, here you are, Charles! Come and have tea. What are you doing all alone in this poky old library?"

"Looking for secret passages," I said.

"None in here, old fellow," said he. "The old house was mapped and charted for 'em long ago. Come down on the lawn."

So I kept my discovery to myself, reasoning, *Who knows? There may be something valuable hidden down there, and when I come back next visit I shall explore at my leisure.*

In due course, Havant and I went to Cambridge, and there we were known as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He still befriended me. Lavish though my allowance was, I still got into debt in business ventures which, I swear, were water-tight but always, by some wholly unpredictable turn of luck, went wrong at a critical moment, so that at last I found myself desperately pressed for a debt of a thousand pounds. Again, confound him, it was Jack Havant to the rescue.

He had come into his mother's money at the age of twenty-one and even without what was coming to him when old Sir Harry Havant died he had an independent fortune of fifty thousand pounds. You say that it was generous of him to give me that thousand pounds? I ask you, how? If you have a superfluous two shillings in your pocket, do you make a virtue of giving a beggar a halfpenny, which is one-fiftieth part of it? Or if you have an unearned dollar, do you expect applause for giving away two cents?

Well, Havant saved me once more, saying, "Don't fret about it, Charlie, old thing. You can pay me when you come into your money—which I hope, for your father's sake, will be a long time yet." Then he dismissed the matter with one of those imbecile jokes of his which always made me want to kill him on the spot. "But at the moment, you see, your name ought to be *Havant*, and mine should be *Have!*"—and bellowed with laughter.

Our fathers died within a few weeks of each other. If he had not been a complete fool, my father would have left a quarter of a million. As it was, he left only a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. But Sir Harry Havant had been too irascible to look at a company promoter's prospectus and Jack inherited, therefore, four hundred thousand pounds and the Havant estates—ten thousand acres of the best land in the Midlands, and several streets of houses in Belgravia and Mayfair. I went into the City, on the Stock Exchange. Havant went back to the country to manage, or mismanage his lands. But we met quite frequently and I constantly urged him to invest some of his idle capital.

It is a remarkable fact that, in spite of my steady record of last-minute financial failures, Jack Havant had an almost superstitious awe for my business acumen. Now at this period those in the know were convinced that rubber was risky, while copper was safe. So I induced Havant to invest twenty thousand pounds in Parang rubber, while I privately bought heavily of Pargament copper. Rubber boomed, copper fell. I advised Havant to sell while he had a hundred-per-cent profit, and invest the whole forty thousand in Pargament copper; sold him my own almost worthless stock and put all the money into Parang rubber, with a view to selling at a considerable profit when rubber went up only a few points more.

It went up. I held out for another point. Then came the black weekend of the great rubber slump, and I was twenty thousand pounds poorer. A few days later, copper soared, and Havant, saying that he was bored with the whole business, sold his holdings at a forty-per-cent profit three days before Pargament, which had been skillfully promoted, went down with a terrible crash.

Then, at a party, Havant and I both took a fancy to the same girl, a fragile little beauty named Lilly Milber. She interested me; it was rumored that there was money in the family, and she did not look as if she had long to live. But Jack Havant fell romantically in love with her; he would. I had her financial rating looked into by an agency and found that she had only two hundred a year of her own, the money in the family being in the possession of a young and healthy aunt. So I did not propose to Lilly Milber because I was afraid that she might accept me; and Havant did not propose to her for fear that she might reject him.

There ensued a comical scene in which, dabbing at my eyes with a handkerchief, I said to Havant, "Take her, Jack. You will make her a better husband than I ever could. I'll work hard and try and forget."

He blubbered like a schoolboy, wiping his eyes on a cuff and stammering incoherent words of gratitude. I was best man at their wedding.

Three months later, the newspapers were full of the Havant tragedy. Lady Havant was traveling up to London when their train collided with the Northern Express. The young bride and her aunt were among the dead. The Milber estate reverted to Sir John Havant—net personalty, three hundred and seventy-two thousand pounds, seventeen shillings, and fourpence.

If this were not enough, certain other speculations of mine had, despite my most careful calculations, gone wrong. As the Americans say, I was "in deep." Not only was my private fortune gone but I had committed the indiscretion of using some of my clients' money to the tune of sixty-five hundred pounds. So I went to Jack Havant again, and told him an appropriate story.

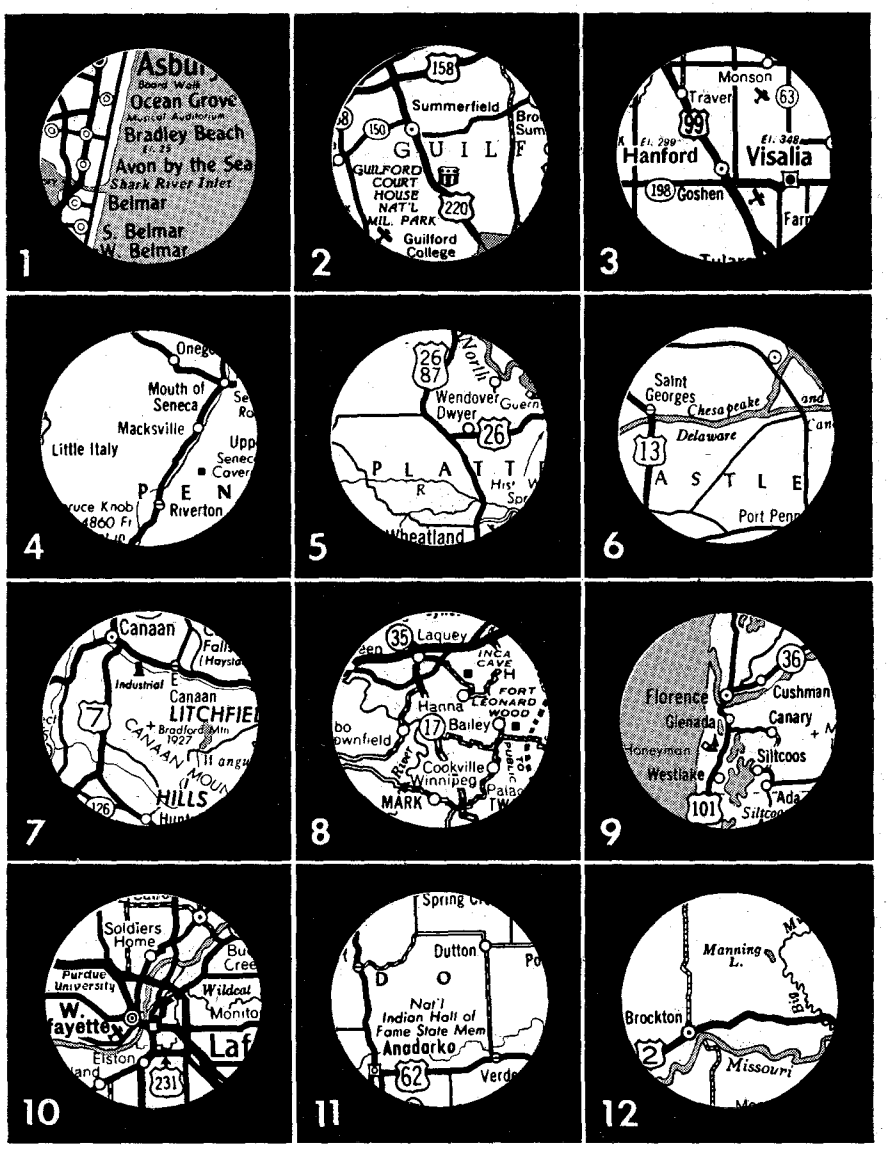
He said, "Charles, I owe you a deuce of a lot. I'll let you have the money. And look here; you say you're finished in the City. Come and stay with me. The estate needs a man with your head for figures, and God knows you're the best friend I ever had and I'm horribly lonely since Lilly —— Stay with me here, be my estate manager, and take a thousand a year, or whatever you think proper."

"I could work in the library," I said. "I always liked that library."

"You shall work wherever and whenever you like, my dear Charles. I'm out all day, busy with the tenants. It takes my mind off things. But it's the long evenings I dread. We can talk over the good old times after dinner."

And so it came to pass. I had ample time, now, to explore that unknown passage behind the panel, the servants being strictly instructed that I was on no account to be disturbed unless I rang.

There were thirteen steep stone steps leading down into an arched passage. The walls were covered with moss, or lichens. My heart beat hard and I followed the beam of my torch. The old robber barons used to make such secret places to hide their loot, I thought. You may imagine my disappointment, after I had traveled no more than fifty yards, when my light stopped dead at a blank wall. But perhaps

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## Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 68*)

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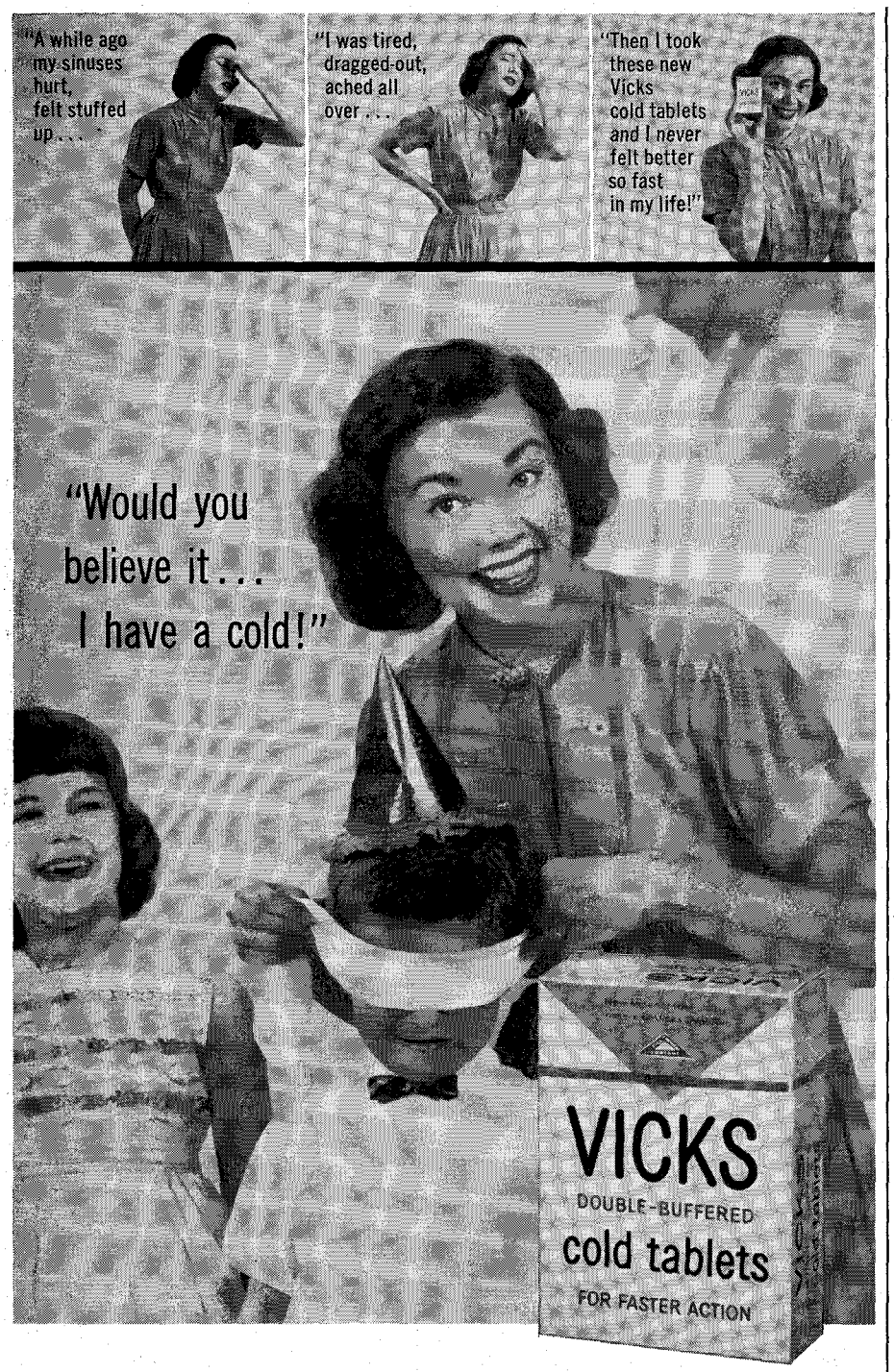
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"I was tired, dragged-out, ached all over . . ."
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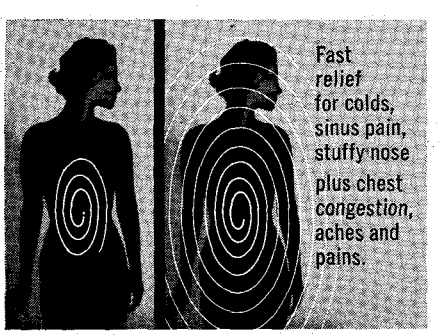


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New Vicks Double-Buffered Cold Tablets have already rushed cold-and-sinus pain relievers into the body 53% faster.

**1. Double Buffered for faster action . . .** cold-and-sinus pain relievers rush into the body 53% faster than those of other leading antihistamine cold tablets tested. Proved at a famous university!

**2. Relieve colds congestion and blocked sinuses . . .** promote sinus drainage. Relieve sniffles, sneezes, stuffy nose, too—relief that aspirin does not give. Relieve sore throat, chest congestion, body aches and pains.

**3. Pick you up fast . . .** relieve that tired, dragged-out feeling of a cold with two stimulating "pick-up" medications.

NEW **Vicks** DOUBLE-BUFFERED **cold tablets**


this wall itself sealed in some hidden treasure? I observed, indeed, a large quantity of hewn stone nearby, evidently left by the builders of the wall many centuries ago.

Frustrated, I turned back, closed the secret door, and returned to my desk. It would take dynamite to move that wall—and even so, who knew what immense weight it was supporting that might come down if it were disturbed?

Jack Havant came home muddy but cheerful. Things were looking up on the land; five of his tenants had promised to pay something on account of rent five years overdue next rent day, if only he would drain them a few more meadows and install electric light. But there was the question of a deed. "You like secret panels and things," he said to me. "I'll show you one."

He pushed aside the portrait of some Elizabethan Havant, and pressed a fairly obvious indentation in the panel. It slid aside, uncovering a large built-in safe. "My father's wheeze. He didn't like banks. Lost quite a packet when the Bank of Britannia went broke in 1908, and always kept the whole load of the stuff on the premises ever since. Negotiable securities and cash, old fellow, to the tune of a couple of hundred thousand. All the rest in gilt-edged. The family jewels too."

"What!" I said. "Are you letting all that money lie idle? It's a crime!"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't need the interest, and the governor would have wanted it this way. And let me tell you it's a jolly fine safe. The combination spells out Havant in code numbers. You wouldn't guess in a thousand years. See—the eighth letter of the alphabet is *H*. *A* is number one, *V* is twenty-two . . . *A* again, fourteen for *N*, twenty for *T*, and open she pops! Cunning, what?"

I said, "Unbelievable!"

At dinner he offered me a penny for my thoughts. I did not tell him that I was thinking of the most inconspicuous way to get a sack or two of quick-drying cement and a few buckets of water and some tools into my passage by the fireplace.

But I was estate manager, and could do as I pleased in the house. I even grew gay over the port. Havant swore that he had never seen me in better spirits. Before the night was out, I had devised an airtight scheme, to be put into effect on Rent Day, when all the servants were allowed to join the peasantry in an orgy of beef and beer and rustic dancing, and the house would be empty when Havant and I returned from accepting the usual promises in lieu of rent.

Now, as will become apparent, I really must be brief, even terse. As I planned, Havant and I came home in the late afternoon and sat in the library, drinking cool ale. I drew his attention to the motto over the fireplace. He explained in his ham-handed way what it meant—how the only thing that is written to your credit at long last is what you give away. Saying that I wanted to examine it more closely, I climbed on a chair. He did not see me press the first five buttons.

Saying, "Feel this, Jack, it seems loose," I let him press the sixth. And the door opened. He bellowed like a bull in his surprise and joy.

"Here's one they never found, Charlie my boy! What fun! Let's explore! I'll get a couple of hurricane lamps!"

He did so. We went down. I let him lead the way. When he came to the blank wall, he said, "Nothing, after all. Still, it was fun. . . . But I say, what's in those sacks?"

He bent to look closer, and my knife went in scientifically under his left shoulder blade. He straightened with a gasp, looked at me unbelievingly, and fell. I never thought so big a man could die so easily.

Then I went to work, always keeping an eye on his dead body. I worked like a madman. In spite of my game leg, I was always strong in the back, but the heat was suffocating and the stones were heavy.

At last Havant was blotted from sight and I paused to wipe my face. Everything had gone according to plan. I would leave him there, go back up the passage, close the secret door, empty the safe, leave the study locked behind me, go to bed and wait for the alarm.

And here would be a mystery to puzzle the police and put a few shillings into the pockets of the scribblers for the Sunday newspapers! Even if someone happened upon the secret of the passage months or years hence they would find my wall overgrown with moss—a dead end without a clue, once I had removed the remains of my cement and buckets and tools. Then it was me—after a decent interval—me, for the wide Atlantic and the conquest of New York! With the last ounce of my strength I forced the last stone into position and turned to go.

I was stopped by a blank surface of ancient mossy stone.

I turned again, and saw the new surface of the wall I had made; and the shocking truth struck me like a blow to the heart. For the last time I had started on the wrong side of things. I had walled Havant out, and myself in.

It is somehow fitting that I talk, now, as I have lived—to myself and for myself, and never to be heard except by myself. It is also just, that I have exhausted the last of my strength trying to tear down that which I have so painfully constructed.

The stones are too heavy for me now. The air grows heavy: even the hurricane lamps are burning dim. The cement has hardened. My ponderous surgical boot is worn out with kicking.

I have not the breath to cry for help, even if I would. I must have left a little aperture in the masonry, for sound comes through in a faraway overtone that penetrates the drumming in my ears.

The butler is shouting, "Run for doctor! Sir John's still breathing!"

My kicks must have been heard, for somebody else is saying, "Did I hear summat knocking? Where's little hobbledy-peg?"

Another: "Oh, *he* can't run very far."

"There's naught but a dead end here," says the butler. "Hurry."

If I cried out and they could reach me in time, Jack Havant would forgive me—that would be his way. But I have been forgiven to death.

Footsteps die away.

This time I built too well. THE END

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Answers to

**Where Do You Think You Are?**

(Page 67)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. N.J. | 2. N.C. | 3. Calif. |
| 4. W. Va. | 5. Wyo. | 6. Del. |
| 7. Conn. | 8. Mo. | 9. Oreg. |
| 10. Ind. | 11. Okla. | 12. Mont. |

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# Rossano's Revenge (Continued from Page 31)

seat scarcely prominent enough to support a belt, he stands a couple of inches under six feet and looks shorter because of his wide shoulders, large head and big, strong features. "In California," he says, "I feel like a midget, but I am really quite tall—tall for an Italian." Under casually groomed, slightly wavy dark hair, now gray over the ears, he has lively blue eyes and an expressive mouth distinguished by a slightly protruding or modified-Chevalier lower lip.

Over the years a certain youthful prettiness had hardened into what Anna Magnani, the fiery Italian actress, calls "a handsomeness far more attractive than his previous beauty." Brazzi's looks, in fact, are the kind that men can admire as well as women, according to Joshua Logan, who directed him in South Pacific. "Watching Brazzi," Logan explains, "a man can feel, 'There, but for a few pounds, go I.'"

Combined with an aura of strength, of virile masculinity and of self-assurance which emanates from him to a distance of several feet, Brazzi has what Logan calls "an enormous tenderness." And it is this rare combination of strong face and gentle manner that both Logan and Jean Negulesco consider the key to Brazzi's enormous appeal for women. "Rossano," says Negulesco, "is the kind of man that every woman—even happily married—would like to meet on a trip, for a fleeting romance."

Undoubtedly, another of the qualities that enable Brazzi to exert this catnip attraction is his own obvious and wholly unabashed interest in the opposite sex. "I see a beautiful woman," he says, "and I like to watch her, and it's just because this is my nature. I like women. I don't say, you know, that I want to sleep with them. I never been too much of a *coureur*—of a chaser, you know."

Despite this disclaimer, however, rumors of illicit romances with many of his leading ladies have for years buzzed about Brazzi like flies around a sugar bowl. In some quarters—and particularly within the movie industry itself—such stories are given considerable credence. Indeed one close associate of the actor recently explained that he feels sure Brazzi's success as a great lover on the screen stems directly from his "successes in life with the ladies."

Brazzi's wife Lydia, a plump and jolly blonde, scoffs at these stories. "I may die the most naïve woman who ever lived," she once said. But the fact is that she has always accompanied her husband wherever he goes—and at his insistence. Lydia Brazzi is Rossano's perpetual morale booster.

As a family friend remarks, "There is such joy, optimism, and humor about this woman that everybody must love her. It is impossible to be near her and remain sad. They are truly a happy couple, with a positive resurgent joy at being alive and having one another." Their only regret is that they have no children.

"I tell you just in two words," Brazzi says. "I've been married nineteen years and I figure since then I went out alone, without my wife, three or four times—and just for business. I don't say I am a saint, but thank God, you know, I didn't have any opportunity to fall in love with somebody else. This kind of tragedy, sickness that every married man can have, you know—I didn't have it."

And in truth there is a substantial body of opinion which explains the stories of Brazzi's romantic entanglements as fictions actually invented by the actor himself. His object, the argument runs, was to lend a sort of paradoxical respectability to his role as a screen lover, a role he has always regarded as faintly shameful for an actor of any real ability.

Even feeling that way, however, Brazzi makes no secret of the fact that he originally accepted—even encouraged—typecasting in the part, with a cold calculation worthy of his countryman Niccolò Machiavelli. After Three Coins in the Fountain he was not yet in a position to pick and choose. One success did not make a new career and he was still low man on a very slippery pole. All he had going for him then was his acclaim for the part in Three Coins, and he resolved to make the most of it. "They said, you know, 'Great Lover'—this kind of thing," he explains. "And I say O.K.—you want me like this, now I give you Brazzi like this."

It was a gamble, he knew. "Is the most difficult role there is in the world," he says. "There is nothing more funny than a man to say to a woman, you know, he likes her, he loves her—all these kind of things. You know, you can be so ridiculous."

But after the earlier fiasco in America, he figured he had a score to settle with Hollywood. And he decided that playing the Great Lover was probably the shortest course to his goal—namely, to appear in enough movies here to build a public following that would force the studios to meet him on his own terms. As he puts it, "My revenge in a little sense was to be established."

With his tenth and latest picture for the American market—Count Your Blessings, in which he stars with Deborah Kerr and Maurice Chevalier—Brazzi feels he has finally reached that point. "From now on," he declares, "I am not going to make a picture that I don't read the final script. Then if I make mistakes, it's my mistakes." That about sums up Brazzi's definition of the word "established."

Winning the right to approve the script is important to him because he thinks that nothing can more completely hobble an actor than an inferior screen play. As a case in point, he cites his film, A Certain Smile, released last July. Taken from a novel by the young French existentialist Françoise Sagan, the picture concerns a moody college girl's romantic adventure with a married Lothario of mature years. But the script, Brazzi contends, handled the affair so gingerly that "the love of these two people down there in the south of France, it doesn't come out."

The result, he feels, was to leave him looking slightly ludicrous. This galls him. "I can make a lousy performance too," he concedes, "but I don't think my performance was lousy in Certain Smile." He recalls expostulating with the producer after first seeing the script: "I said, you know, 'This is a *man* down there; *show* something.'" He shrugs. "You can make worse pictures too," he says, "but if the story could have been a little different, my performance would have been hundred times better."

Brazzi takes his acting seriously, as befits a God-given talent. For he firmly believes that the basic quality an actor must possess—"the way to feel things"—has to be born in him. "In a picture," he says, "you have a story and a role—a man who is not you. You must be able to transfer this character inside to you and adjust to it. This talent, some people has it; some other people don't."

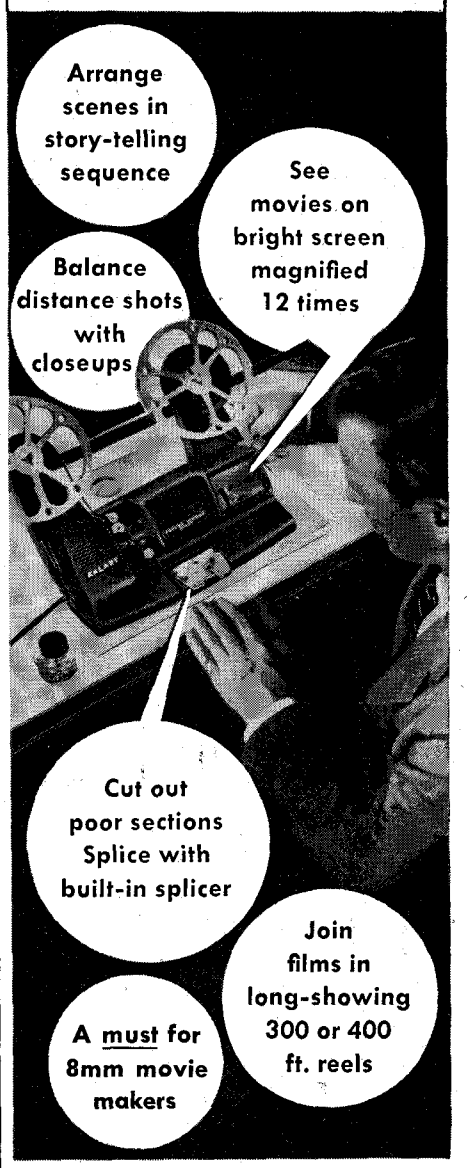
In the latter class Brazzi unhesitatingly places those whom Hollywood has labeled "stars" because of some outstanding trait of personality or physical development. "A 'star,'" says Brazzi, "is a phenomenon of the time. After the war, you know, the public started to like big things—you know, Jayne Mansfield, Marilyn Monroe. But a star only means popularity; it doesn't mean anything. So many stars are lousy. They don't even know what acting *is*. They don't even know anything. Actor, you know, is the best—professional acting."

Actually, he thinks that Marilyn Monroe has made the almost unprecedented metamorphosis from star to actress. "Very unusual," Brazzi says; "I admire her. She must have been working very hard." He also thinks that Brigitte Bardot

"I can't stand it any more. Either pay some attention to me or let me have the woman's page."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAKE HOME MOVIES MORE FUN
5 WAYS WITH KALART
EDITOR-VIEWER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may someday, possibly, become an actress too. "But up to this moment, she's a phenomenon, a personality," he says. "I went to see a picture of hers in Paris and, you know, people were talking about her naked—all these kind of things. And really if I were her, I wouldn't show myself, because she is not the most beautiful body in the world."

If Brazzi himself has avoided the stigma of stardom—in this sense—it is because of his long devotion to the actors' muse. "I was a ham since I was five years old," he says. At that age, his specialty was reciting poetry to his father's friends when they dropped in of an evening.

These performances took place in Florence, to which city the family had moved from Bologna when Rossano was a baby. Adelmo Brazzi, the father, owned a factory which turned out leather goods; and Rossano and his younger brother and, later, a baby sister were brought up in at least modest affluence.

When still not yet in his teens, Rossano first tasted the heady wine of ovation in a school operetta—"I was the lead, of course"—which proved so successful that, instead of the contemplated two days' run in a local theater, the show was toured around the countryside for nearly three months. "I was singing and I was acting," Brazzi says, "and I remember I was taking this very serious." All through school, indeed, and on into his years at the university in Florence, he devoted a large part of his extracurricular energy to theatricals.

In 1937, after he received his degree, his father sent him to serve an apprenticeship with an older lawyer in Rome. Rossano was delighted—although not, perhaps, for just the reason his father would have preferred: Rome was the country's theatrical center. During the next two years the fledgling attorney spent a small part of his time preparing briefs and a far greater part rehearsing stage productions with a repertory company he had joined.

And in 1939 he was approached by Scalera, one of the leading Italian movie companies, with the offer of a three-year contract. Up to this moment Brazzi had never really considered film work; his interest had lain entirely in the stage. And now for the first time he realized that he must make a choice that would determine the course of his entire future. He wasn't at all sure that he really wanted to devote his life to acting. "I was trained, you know, to be a serious person," he says, meaning a lawyer, "and I knew already a little bit how phony it is, how fragile—all the life of an actor." Also, he was now engaged to be married to a former schoolmate at the university, Lydia Bertolini, and the choice no longer involved himself alone.

It was a decision not lightly to be undertaken, and Brazzi made it on a very practical basis. When he calculated that it would take him ten years as a lawyer to make as much money as he was now offered for one year in pictures, the choice seemed less difficult.

Scalera lost no time in putting him to work, and in his first picture—The Trial and Death of Socrates—Brazzi once again attracted favorable notice. "I was a new face," he deprecates, "not ugly, not a hunchback—these kind of things." In the next three years he made twenty-four more pictures, establishing himself principally as a kind of Latin Douglas Fairbanks—frequently complete to the mustache. He jumped horses through windows, swung from chandeliers, leaped from balconies and fenced until his wrist wilted. "No more duels," he says now. "I had it."

Interspersed among these costume horse-operas were a few films that he remembers with greater artistic satisfaction, most notably a screen version of Ayn Rand's novel We, the Living. "This," he says, "is still my best picture that I've ever done." But he was such sure-fire box-office as a swashbuckler that the studio rarely let him be sidetracked into parts requiring any real subtlety of characterization.

Actually, Brazzi did not waste much worry over this. He was enjoying himself too much and keeping too busy. "You know," he says, "to make a movie you have to work hard—very, very hard, I tell you. You have to love it." But love it he did, and the work rewarded him richly. By the time film production in war-racked Italy came to a virtual halt in 1942, the year Brazzi turned twenty-five, he was among the highest-paid stars in his country.

The end of movie-making came at an opportune moment for Brazzi. Some months earlier he had been asked by the resistance forces if he would help obtain food for the people they had managed to spirit away from the SS executioners. All through the country food was in short supply, and of course the wards of the Underground had no legitimate sources. Many of them were close to starvation.

Probably few men in Italy were better equipped to help than Brazzi. For one thing, he had money—and food could still be bought on the black market. For another, he could get some assistance through the Vatican; as nephew of the Archbishop of Bari—now Marcello Cardinal Mimmi of Naples—Brazzi was a Papal Guard. Finally, since he was one of the actors who had been exempted from military service as "patrimony of the nation," he was considered by the Fascists to be above politics and at least passively loyal.

But Brazzi found the cloak-and-dagger business very much to his taste. With the aid of the local resistance group, which he was presently asked to help lead, he not only succeeded in procuring food but started to assist in hiding Roman Jews who were known to be in danger. Here and there about the city, in the homes of friends, one or two at a time, the Underground farmed out its pathetic charges. And presently Brazzi began to capitalize on his knowledge of the nearby Cinecitta movie studio, which had been converted into a concentration camp. Night after dark night he helped smuggle out three or four inmates—many of them American, British and French prisoners of war.

But each prisoner freed, each Jew saved from the executioner, meant one more mouth to feed, until finally the total reached nearly 2000. And with each month the city's food shortage grew more acute. Yet, as Brazzi says, "You couldn't forget anybody, because people were starving." Day after day, by car, by truck, by bicycle, Brazzi and his group brought food to the scattered hiding places. And every trip, every day, carried the risk of discovery and summary death. "If they find somebody that you hide in a house, you know," Brazzi says, "they didn't make a trial. They just kill you."

Seven days before the liberation of Rome, Brazzi was arrested by the German SS. Perhaps somebody had talked; to this day he doesn't know. Fortunately for him, he was turned over to the Italian authorities and, says Brazzi, "I made a little bit of an acting. I said, you know, 'I been helping *every*body—could have been Fascist, could have been anybody. Because we are arrived to a certain point now that Italy is such in a mess, and I think we really forgot that, after all, we are here all Italians and we are doing this one against the other.'"

Whether his interrogator was impressed by Brazzi's eloquence or merely mindful of the Allies' near approach, he ordered the actor jailed rather than shot. A week later, Brazzi's guards vanished and he walked out free.

For him—and for Rome—the war was over; and within a few months the movie industry managed to struggle back to its feet. Brazzi started work on Italy's first postwar picture, and once again life seemed to stretch before him smooth and inviting.

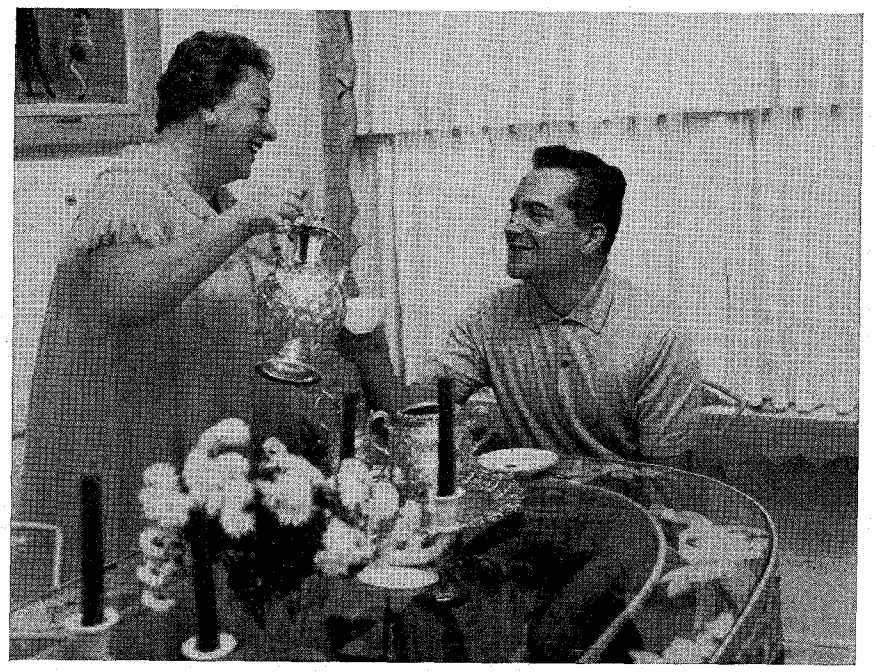
What he failed to suspect, however, was that the horror and tragedy of the war so recently fought across their land had worked a profound change in the outlook of his countrymen. While Brazzi continued to serve up the heroics as before, a whole new school of movie-making came into being. It called itself Realism, and in that name many fine pictures were made—pictures like Open City and Paisan.

Beside these harrowing little stories of personal heroism amid national suffering and humiliation, Brazzi's acrobatic confections began to seem trivial and faintly foolish. Even his outstanding performance in a remake of an old Rudolph Valentino movie, The Eagle, failed to halt more than temporarily the defection of his public.

But then a wonderful thing happened. In 1948 the great David O. Selznick, discoverer of such European stars as Ingrid Bergman and Louis Jourdan, saw a composite film of some of Brazzi's pictures and offered him a seven-year contract—one year, that is, plus options. "I thought him an extraordinarily photogenic type," Selznick says, "and a potentially important leading man for American films." With his wife and a quantity of personal belongings, Brazzi voyaged to the United States, studying English on the way. In America he confidently expected to recoup the losses he had suffered at home.

Looking back now through jaundice-colored glasses, however, Brazzi remembers the ensuing period as "the worst year of my life." Because Selznick was not, at the moment, making any pictures of his own, he lent the actor out to M-G-M, where Mervyn LeRoy was directing a remake of Little Women with a group of youngsters including June Allyson and Elizabeth Taylor. Brazzi was cast—or rather, he insists, miscast—in a role he recalls with a shudder as that of a paunchy piano teacher.

He could read almost no English at the time and, "I tell you," he says, "I was not able to understand the script. I was able to speak, you know, simple things and to study by heart, but I didn't know what was going on in the script, you know. I thought it was a romantic part." His disabusement came with the first application of make-up—whiskers, eyeglasses and a false belly. Brazzi was appalled. "I said, you know, 'I (*Continued on Page 72*)



Mrs. Rossano Brazzi and her actor husband in their rented Beverly Hills house. When he is not making a picture, they live in Italy.

Brazzi shows off his swimming pool to fellow Italian, Sophia Loren. He predicts she "will very soon be really on top in this country."

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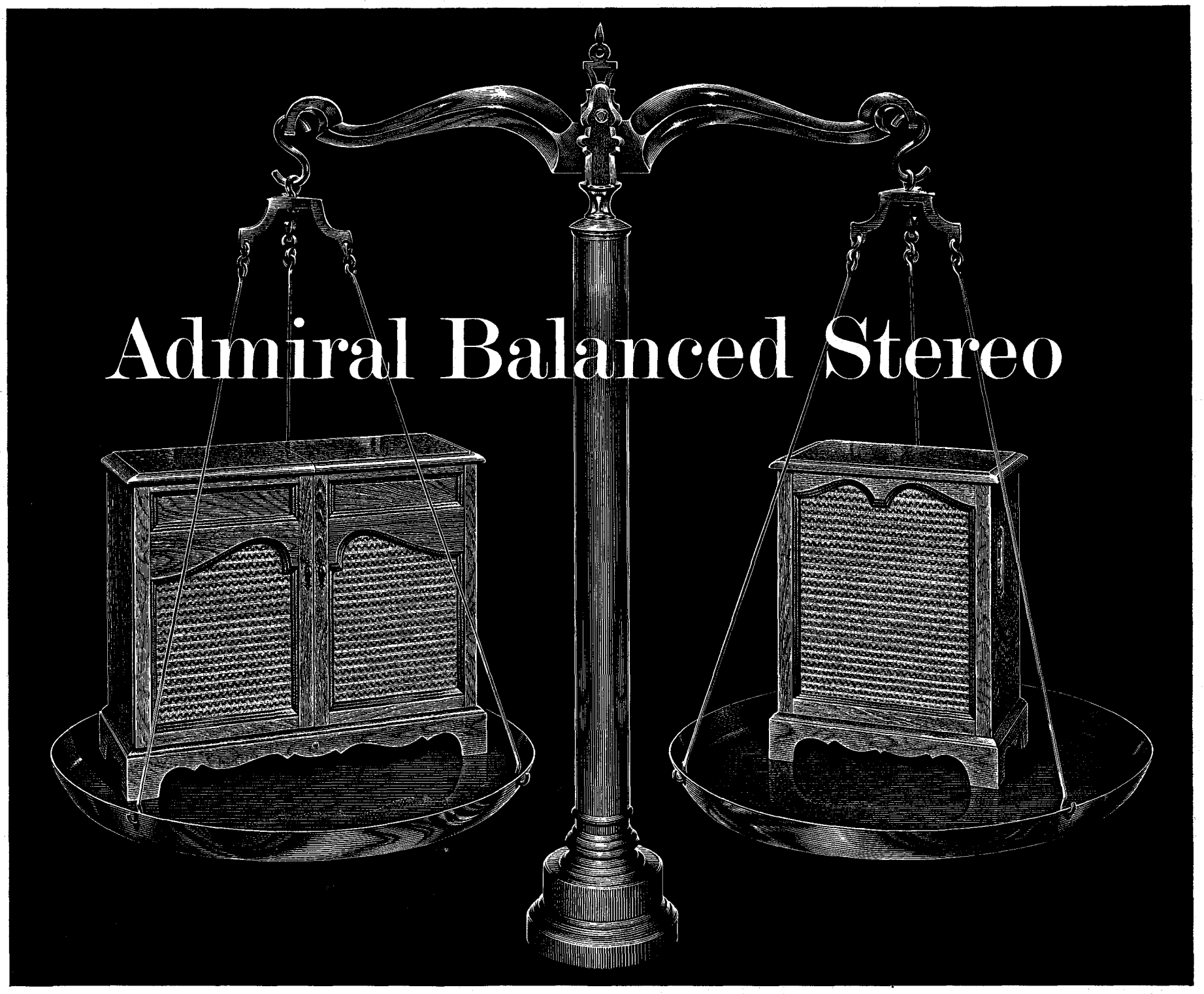


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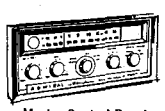
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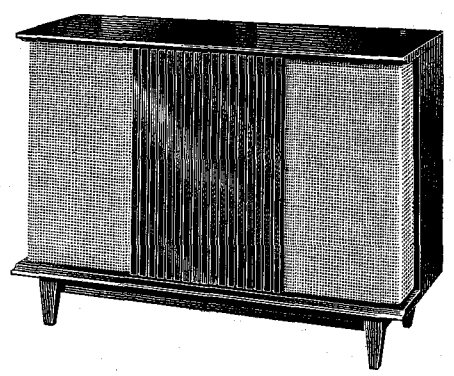

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(*Continued from Page 70*) am Rossano Brazzi—from Selznick,' and I thought they made a mistake, that they took me for somebody else."

Actually, Selznick says, he thought the part a great opportunity for Brazzi. In the first place, it was a role in which Paul Lukas had scored a considerable success in the original film production starring Katharine Hepburn. In the second, it was the only work the producer had succeeded in landing for his discovery. Unfortunately, according to Selznick, "Brazzi's accent was extraordinarily bad—I am afraid he sounded like a Neapolitan comedian." The result was that the producer's efforts to lend Brazzi out to other studios had met with no success whatever until he persuaded LeRoy to use the actor in Little Women.

In any case, Brazzi's recollection of the role is understandable; the critics were almost unanimous in finding his performance stiff, humorless and incredible. After this the actor could not get back to Italy fast enough. As he recalls it, Selznick tried to prevent his leaving, and there was a bit of a row, but the producer finally had to give in. "Because I was allergic to English," Brazzi explains. "I could not speak the language any more. And when an actor, you know, wants to do these kind of things, he can do it."

Selznick remembers the matter somewhat differently. "It is a complete and unadulterated falsehood that I ever had the slightest altercation with Brazzi," he says. "The plain facts of the matter are that, in consequence of my going out of production, and in consequence of his difficulty in overcoming his accent, I decided not to pick up my option."

Brazzi fled back to Italy, his ego smarting. But the failure in America was only a prelude to what his personal managers call his "destruction as a star in Italy." Returning to the same sort of role in which he had once been so successful—a retreat which no psychologist would have trouble explaining—Brazzi succeeded only in quenching the embers of his popularity. Then, as we have seen, came the disastrous attempt at producing, the period of spiraling indebtedness, and at last the second chance at Hollywood in Three Coins.

After this modest beginning, Brazzi secured a somewhat larger role in The Barefoot Contessa, with Ava Gardner and the late Humphrey Bogart, but it was only with his next film, in 1955, that the actor really registered as an important new leading man. This was Summertime, in which he played the married, lower-middle-aged merchant of Venice with whom spinster-tourist Katharine Hepburn falls in love. Many fans still consider this Brazzi's best part. "Was a romance," he says, "but, you know, light—between laughter and tears. This is very good today. The public loves it."

Indeed the public did. Almost literally overnight, Brazzi found himself besieged with offers. Of these, the most important was an invitation from Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, composer and librettist of the stage musical South Pacific, to audition for the role of Emile De Becque in the show's film version. Brazzi, although out of practice, had studied operatic singing while in his teens—"Oh, God," he says, "I done so many things in my life"—and he made a favorable impression. If necessary, it was decided, a professional singer's voice could be dubbed in on the sound track in places where Brazzi's lacked the necessary fullness. This, in fact, is what was actually done: part of De Becque's singing is in Brazzi's voice, a larger part is that of opera basso Georgio Tozzi.

But even more important than the voice—at least from the point of view of Joshua Logan, the director—were Brazzi's looks and manner. "For Emile De Becque," Logan says, "we wanted a man of sophistication, a man of culture and refinement, and yet an outdoor man who could look like a planter—strong enough to have killed a man. Brazzi had those qualities."

In 1955, however, actual production of the film still lay more than two years in the future, and Brazzi marked time in four lesser movies. These were an English picture called Loser Takes All, with Glynis Johns; Interlude, with June Allyson; The Story of Esther Costello, with Joan Crawford; and Legend of the Lost, with John Wayne and Sophia Loren—"I think that very, very soon Sophia will be really on top in this country," Brazzi says. "She is a very hard-studying girl." None of these films can be called resoundingly successful.

Following Legend of the Lost, however, Brazzi went to work on South Pacific. He was fascinated with his role as the South Seas planter Emile De Becque. "A man with a past," he says, "with problems—two kids, you know, they are colored—wife who died; he loved her. And he finds a new little thing over there, nurse Nellie Forbush, that is. But honest, straight; wants to marry her. That's a character I like very much—a man, you know, really sculptured in rock. I would love to play Emile De Becque without the music."

The music, in fact, set off a rather heated disagreement between him and Logan: Brazzi wanted to do all the singing himself. "But," says Logan, "Dick and Oscar felt that his voice did not have the fullness for this score. The songs were created for an opera singer." Even beyond this, however, Brazzi argued that the romantic numbers—Some Enchanted Evening, for example—should be kept quiet and intimate, the words almost talked rather than bellowed in a big operatic voice. "What they missed in the picture," he says, "was the *intima*cy of the story of the two people."

Since the others disagreed, Brazzi did not labor the point. "But if they did as I said," he maintains, "I think it would have been better."

Logan, although adamant on the subject, sympathized with the actor. "It was a little struggle with his own ego," he says. "It's difficult to feel it's exactly your own role with this dubbing."

Quite apart from the singing itself, however, Logan considers that Brazzi *acted* the songs brilliantly. "He can convince you by his emotions, by his eyes, by the attitude of his body, that he believes the words," says Logan. "I think he is a far better actor than he has been allowed to show."

Certainly, as we have seen, Brazzi feels he was prevented from showing much ability in A Certain Smile, his next film after South Pacific. The picture came and went in the nation's theaters with truly dizzying speed; and even in Europe, where Brazzi thought it might do better—Maurice Chevalier found it a "modern classic, beautifully told"—the public resolutely ignored its existence.

A far more felicitous vehicle for Brazzi in Europe, he now feels sure, is the forthcoming screen version of Nancy Mitford's frivolous novel, The Blessing. Dealing with the wartime marriage of a titled Frenchman whose concept of morality does not exclude the keeping of a mistress or two (demoted in the film to would-be mistresses) and a strictly reared English girl who finds the idea altogether monstrous, Count Your Blessings (the movie title) is a light, sophisticated comedy of manners. This is something new for Brazzi, and he found the change of pace both rewarding and challenging.

As a man whose own sense of humor—reinforced, perhaps, by a slight self-consciousness about being known as the Great Lover—is apt to take the form of burlesquing his screen roles, Brazzi quickly discovered that, if he did not consciously underplay his part in the picture, he was likely to appear hammy. "When you play the comedy," he says, "you have to believe it. Otherwise it becomes so phony—a caricature."

Nevertheless both he and Jean Negulesco, who directed the film for M-G-M, feel that in comedy Brazzi has struck a vein he can mine perfectly for years. But with South Pacific still going strong nearly a year after its first release, and with Count Your Blessings not yet in distribution, Brazzi is in no hurry about his next picture. On the contrary, unless he finds a script too tempting to pass up, he would prefer to relax at home for a while.

Home, for the Brazzis, is Rome. Much as they enjoy the climate of Los Angeles—smog excepted—they have no intention of transplanting themselves to America. They rent a furnished house, preferably in Beverly Hills, whenever Rossano is working on a picture here; but in Rome they own a newly finished penthouse apartment which they have only just moved into. Brazzi wants a chance now to try out the gadgets he has had installed there—the stereophonic hi-fi, for instance, and a small movie theater.

This is not to say that he expects to be absent from the business of film making for long. Although he thinks he may retire from acting in another ten years or so—possibly to try his fine Italian hand at directing—he has been reading new scripts for some weeks now. "But I'm not going to force anything," he says. "When you arrive, you know, of being forty-one and you have done ninety pictures, you don't have to prove that you are an actor. Not to the world and not to yourself. I don't say, you know, that you are the greatest. I don't say that you are the lousiest. But you are a professional actor."

Brazzi regards that attainment as quite enough to ask of life. THE END


NEXT WEEK

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The Riddle of Wall Street:

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# He Survived 11,000 Volts (Continued from Page 21)

No one shared his conviction. The doctors and nurses knew that he could die at any moment from the effects of the original shock, a kidney shut-down, a hemorrhage or a dozen other possibilities. He hemorrhaged five times. If the three nurses had not been continuously alert, he could have bled to death any one of these times.

Charley's gratitude for being alive and his cheerful confidence were not dimmed by these realistic prospects. He knew. And gradually his optimism became contagious. "I didn't know whether he ever would walk," nurse Adkins said, "but I did know this: with the way Charley was feeling, I was going to do everything in my power to help him."

After Doctor McGarity patched his chest with a free skin graft—a "free" graft entails transfer in one procedure of a thin layer of skin from one area to another—the most immediate problem was the right foot. Doctor Kelly, in charge of the reconstruction of Charley's body, speculated that amputation might be easier on the patient in the long run. The doctor spoke to several double-leg amputees, asking them how much they would have been willing to take in suffering to save one leg. The response from each man was the same: "Anything."

"One good leg makes a person feel that much more a whole man," Doctor Kelly explained. "It makes living easier. A man can go home at night and relax by taking off his prosthesis. If he wants to get something from the refrigerator, or move to another room, or answer the doorbell, he can hop. Without that one good leg, he has to strap on both prostheses to get around."

Although for weeks Doctor Kelly couldn't tell whether the burns had, disastrously, reached a vital blood vessel or nerve, he decided to try to save the foot. Miss Adkins understood how important this was to Charley. Every two hours for more than a hundred days she soaked the foot in saline solution to encourage healing, sprayed it with antibiotics and tenderly dressed it. Dressing of all wounds took three hours of her time each day. Moreover, instead of using plain saline solution, available on the fourth floor where Charley lay, she went down to the basement supply room each day to bring up forty quarts of sterile saline solution. She permitted nothing unsterilized to touch the burns. Under her passionate care, fresh healthy tissue began filling the gaps in Charley's foot.

Doctor Kelly visited Charley several times a week to assess his progress, banter with him and prepare him for the reconstruction job. He explained that most of the work would involve pedicle skin grafts, a procedure in which a thick layer of skin is gradually lifted from a healthy area and attached to the wound. To keep the flap of the skin from being torn or disturbed, the limbs or other parts of the body to which it is connected are kept immovable in casts. When good circulation is obtained from the new site, the flap is cut loose from its original mooring.

But even these grafts—to the foot and right hand and arm—would not complete the job, Doctor Kelly added. He would also have to build a new Achilles' tendon in Charley's heel and new tendons in the fingers and improvise a way of bridging the burned-out piece of nerve in the arm. The entire reconstruction would involve dozens of operations, much pain, and months during which parts of the body would be incarcerated in casts.

It was on a Friday in early April, 1955, that Doctor Kelly detailed the problems to Charley. "We've got quite a job to do," he said. "I think I can give you a good foot. We've got a fifty-fifty chance on the hand and arm. We can put these operations off almost indefinitely. When you feel ready to start, let me know."

"When do you want to start?" Charley asked.

"Right away?"

"It suits me. How long do you think it'll be before I walk?"

"We'll see."

Doctor Kelly didn't know. There were too many unforeseeables. "Pedicle grafts are precarious," he says, "and it's not unusual for them to fail. Charley would have to undergo much surgery, and each general anesthetic represents a shock. If he had any tendency toward mental illness, ulcers, or rheumatoid arthritis, it would flare up under the impact of repeated anesthesia. There were other dangers. A hospitalized person doesn't heal as well as an active person. Maybe we would have a problem in getting him off the narcotics that would have to be used to ease his pain. Maybe his knees would freeze from inactivity. Maybe his heart wouldn't be able to take the strain of repeated surgery. We just didn't know whether Charley would have the courage or ability to stick with it."

Doctor Kelly began work on April ninth by reducing the length of the left stump to an ideal point and preparing the unneeded left-stump skin for use on the right foot. Then followed operation after operation. "There never was a let-up," Miss Adkins said. "Charley would just be getting over the pain and discomfort of one when he would go into another."

Free grafts to shallow wounds on the arm and ankle proved successful. Another free graft from the stump to the deep burns of the right foot failed. A pedicle graft from the right side of his trunk to the right hand and wrist, which required Charley to be in a cast for three weeks, succeeded.

To get skin for the right foot Doctor Kelly planned a triple play—a pedicle from the left thigh to left stump to the right foot. The flap failed in its early stages and, after a seven-hour operation, had to be sewed back to its original place. "Watching a skin graft fail is like watching a person die by inches," Mrs. Wise said.

As an alternative Doctor Kelly tried a cross-leg flap—a pedicle from the right thigh to left stump to right foot. To keep the left stump immovable, a pin was driven through the bone and anchored to the cast.

Pain in all its varieties became a constant part of Charley's life. The free grafts burned and seared. The flaps ached and tore. The casts were excruciatingly uncomfortable. Pins to immobilize his leg had to be put through his left thigh eight times. Once a pin twisted and momentarily stuck fast. "The top of my head felt as if it were blowing off," he recalled.

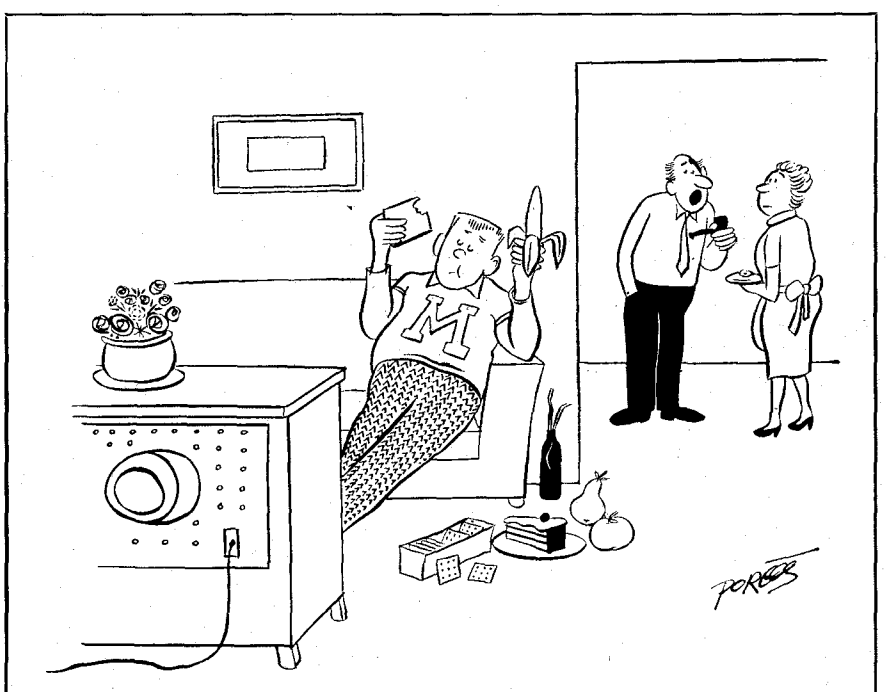
He remained in the cast a month during the second attempt to graft the foot. The flap remained healthy in transit from right thigh to left stump. It died in the second stage from stump to foot. Nurse Adkins wanted to cry. Nurse Wise was angrily upset. She thought the foot stood little chance of recovery and felt that Charley's torment was futile. After the failure Doris Kilpatrick saw Doctor Kelly's disappointment. "He looked wrung-out and beat," she said.

Charley took it. "I felt bothered for Doctor Kelly," he said. "When he and I talked about a third try, I could see he was worried. If that failed, there might not be another available area of skin large enough to use for a graft. But I knew it would work."

On the third and critical attempt to graft the right foot, Doctor Kelly planned another cross-leg procedure: from right calf to left stump to right foot. Ordinarily a flap transfer takes three weeks, but Doctor Kelly had to lengthen the time because of Charley's progressively poorer circulation. For the first stage of the transfer he kept the patient in the cast for four weeks. In the operating room the cast was sawed off. But the flap had begun to darken, indicating bad circulation. Doctor Kelly told Charley, "I can't cut it loose from the donor site; it's not ready." He ordered a new cast. At the fifth week he re-examined the flap and said, "We'll have to wait." By this time Miss Adkins' nerves were taut. Mrs. Wise was depressed. An intern, watching Charley's ordeal, blurted, "Charley, if I were you I'd tell them all to go to hell. I'd tell them I couldn't take any more." Charley shrugged. No matter what he felt or how he hurt, he knew this was the way it had to be: he had to suffer the pain before he walked.

After each visit to the operating room Charley was given narcotics to subdue the pain and permit him to get some sleep. The drugs represented an unavoidable hazard. The doctors and nurses first worried about Charley becoming addicted to the drugs, but soon learned that their anxieties were needless. Charley had learned to be afraid of addiction. He voluntarily forced himself off the drugs, frequently before the staff estimated that the pain had sufficiently subsided. Only once did he have trouble. "I had been on the stuff for five days and I found myself craving it," he said. He told the nurses, "No more of that." Despite several sleeping pills that night he didn't fall asleep until dawn. When he awoke he was free of the craving.

"I never had nightmares about the accident or the operations," he said. "I only had one dream, and that kept repeating itself. I saw myself walking down the corridor." Sometimes he told Doctor Kelly, "I walked last night." and the doctor understood.



"I remember when he was teething."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Around the thirtieth operation the pain and tension began to rasp on Charley's nerves. He dreaded the presurgery preparations: the shaving of his body, the washing, the blood tests, the heart and lung checks. Most of all he hated the ritual's final piece of business, the injection that started him into long unconsciousness.

Although Charley kidded Doctor Kelly about his being able to last as long as the doctor could operate, his body began to wilt after the fortieth operation. His resistance dropped and his circulation grew poorer, which increased the risks in each graft. Nurses had to puncture his ear lobes to get specimens for blood tests. Before the forty-sixth operation he told Doctor Kelly, "I think I've run out of gas."

"Charley, you've come through so far," Doctor Kelly urged. "There aren't many more ahead. You can do it."

"O.K. We'll go ahead."

"I don't know how Charley did it," Doctor Kelly confessed. "I don't think I could have gone through what I asked him to undergo. He never stopped fighting. When things got rough, he seemed to have a great, unexpected resource from which he could always summon a little more patience, courage and determination. I believe he was driven. It wasn't enough for him just to survive. He made up his mind to walk out of the hospital."

At the seventh week in the third attempt to graft the foot, the flap cleared up and showed good complexion. Doctor Kelly cut it loose from its mooring, brought the right foot up to the stump, sutured the flap end to the foot and built a cast to secure the foot-to-stump position. For four weeks the awkward position built up pain in Charley's right hip. The time paid off. The graft took and the right leg was saved. The ordeal lasted fifteen months.

During the work on the right foot Doctor Kelly also was reconstructing the right arm and hand. He had started this project in April, 1955, by outlining a flap on Charley's right side for transfer to the wrist and hand. After the graft was completed he removed a burned bone from the wrist, a dead artery from the hand, and twice peeled away scar tissue from the principal artery in the wrist.

Charley couldn't move his fingers, because the tendons were burned away. A former serviceman in a nearby Veterans Hospital required a leg amputation, and Doctor Kelly removed the tendons from the amputated foot, encased them in fatty tissue from Charley's right thigh and built tendons for the right hand.

The greatest problem was the four-and-a-half-inch gap in the median nerve of the once-mutilated (*Continued on Page 76*)

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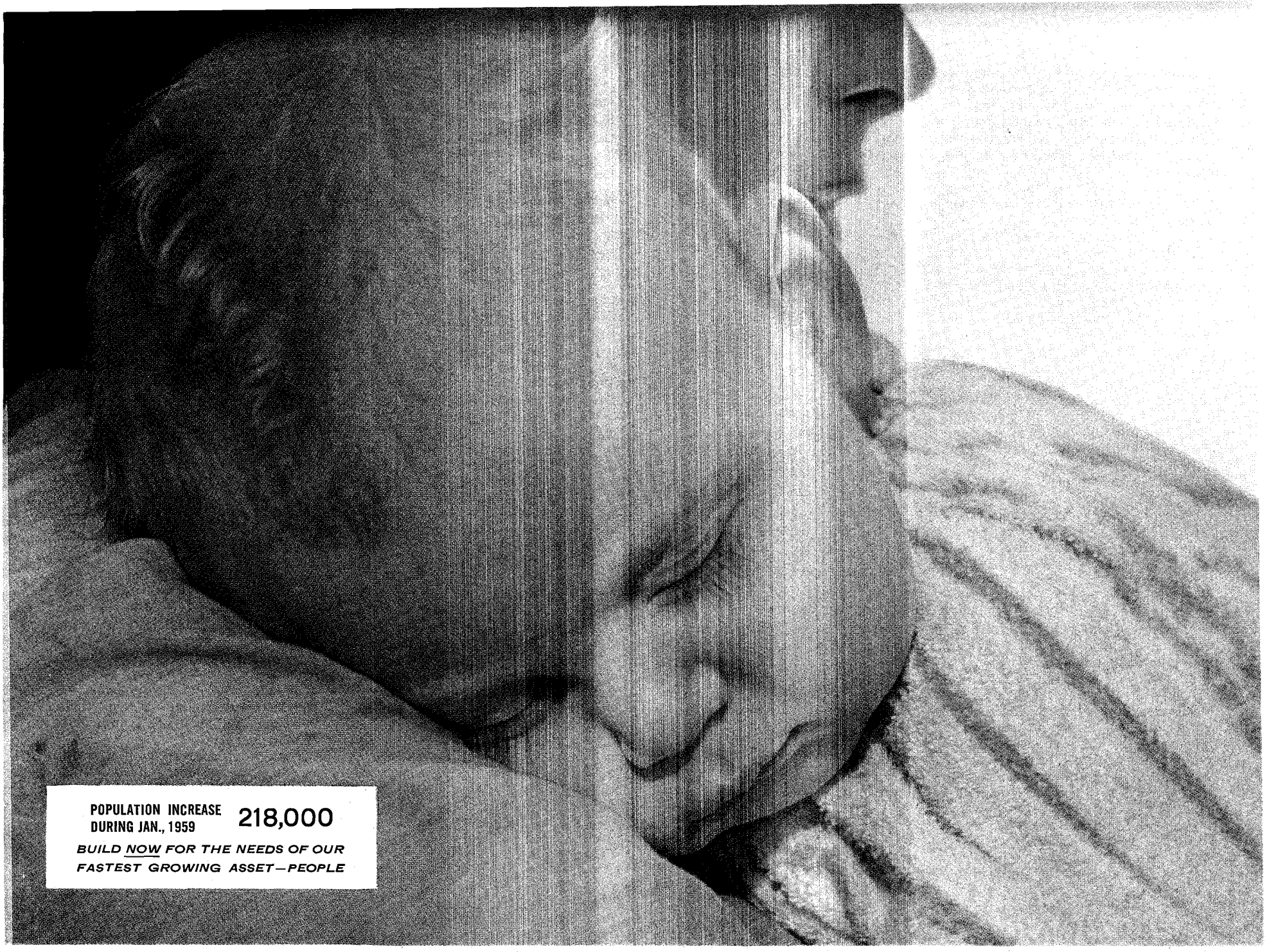


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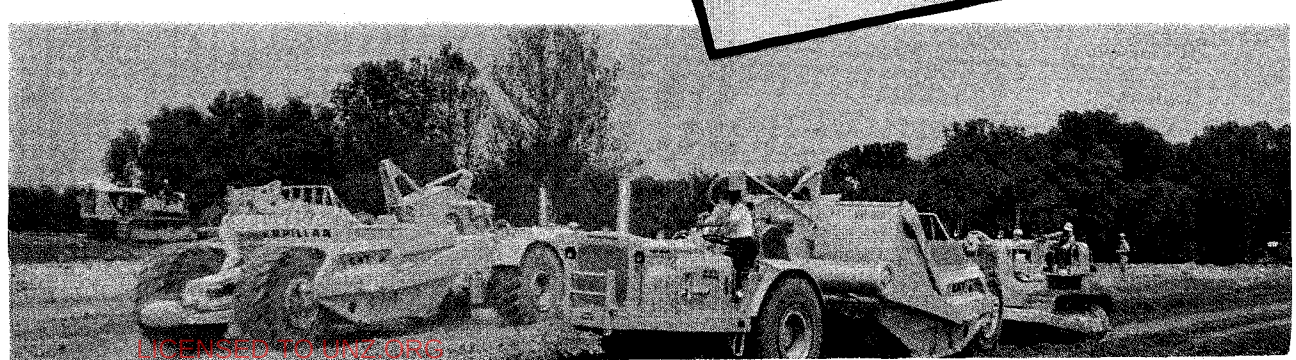
FOR A GROWING AMERICA



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(*Continued from Page 74*) right forearm. "Feeling is more important than movement," Doctor Kelly explained. "A hand that can't feel can't properly handle objects and will readily get burned and damaged. Eventually it will become useless."

To restore the sense of feeling Doctor Kelly had to find a way to connect the nerve ends on either side of the gap. In a seven-hour operation he exposed the nerve from hand to shoulder and freed it from its original course. He flexed Charley's arm, bringing the hand as close as possible to the shoulder. The position shortened to a minimum the distance the nerve would have to run. By rerouting and stretching the two lengths of nerve he overcame the four-and-a-half-inch loss and sewed together the two ends. Then the arm in a flexed position was placed in a cast.

When Charley awoke, it was dark outside. "What took you so long?" he asked Doctor Kelly.

The exhausted doctor grinned and said, "I'm a slow worker, Charley."

The arm had to be extended gradually to avoid breaking the nerve. Each week the cast was sawed off and the arm was painfully straightened a quarter of an inch to an inch. Then a new cast was applied. "It hurt plenty," Charley said, "but what got on my nerves was the sound of the saw cutting into the plaster. It nearly drove me crazy to know that I'd hear that sound again in a week." It took nine months of torment for him to straighten his arm.

"Alone, I couldn't have done it," he said. "Until I got into the hospital I never thought nurses were important, but I couldn't have made it without my nurses. They helped me go along from hour to hour, day to day. It wasn't only their care. They gave me self-assurance. They were there, and I never worried about anything going wrong." Doctor Kelly agrees: "The recovery wouldn't have been possible without the devotion of the three nurses."

The nurses selflessly forgot their personal and family needs to work months on end without a day off during times of crisis. Each fulfilled a desperate need in Charley. Mrs. Hughes was calm and capable, and Charley could talk to her as he would to a close relative. Mrs. Wise, a warm, religious woman, was a rock of dependability. "Sometimes the pain woke me in the middle of the night," Charley said, "and it was wonderful to see Mrs. Wise there, always looking at me. I never opened my eyes that I ever found her eyes turned away."

The chief support came from Miss Adkins. She worked like a machine. During the first year she worked 349 days, the second year 350 days, the third year 354 days. She became known as "Charley's Aunt." Her scrupulous, dedicated care saved his right foot. She kept him free of bed sores by massaging his back several times a day, always keeping a veneer of powder between him and the sheets, and never using a sheet with a crease or fold. Bandages on skin grafts have to be perfectly controlled—not loose enough to permit oozing and not tight enough to cut off vital circulation—and her dressings were models.

She watched the grafts almost by the minute. "There were always weeks of uncertainty and suspense about a graft," she said. Any change in the color of the graft required a change in procedure: If the graft began turning blue, the blood supply from the donor site had to be increased and further surgery on the graft delayed. When healthy pink color spread, a change in bandage pressure could encourage circulation from the new site and reduce the graft's dependency on the donor area.

Miss Adkins did more than give Charley superlative nursing care. She attended to his spirit and morale. She refused to let him limit his thoughts and feelings to his personal problems. Every day she brought him a newspaper and they talked over the day's events. She perked up his appetite by cooking special foods and bringing him delicacies. To stimulate his interest in the next hour and the next day she lured him into dime and quarter bets on changes in the weather, identification of persons on TV programs, the chances of her flowers taking root in the pots in Charley's room. She decorated his room for birthdays, Thanksgiving and Christmas. She never for a moment permitted him to feel abandoned, an emotional trap that frequently catches long-term bed patients.

At the end of March, 1958, Charley took his fifty-ninth operation—the final surgery on his foot. After it healed he slowly lowered his leg off the bed, first seconds, then minutes at a time. When it showed good circulation and some muscular response he tenderly tested it with his weight. The graft stood up under pressure. He tried on his prosthesis for the left leg.

While he was still trying to overcome the waves of dizziness accompanying the effort to stand, Doctor Kelly dropped in to examine the thumb which had required a tricky tendon graft. It wasn't working correctly. The tendon had slid out of place. He knew that Charley was scheduled to go home in a week, but he also knew there could be no good hand without a good thumb. "Charley, we'll have to make it one more," he reluctantly reported.

"When I heard that," Charley recalled, "I thought, if there's got to be one more, there may have to be two or three or five more. The end had to come sometime, but how long? I had already been in the hospital more than three years."

During that span Charley watched through his window in Room 405 four comings of spring. He watched workers break ground and erect a new clinic building. His son, Kip, grew from a boy to a young man. After uncounted hundreds of visits his wife Doris sometimes grew depressed by his ordeal, and Charley had to cheer her up. His toy bulldog, Mitzi, which was periodically smuggled to his room in a plot between Doris and the nurses, aged nearly half a lifetime. Will, the barber, and Fred, the afternoon floor orderly, passed away. Nurses became engaged, married, and left Charley's floor. Young physicians began and completed their internships and residencies. Doctor Kelly's hair started turning gray.

The doctor's prediction of just "one more" was accurate. To insure a mechanically good thumb, Doctor Kelly removed a piece of tendon from a toe, fashioned it into a loop, anchored it to an arm bone and wrapped it around the originally grafted tendon to form a pulley. Two weeks after the surgery he asked Charley, "Let's see what you can do with that thumb?"

The patient took off the splint and flexed the thumb an inch. "That's it," Doctor Kelly said. "Keep exercising it. You can get your feet on the ground Monday."

Charley knew it was over. "I thanked God Almighty," he said. "It was as if a weight of a thousand pounds had lifted off me." At two o'clock the next morning floor nurse Betty Williamson checked his room and saw him exercising the thumb in his sleep.

On June eleventh the nurses asked Charley to walk the thirty feet from his bed to the sunroom where a few people were waiting to see him. Charley got up and walked. "This was the happiest moment," Mrs. Wise said.

Concentrating to keep his balance and aided by a cane, he stiffly hobbled the distance and entered the sunroom to a burst of applause. It was a surprise party, a farewell from his admirers. The room was jammed with doctors, nurses, patients, visitors, the kitchen staff, orderlies, maids, laboratory and X-ray technicians, men from his company, his wife and son. "Within a couple hours, more than three hundred people came from every part of the hospital to see the sight of Charley on his feet," nurse Williamson said.

The applause stopped and Charley looked around. Nobody said anything. "We were kind of choked up," nurse Adkins said.

Charley took a deep breath, smiled to cover his embarrassment and said, "You'd better not clap. I'll fall over if I don't keep my mind on what I'm doing." He tried to thank everybody. To an executive of the Georgia Power Company, which had footed all bills and continued his salary, he said, "I'm sorry it took so long."

The next day Charley left the hospital, to return to work as a draftsman two months later. A nurse asked him if he would like her to wheel him out. "No, thank you," he said proudly.

As he walked, with an effort that covered his face and darkened his shirt with perspiration, down his corridor and down the main-floor hall, past the nurses, orderlies, fourth-floor receptionist Cora Welch, other patients, main-floor gift-shop manager Florence Simons, visitors and the two women at the main reception desk, people knew they had seen a memorable sight of faith and courage. Three years and four months earlier a charred, near-lifeless body had been brought into the hospital. A man walked out.

## Farm Widow

By Margaret Grahame Collins

She misses him when early
sunlight pours
Like Jersey cream from spilling
yellow skies.
The cows munch softly, wait
with patient sighs,
When she goes barnward on
her strange new chores.
Her feet go stumbling on
straw-dusty floors,
As horses prick their ears, turn
questioning eyes,
And barn cats run and hide,
tails twice their size.
Her loss is shared, it seems, by
all outdoors!
She listens, half-aware, for
remembered talk
And old familiar sounds: ax
in the grove,
The clink of milk pails on the
shadowed walk,
Clatter of kindling by the
waiting stove.
But work, however clumsy,
brings relief—
Will ease the heart, awkward
in untrained grief.

# First Audition (Continued from Page 35)

Finally Millie said, "Chris, there's one thing you didn't tell me about New York."

Chris said, "What was that?"

"You didn't tell me that the streets were paved with gold."

Chris shrugged. "You didn't ask me. I knew." He hailed a taxi.

Millie said, "Do you know where we're going?"

Chris said, "A palace; where else? There must be a vacant palace around here somewhere." He gave the driver an address on 88th Street.

("Who's arguing?" Zack said. "The first day. That's a lark.")

The landlady on 88th Street demanded the rent in advance. "I *always* got to have the rent in advance," she said. "And there's to be no cooking. The bath's at the end of the hall. Got that?"

"Yes, ma'am," Chris said.

"I keep a respectable house," the landlady said, "so you'd better be married."

"We're married," Millie said, "we told you."

With infinitely weary eyes the landlady surveyed them. "Not everybody is," she said. "No cooking, remember. Rule of the house."

When the door was shut, Millie said, "These palaces are rather strict."

Chris said, "Don't worry. You're not a very good cook anyway."

"How can you say that?" Millie said and lifted her suitcase onto the bed. "My boiled water was famous."

They unpacked. From clouds of tissue paper their clothes appeared and were stuffed in the meager closet, the even more meager bureau.

Millie finally sat down on the bed and looked at Chris. "Scared?" she said.

"I don't know," he said. "Sort of. The hardware store did pay regularly every Saturday night."

"I know, and so did the telephone company. Every Friday. Mamma said ——"

"I know what mamma said."

Millie laughed. She got up and went over to Chris and rested an arm on his shoulder. "I'm not scared," she said. "Look. We're in New York. We made it. Ohio is ten thousand miles away."

The radiator, a grimy, once-white radiator, made a snapping noise. Chris and Millie turned and looked at it. The radiator clanked. Then it snapped again. Then it clanked. Then it snapped. Snap, clank, bang. Snap, clank, bang.

"Listen," Millie said, "it's got a beat."

Chris nodded. "Yes. But what kind of beat? A waltz?"

"No, no," Millie frowned. "This is a New York radiator. Not a waltz."

She took a step. Chris followed her. She took another, he put an arm around her, and in the tiny space between the bed

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and the bureau they began to dance. The radiator, the virtuoso radiator, warming to success, banged faster and faster, louder and louder.

"Do you suppose they're built for this sort of thing?" Millie said.

But suddenly the banging was taken up by the door—just before it flew open. It was the landlady again.

Chris and Millie stopped. The radiator stopped.

"And another thing," the landlady said. "There's to be no noise."

Chris nodded. "A rule of the house."

"Yes. Got that?" The door closed on her glare.

"Our first lesson," Chris said. "In this town you can't even trust a radiator."

(Zack said, "To all young women who work for the telephone company, and all young men who work in hardware stores, I make this plea: Stay where you are. Because if you come to New York, looking for fame and fortune, something terrible happens on the second morning. Reality moves in. And believe me, New York reality is tougher, wider, stronger, blacker and has bigger teeth than any reality you ever knew back home.")

On the second morning, Chris and Millie stood in the fifth-floor corridor of a building on 49th Street. Before them was a door and on the door these letters: H. C. WALTERS, CASTING.

Chris turned the knob and they walked into the office. The office was bare, except for a desk behind which sat a woman. She was a blond woman, middle-aged, who looked tired and efficient, as if she had been there a long time. She was reading a paper-backed novel.

Without looking up she said, "All right. What is it?"

Chris said, "We—well, we'd like to see about a job."

"We're dancers," Millie said.

The woman leaned back and stared at them blankly. "O.K., what's the story?"

Millie frowned. "Story?"

"What do you do? Where have you worked? What's your act?"

Chris said, "We—we haven't worked around here, exactly, but back home——"

"Where's home?"

"Ohio," Chris said.

"We just got here," Millie said.

The blonde picked up a cigarette and in a slow, efficient way lighted it. Then she said, "What proof have you got that you're dancers?"

Millie opened her bag and from it took a paper which she handed to the blonde. Chris looked away, for the paper could be only one thing, a diploma. A diploma from the Mid-Ohio School of Dancing, which guaranteed that Chris and Millie Townsend had graduated with highest honors.

The blonde's eyes opened wide. "They give diplomas for it now?" she said.

Chris said, "We shouldn't have brought that along."

"But," Millie said, "it's the only recommendation we have."

The blonde handed the paper back to Millie. "I'm afraid it won't do you much good. No one around here can read."

Millie dropped her head and turned away; but then she turned back. "Could you," she said—"could you give us some advice? Tell us what to do?"

The blonde took a long drag. "Sure," she said; "get yourselves an agent."

"How do you do that?"

"Well," the blonde said, "when you've got a job, invite an agent around and see if he'll handle you."

"But," Chris said, "don't you need an agent to get the job?"

"Yes," the blonde said; "it's puzzling."

Millie laughed, but not a very gay laugh. "I always thought that when people like us came to New York, well—they bumped into a kind-hearted taxi driver or a kind-hearted soda jerk and he steered them to a man who was putting on a show and the man just happened to need a couple of dancers and ——"

The blonde shut her eyes. "They've quit using that sequence in television, even. Listen," she said, opening her eyes, "I *have* a piece of advice for you."

"What?" Chris said.

The blonde folded her hands and looked first at Chris, then at Millie. "Get yourselves an envelope," she said, "and put into it the bus fare back home. And when you get down to your last fifty cents, open the envelope and buy the bus tickets. That's advice you'll bless me for."

(Zack let out a snort. "That woman is a menace, that blond woman. She's got a grain of human kindness. And that's a terrible thing for kids to run up against—kindness. It makes them keep on trying. It makes them think they'll get that break.")

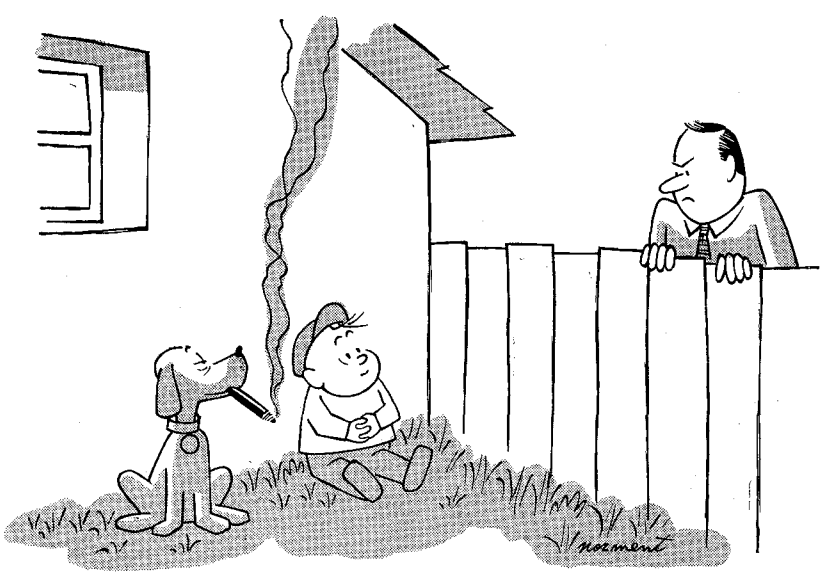
Millie said—this was maybe three months after they had arrived in New York—Millie said, "I'm beginning to have a dream, the same dream, over and over, every night."

"Me too," Chris said.

"It's not in any particular place, and I don't see any particular face, I just hear voices, saying, 'no,' 'no,' 'n-n-no-o-o.'"

In the daytime it was easy enough to remember particular places and particular faces:

There was the precise little man in his cluttered office who said, "I have possibly a hundred dancers I can call up. They all have worked, they all have experience,



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST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Photograph by Harold Halma

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they all have been in shows for me before. And you have what? You have a diploma."

Or the thin young man at the switchboard who said, "Dancers? We don't touch 'em."

Or the man with the wild eye and the crumpled cigar: "So you want me to call up George Abbott and say I'm sending over a couple of kids that have a diploma? He can't hardly wait, I'm sure."

"Of course, it's only a dream," Millie said.

("You want me to read you a prepared statement on hope?" Zack said. "You already did," I said.)

Finally—this was another month later—Millie was forced to say, "But, Chris, we've got to do *something*."

"I know," he said. "I know. Only we can't go home."

"I didn't mean that," Millie said. "We'd never have the courage to try again, if we went home. But *something*."

"We can starve," Chris said.

Millie nodded. "Yes. Two can do that as cheaply as one, I suppose. Although you can't be sure, in this town."

"All right," Chris said. "All right."

(Zack sat with his hand over his eyes. "Now the real tragic part begins," he said. "They got a job. Oh, why don't people take my advice? I say, to everybody in New York: 'Go home. Go back where you came from. It's your best bet.'"

("What kind of job?" I said.

("Checking hats," Zack said, "in the Museum of Alaskan Art. Ever hear of it?"

("No," I said.

("It's a quiet place," Zack said.)

Millie wrote to her sister:

Of course, it's only temporary, but we really rather like it. You see, this rich man who was wild about Alaska left his mansion as a museum, and it's filled with the most amazing things. And we do much more than check hats. In the whole place there's only the curator and his assistant, but they stay upstairs; and the janitor and Mike, the doorman, and us. So we have to answer questions and show people around and play the music that goes out over the P. A. system (not just Alaskan music, we can play anything we like) and, oh, generally keep the store. It's easy too. The number of people in New York who are interested in Alaskan art seems to be small.

But the real reason we took the job is that we've got a place to practice. On the main floor, in the rear, there's an enormous room, painted white, with totem poles all around the walls. It's really sort of beautiful, but the best part is that the center of the room is clear, so when everybody goes home, we turn on the music and have the most perfect place to dance. Oh, my dear, we're getting so good, I wish you could see us.

And oh, I shouldn't really tell you this, but I'm so excited, next Tuesday I think we're going to have an audition. Chris saw the notice in one of the newspapers: Singers, dance teams, specialty acts wanted. Of course, it's only a night club.

("You know something?" Zack said. "Hat checking is big business. I heard about a millionaire once in hat checking. But you got to stick to it.")

They talked it over, trying to keep down their excitement. "I could wear my white dress," Millie said.

Chris said, "No."

"I mean the one with the forty-two yards of chiffon. And my white shoes."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Frankly," Chris said, "it looks as if it had been made by loving hands."

"Well, it was," Millie said; "mine."

Chris shook his head. "Fresh off the farm. No. We're going to look right. No diplomas. I'm going to wear tails and you're going to wear a dress that's bright red taffeta."

"Me?"

"We're going to show the Zig Zag Club that we belong."

Millie was silent for a minute. Then she said, "Something I just thought of. How are we going to get out of the Museum of Alaskan Art at three o'clock in the afternoon?"

"I'll arrange it with the doorman," Chris said. "He can cover for us. I'll tell him we're going to a funeral."

"In tails and a formal?"

"All right," Chris said. "I'll tell him it's a formal funeral."

("You ever been to the Zig Zag Club?" Zack said. "I never have," I said.

("Just as well," Zack said. "It's a cellar over on 51st Street. Ed James runs it. He's no philanthropist, but he has given a lot of kids their first jobs. I go over there pretty often. You can never tell, you know, maybe you might see somebody you could pick up and make a fortune off. I never have, but you can't tell.

("Anyway, I was there this Tuesday. When I went in this girl singer was sitting on a stool beside the piano player, singing night-club songs. Pretty good. I went over and sat at the table beside Ed James, and when my eyes got accustomed to the light, I looked around.

("There was a tenor waiting. You can always tell a tenor. And a guy with a lot of hand puppets; I suppose he was a comedian. And this pair of kids, all dressed up.

("I noticed them, they were so nervous. He was trying to smoke a cigarette and she was fooling with a compact. They noticed me too.

("An agent is pretty anonymous, you know, except to people in the theater who want jobs. Anyway, I saw her look at me and nudge the boy. But then the girl singer finished and Ed James called out 'Who's next?' and these kids were next."

("How were they?" I said.

("I'll pass over that," Zack said.

("No," I said, "I want to hear."

("Well," Zack said, "let's say they were under-rehearsed in their clothes. Her dress didn't dance well, and he was always being surprised by his tails. They remembered to smile, though, I'll say that for them. When they were through Ed James said 'Thanks.' So they put on their raincoats and disappeared."

("And that was that?" I said.

("That was that. Except ——" Zack looked unexpectedly embarrassed. "Except I noticed that the girl had forgotten her compact. It seemed too bad, to be thrown out of a place like the Zig Zag and lose your compact all in one day. So I went over and picked it up, and I asked Ed James if he had an address for these kids. He had.")

In the subway, Millie said, "I think I have an idea about what I can do with this dress."

Chris said, "There it was, right in our laps. Even an agent to watch us."

Millie said, "I could cut it up into squares and make dishrags."

Chris said, "It was the kind of chance you dream of."

"A taffeta dishrag. Made by unloving hands. For people who belong."

"Go ahead," Chris said, "kick me."

Back at the museum Mike said, "How was the funeral?"

Millie said, "It *was* funeral, Mike. That's the best you can say for it."

By five o'clock they were in their own clothes again, sitting behind the hat-check counter. The day was almost over.

But at five-thirty. . . .

The Museum of Alaskan Art closed at five-thirty.

At five-thirty Mike came over from the door to the counter and said, "There's a man outside wants to see you. He said his name's Zack Waller. I told him we were closed."

"Zack Waller!"

"You know him?"

Chris stood up and began to walk around the counter.

"Hold it," Millie said.

Chris stopped and turned back. There was a dazed look in his eyes.

"What's the matter with you two?" Mike said.

"We know him," Millie said. She moved and took Chris' hand and pulled him back behind the counter. "Take off your coat," she said to him. Chris just stood, frowning, puzzled.

"Mike," Millie said. "Mike. Take Mr. Waller and put him in there." She pointed to the enormous white room in the rear. "And keep him in there. Please, somehow, keep him in there."

She ripped at her apron. "Take off your coat," she said again. Mike moved off toward the door.

"What are you doing?" Chris said.

"Don't argue," Millie said, and again she took Chris' hand and pulled him to the back of the checkroom, to the alcove which held the record player for the public-address system.

"Looks like he's in one of his nasty moods again."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Are you nuts?"

"Don't argue," Millie said; "if you love me, do as I say." She stopped. They could hear footsteps, Mike and Zack Waller walking across the lobby to the big white room.

Millie pulled out a record, slipped it on the machine and flipped the switch. "Come on," she said.

From the checkroom there was a service corridor that ran to the rear of the museum. Off it, at the end, was a back entrance to the big white room. "Hurry," Millie said.

(Zack said, "Let me ask you something. You ever been locked up in a room with twenty-eight totem poles?")

Chris knew now what they were doing. At the back entrance they paused for a moment, waiting for the music, and when it came, Chris flung open the door, and they went through it, as they had practiced a hundred times—dancing.

They danced. The room was right, their clothes were right, the music was right.

From the corners of their eyes, as they whirled, they saw Zack, standing flat-footed, watching every move they made.

They danced. And they danced maybe better than they had ever danced before, because here it was, this was it, in their laps—a second chance. And they didn't forget to smile.

When it was over, they walked over to Zack, panting, stood in front of him and bowed.

"How do you get out of this place?" Zack said.

The smile left their faces. Millie walked over to the locked door. "All right, Mike," she said, and the door swung open.

To Zack, Millie said, "I'm sorry. I guess we made a mistake."

Zack said, "What is this place?"

"A museum," Millie said.

"And you?"

"We check the hats."

"But you want to be dancers?"

Millie moved back and stood beside Chris. She took his hand. "Yes," she said.

"You married?" Zack said.

"Yes," Millie said.

"In love?"

"Yes," Chris said.

"But you want to be dancers?"

"Yes."

"You want to leave this good job—and be dancers?"

"Yes."

"This nice comfortable place, where you get paid every week—and be dancers?"

"Yes."

"What you really want is drafty theaters and lousy night clubs and sleeper jumps and crummy hotel rooms and greasy lunch counters ——"

"Yes."

"And managers that cheat you and drunks that heckle you?"

"Yes," Millie said.

"Yes," Chris said.

Zack sighed deeply and shook his head. "O.K.," he said. "Be in my office tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock."

Chris and Millie did not move. They did not speak. They just stared.

"Maybe we can do something," Zack said.

Then he turned and walked to the door, but just as he reached it, he stopped and turned again, and put his hand into his pocket. "I knew I come here for something," he said. "You forgot your compact. . . ."

(Zack said to me, "Cut that out, you hear? I don't allow anybody to laugh at me. Not anybody. Understand? So cut it out.")

THE END

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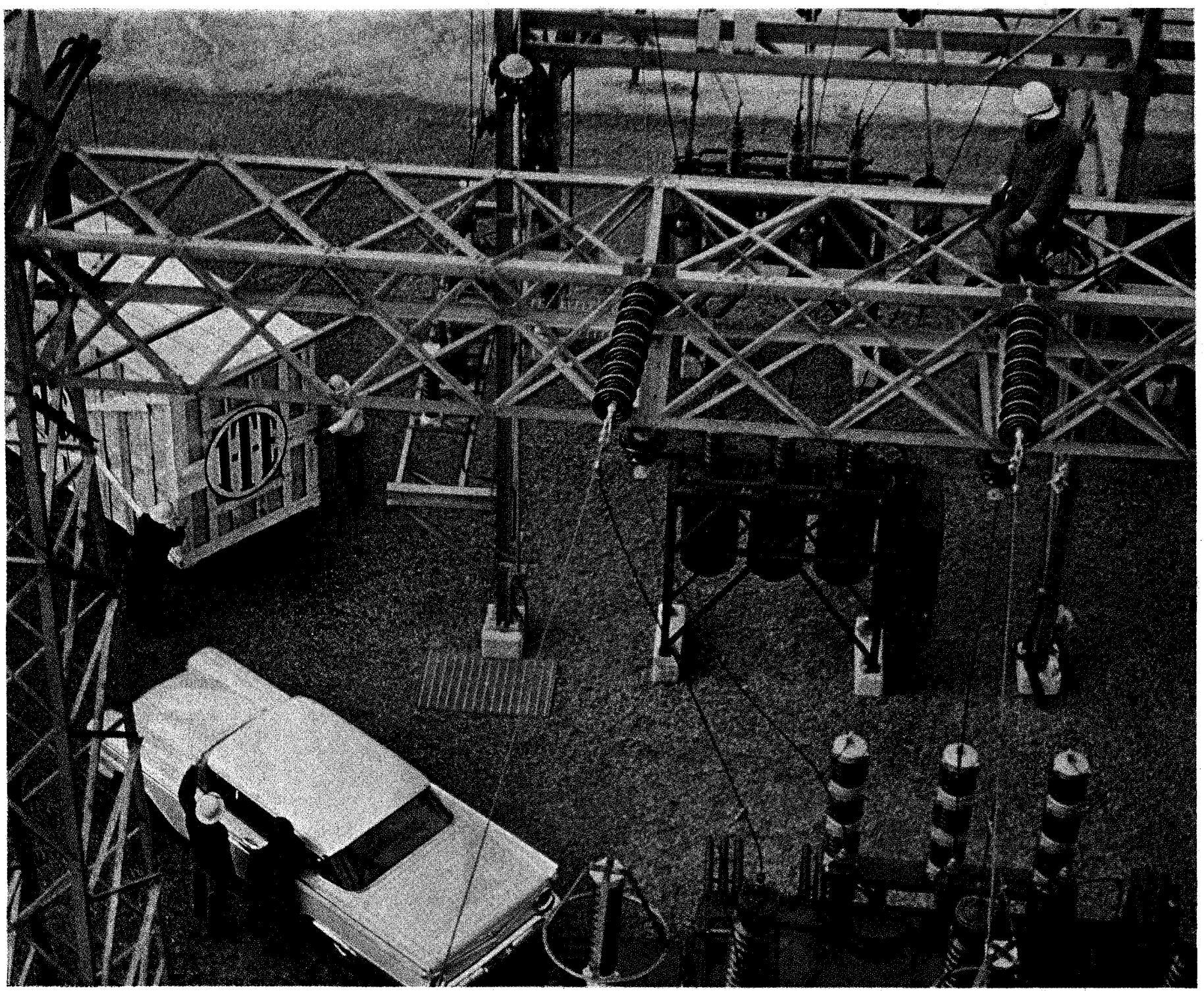


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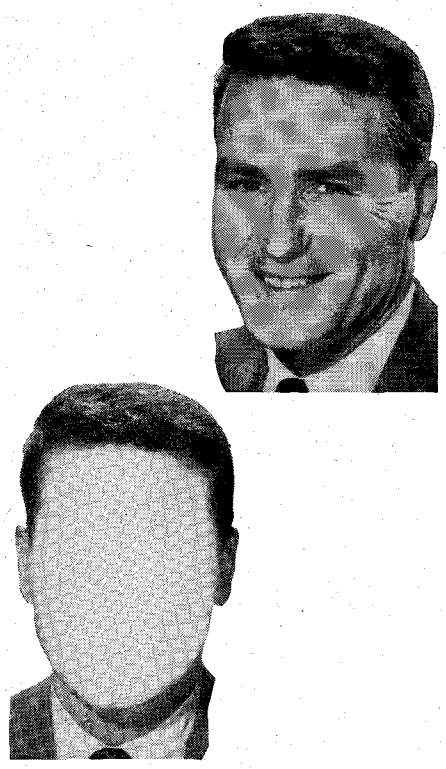

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## Adolescent Afternoon (Continued from Page 33)

talk freely, fatuously, to give him loose rein and listen, listen, listen without disapproval.

She heated the coffee. She raised her eyes to the ceiling. "Saints in heaven, can you spare enough patience to get me through this afternoon?" She reminded herself that total self-engrossment was something everyone went through. She herself, she had learned years after it happened, in her own adolescence had been blissfully unaware of a brother nearly dying of rheumatic fever, of what must have been a consuming agony to her parents. "I suppose I was standing before a mirror fixing my hair," she said to herself. "And Brian is really a good kid, a joy to have around, if you can stand the exasperation."

They would somehow manage to get through cleaning that shed, and then go off to the movies after supper. And when the rest of the family came home they would stand in silent awe before the transformation she and Brian had wrought. She finished the coffee and steeled herself to go out and bull this thing through.

Brian was standing among the flower pots, hosing them off. The dog was cowering in a far corner—the temptation to squirt her had been too great. The boy moved the nozzle back and forth dreamily, his eyes not on the pots, but fixed on an invisible point in space. She watched him a moment. He was totally entranced. She had the feeling that if she turned away he would stand there all day.

"Brian! Wake up, boy! Get a move on! How can you just stand there?"

"Don't you hear that, mom?"

"Hear what?"

"Listen. The water on these empty pots. Like a scale. Very Oriental. Eighths instead of quarter tones. Over here you can pick up some sixteenths."

He played the water over the pots. She stood silent. It was a sound she had never heard approximated before. The tones were light, but profound. There was a tinkling sound—tinkling in depth. The mellow color of the pots wet in the sunlight, the bright green of the grass, the dreamlike quality of the music, were unique and to be fixed in recollection. And the boy standing there, dreaming the dream ——

"Brian, stop that and get moving. Put that hose down. Put those pots away." Her tone had a honed edge.

He jumped. She had jerked him from rapture and contemplation, from a golden moment, to a stupid occupation. He ran to turn off the water. He did not say, "Aye, aye, sir!" He upended the pots.

"They'll have to dry off a bit before we put them in the shed," he said. He worked fast. He shot her an oblique look, as if trying to discern what monstrous adult injustice could allow this sort of thing.

She stood there thinking that she was a very poor parent. There must be some necessary ingredient that went into being a good parent—something like a ball bearing in a wheel—that hadn't gotten into her make-up.

"You've got to learn, boy," she said, "that when you've got something to do, you've got to do it. Ye gods! How can you manage to not do these things? I can't understand it. Last night you almost beat me at chess. Today you don't seem to have two wits to rub together."

He perked up a little, thinking of the game. "Yeah, mom, I almost had you."

He could already play a better game than she. He used his knights with skill and opened up his pieces quickly and economically. It was the end game he hadn't mastered.

"Tell me, Brian," she said, "how it is possible for anyone to understand so much about chess and another time not know that each shoe has four pounds of mud on it?" She told herself not to talk about two different things at the same time, it would only confuse the issue. But with amazement she listened to herself rail on: "If you can catch me twice in one game with the deadly fork, how can you not know you're bringing a ton of mud into the house?"

"Aw, mom, not a ton."

"Well, I wish you'd learn to think a little." She told herself to be still, that the point had been made. "Brian, after that attack on my queen last night, you should have pressed hard your advantage. Instead you sat beside the pool, resting and thinking of the brilliance of your move. That was a fatal mistake. I managed to unpin my knight, and three moves later it was mate." The voice from the southeast commanded her to shut up. She ignored it; like an alarm clock she would run her appointed course. "You didn't lose that game, boy, you gave it away. Learn to press home your advantage. Remember to keep your opponent ——"

"Mom, don't you take chess awfully seriously? Does it matter that much?"

"Of course it matters. Who can play chess halfheartedly? Anything you're going to do, Brian, do! Such as getting this stuff back in the shed." Would she never learn to hold her tongue? "You bring things to me, and I'll get them hung up. Let's not have anything on the floor. That's been our mistake, for years everything has been hung on the floor."

They worked quite well for a time. The innumerable minor decisions to be made were tiring and made them irritable. He yawned and yawned and stumbled quite a bit as he went back and forth. But at least he kept moving, only combed his hair a few times, and the impedimenta were thinning out.

"I tell you, mom, we gotta throw out half this junk. That's been our trouble. We're the town's biggest junk collectors."

She turned to nip him about using "gotta." But he looked beat. There was a long-suffering air about him. After all, she must admit that while she had been locked up in that shed with him for two and a half days, so had he been locked up with her. All in all, they hadn't done too badly. Naturally, if he could have his own way, he'd throw all this junk over the hedge and go off to play ball with the guys.

"You're right, boy. Why don't you go to the store and get a couple of bushel baskets and we'll just get rid of a lot of this."

He came alive at once. He whistled to the dog and the two of them set off with something approaching speed. She went out and lay at length in a lawn chair.

What she couldn't understand was how her mother, who had twice as many children and twice as big a house, had also had twice as much leisure. Of course, her mother had been spared laborsaving appliances. Without them, there was no need to invent labor to be saved. Labor uninvented wasn't there. The buying of the appliances without using them frequently couldn't be justified. With the labor uninvented—that is, fewer clothes, fewer changes of sheets and spreads, with patterned carpets that didn't have to be everlastingly "spotted" (as the purveyors of cleaners called it, although what they really meant was unspotted)—and closed cabinets being in vogue, everything was somehow easier. Or was she missing a point here?

The King of Siam was right. Is a puzzlement!

She stretched out, letting the sun soak into her. Oh, it felt good! Oh, to be young and lazy again and lift up great handfuls of golden time and just squander it, confident there would always be more.

Brian should be back—the great, slow, lazy galoot. She should be up and doing, to set him a good example. On the other hand, she had rested so long it would be cheating to pretend she'd been working all the time. She was toying with this nicety of conscience when he shook her chair, having sneaked up behind her.

"I thought I'd catch you," he said. He was laughing and good-looking, totally revived by his brief escape from her. He sat on the lower half of the chair and squeezed her calf affectionately. She screamed in pain.

"Brian! You've got to remember how strong you are! Gracious, you've given me a Charley horse."

She felt a knot form in her calf muscle. He was an ocean of strength. Though of an evening he was too tired to lift a plate or dry a glass, when he entered his room for the night they could hear him jumping up and down, doing exercises, working with his bar bells, intent on self-development. She and her husband, reading in the living room below, would exchange looks as the sounds of these prodigious labors intruded. They never commented. The contradiction between Brian out of his room and within his room was too great to be encompassed by mere words.

Mornings when she wakened him he would be lying straight, with his hands folded under his chin outside the covers, looking pure and withdrawn like a medieval figure on a sepulcher. But he held no sword. Instead, strewn about the bed would be his hand grippers and assorted small muscle builders. What a fine, healthy, happy, good-looking boy! What a clodmo! How hopeless, hapless and helpless could one get?

"Oh, Brian, no wonder your sisters get mad at you if this is the way you play."

He was rubbing her calf, kneading it gently and expertly. "Gee, I'm sorry, mom. I don't know. Sometimes I just want to hold something, but tight, I mean."

"Well, seriously, you've got to watch your strength. You don't realize how powerful you're getting. Just pretend everything you pick up is a newborn kitten."

He laughed. "You get some real crazy ideas, mom." He was taking long rubs at her calf. "I'm taking care of you now, just as though you were the most valuable player on the team. Boy, am I hittin' them this year! Powy!"

It was truly amazing that no matter what the beginning of his thought was, the end was always himself.

So they sat, each wrapped in private thoughts. She felt they were raised above reality and time, mounted, as it were, like butterflies on pins—encased, motionless, awaiting the hand of the collector. She thought of getting up, but lay without stirring. The boy still absently rubbed her calf, his eyes glazed over by a private dream.

The telephone rang.

"Let's not answer it, mom."

"It might be one of the girls or daddy."

Brian shook his head. "I know it's not the girls, and dad never calls just the day before he comes home."

She hesitated, tempted by inertia. The ring was long, intrusive, insistent. "Oh, Brian, that sounds like long distance to me."

"No, mom, don't you answer it!"

"I have to." She ran to the house.

When she returned he was stretched out in her place, his eyes closed tight and his hands over his ears. "It was long distance," she said. "It was Uncle Henry and Aunt Maud. They're going to spend a couple of days in town, but will stop off

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here and have dinner with us. About six or so." Her tone was flat.

"Oh, mom! How could you? Didn't I tell you not to answer that phone? You see, I did know, didn't I?"

"But, Brian, we have to be hospitable to daddy's brother and sister-in-law. It's three o'clock! I'll have to figure out a dinner."

"I don't like Uncle Henry," Brian said. "He's just a twerp."

"Brian!"

"Well, he is. He always lets us know they own not one, but two big cars. As though we didn't have eyes. And when dad black-topped the driveway, Uncle Henry told him it would have been cheaper in the end to have used reinforced concrete. As though dad could afford concrete. If I'd been older I'd have given him one, pow!"

She looked at him. She hadn't been aware that he even thought about Uncle Henry from one infrequent visit to the next. She should still his tongue. But standing in front of her mind was a big billboard, and on it was pasted the certainty that Uncle Henry was a twerp. His wealth did not sit gracefully within his purse, and each hand always knew precisely what the other was doing.

"Your Uncle Henry has always been most generous to you, Brian." The falseness of her tone startled her. How prim, prissy and priggish could one get?

"Oh, mom! Come off it."

He looked at her hard. His face wore an expression closed and inimical. She stared at him, fascinated; it was the first time he had looked adult to her. Pouf! and the boy had vanished. Through a corridor of her mind she saw the man he would become: fairly good-looking, capable, using good judgment, full of humor and kindness and going about his affairs in a quiet, efficient manner. And he would be tied to her only by those years already behind them; their relationship had been forged. Together they could climb no higher than they had already come. Caught without warning, she was swept into a charged moment. She stared at him, fascinated.

"Come off it, mom. If I have a big bag of jelly beans and I give one to the kid on the corner, am I being generous?" He gave a short laugh. "Uncle Henry and Aunt Maud! For dinner! And I was kinda hoping that if we got through with this shed we could go to the movies tonight. One of those African things you like is playing tonight, mom."

"Oh, Brian, don't give me a hard time. Don't show your feelings tonight. We've got to roll out the old red carpet if we want to or not. But first we've got to finish this. Come on, boy! It's do or die now."

"Yes, mater dear."

She easily translated this expression into entire disapproval of her, her decisions, her plans. What he said, in careful adolescent code, was that if he were older he'd show her how to live properly since she so obviously was making a mishmash of things.

They took the baskets to the shed. Deciding what to save and what to throw out was the worst chore yet. Their tempers wore thin. Shoulder to shoulder, bending and deciding and arguing and chucking made them crankier than she could ever remember. When they looked at each other, which wasn't any oftener than they could help, cold dislike stared from their eyes.

But finally they were finished. The whole affair was in order except for the flowerpots. They looked in the shed proudly.

"Dad won't believe his eyes," she said. "If only we could keep it this way, Brian."

"Yeah," said Brian. "If only those girls weren't so messy."

"Oh, yes," she said; "Cat and Jen are so messy. It's only my sweet, little Brian who's neat and tidy."

They were standing in the doorway. They felt the dog squeeze between them. She sniffed in all the corners and then sat down and gave one short, comical bark.

"Let's go in and have a cold drink before we tackle the pots," Brian said.

She wanted to finish the pots first. But now between them lay such a field of unclouded friendliness she wouldn't risk marring it. "O.K., boy."

They went to the porch with their cold drinks. Brian said, "When I grow up I'm going to tend a lighthouse. None of this land living for me. And my wife ——"

She recognized that Flaplip the Philosopher had come to call, and that he wanted to talk on. But there was a dinner, a real affair to be planned.

"Excuse me, Brian, but I wonder if the store has any fresh mushrooms today. Maybe you could go get some beef fillets and ——"

"Mom! We're tired, remember? Let's have a simple meal. Let's have that ready-made spaghetti dinner, garlic bread, salad, and that's all! Why should we knock ourselves out on a hot afternoon for a couple of rich old critters who should have invited us out to an air-conditioned restaurant?"

She was tempted. It was late. It was warm. They were both beat. She had a strange feeling that a man had come into the house, that she had a partner to help her with this dinner. "O.K., Brian."

"Now, mom"—he stood up and rubbed his palms together—"you get ready to take your bath. I'll go to the store for the bread, and when I come back I'll put on the spaghetti water, low. Then I'll get dressed."

She nodded and stood up. He smiled down at her from his newly gained height. "Wouldn't it be a riot, mom, if Uncle Henry only comes up to my belly button now?"

"Oh, Brian, be sensible. Of course he'll be taller than your belly button."

He stretched his backbone to the limit. "But I will be taller, huh? Maybe?"

She made some mental calculations. "Oh, you'll be taller."

"Oh, hot dog. Oh, I can't wait for him to get here. Why, I'll show that guy something, I will. Now, mom, we're all set, aren't we? No fussing."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Well, you see, I am good for something. I kept you from having to make a big dinner."

"I begin to have a glimmer of hope," she said. "I guess with a little luck, a ton of prodding, and a mountain of patience—if your dad and I can find it—you'll make it."

He turned to go, then turned back. He stood there a moment while the dog hopefully gnawed at his sneaker. "Well, mom, we had ourselves something of a time, didn't we?"

She nodded. "Now don't stop to bat out 'just a couple' of balls. I need you."

He left, letting the door slam. She supposed he never would learn to close a door. If that day should ever come, the world would be standing on the threshold of a new age.

She was half undressed when she remembered the flowerpots. Her mind was flooded with indelicate and inelegant epithets as she turned off the bath water and redressed.

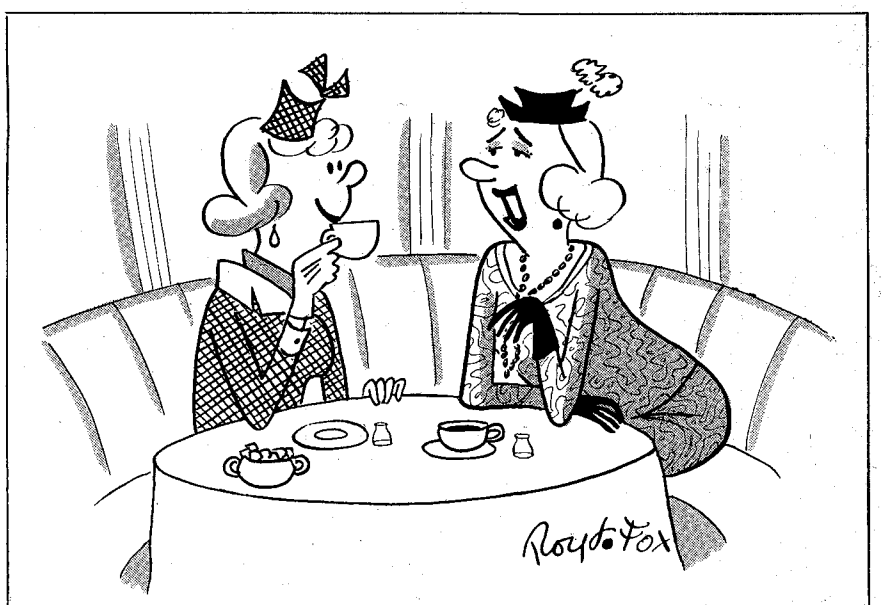
She went out to the back yard, letting the door slam and thinking of the years she had lived with those flowerpots. They were gone. She stood in disbelief for a moment. Then she looked into the shed. The beautiful, beautiful shed. The pots were stacked on the old bookcase. They were clean. They were in order. They were stacked according to size. He had accomplished in two minutes the thing she had needled him about for two days. He was a wonder, a master of purposeful action, a genius of co-ordination, and the most irritating companion she'd ever spent three days in a shed with. "You crazy kid," she muttered, "why couldn't you have done that before?"

As she stood, lost in admiration of the orderly shed, a lower level of her mind noted that three power mowers were being operated in the neighborhood. She couldn't remember that ever happening before. One power mower was just a noise. But three were musical. Very beautiful, in fact. But not so beautiful as a sharp spray playing on a twenty-year collection of empty flowerpots. But the mowers also meant that men were arriving home from business. She'd have to hurry.

She stood a moment at the back door. She could see Brian flailing through the field on his way to the store with the dog at his heels. With his right hand he was combing his hair. With his left hand he was dribbling an imaginary basketball down an imaginary gym. He ran in great, clumsy strides. He ran as though one of his legs had once belonged to Ichabod Crane and the other to John Gilpin. But he was covering the ground. Those were mighty strides.

"You'll make it," she whispered. "Don't you worry about that, boy. You just keep covering that ground."

THE END




"I don't like to repeat rumors but what else can you do with them?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Its people and places are explored in the February HOLIDAY Magazine

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Follow Carson along the breathtaking Oregon coastline, to "flower-happy" Portland, and to San Francisco, "darling of city collectors." Take the seaside drive to Los Angeles, a boat to Catalina, then drive on to Oceanside and La Jolla. Come along for the time—and some of the surprises—of your life. ★ ★ ★

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

**A NEIGHBORHOOD IN BROOKLYN** "Yes, I live in Brooklyn. Those ignorant of its allures are entitled to wonder why." Author Truman Capote writes affectionately of the seasoned elegance of his Brooklyn Heights.

**HOLIDAY HANDBOOK OF WORLD SKIING** The world's 50 most interesting places to ski, now more luxurious and less expensive than ever before.

**ROUND HILL** In this colorful photographic round-up, you'll find out why the Jamaican resort is so famous—and exclusive.

**RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN** These men once were commended for writing shows "that don't try to say anything." In the "Antic Arts" this month, Cleveland Amory proves the inaccuracy of this commendation.

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# The Cardiff Giant Affair

(Continued from Page 23)

chair. Mother arose and went into the kitchen; father went to his study, and I was at loose ends. As I passed father's study door I saw him tear the leaf from a large calendar over his desk and noted that tomorrow's date would be Friday, October fifteenth, in the year 1869.

We breakfasted at six o'clock because father must be out at his salt-boiling plant at seven. Our barn man had the team hitched and ready, well before eight, and I called impatiently from the driver's seat to Lossie, who came out presently, followed by the cook carrying a basket of lunch. Lossie was irritated.

"You don't hoot and holler for a lady to come out," she said tartly.

"Next time," I retorted, "I'll roll out a red carpet and hold a parasol over your head."

She scrambled between the wheels and settled herself beside me. "You are to stop treating me as if I were another boy," she said seriously. "I am a young lady."

"Fiddlesticks," I told her. "Even if you've been to Europe and come home with your nose in the air, you're still Lossie. So don't put on airs with me."

I clucked to the horses and swung them into the street. Lossie sulked for a little while, but as we reached the turnpike and I allowed the horses to trot briskly, her uppishness disappeared and her eyes glowed with anticipation.

It was not quite ten o'clock when we reached the entrance to the Indian Fair, but we could not turn in because the road was blocked by an excited crowd toward which people were running from all directions. In the middle of it stood a chubby man, muddy to the knees, who shouted and waved his hands and pranced.

I recognized him as one Gideon Emmons, who earned a living by doing odd jobs.

"I tell you all it's God's truth! Me and Henry Nicholls, we dug it up!" His voice broke to a sort of squeal. "It's a marvel of the world! It's a giant more'n forty feet long, all petrified and turned to stone! A great monster of a giant alayin' stretched in his grave. It's got arms 'n' laigs 'n' a face 'n' all like that! Me 'n' Henry we dug daown to it whilst we was diggin' a well fur Stubby Newell. Daown back of the barn on his Cardiff farm. It's a miracle, that's what it is, and nothin' like it's ever been seen in the world!"

"Is he drunk?" Lossie asked.

"Don't look it," I said. "Could be some sort of a caper."

"So I come arunnin', leavin' Hank to guard it."

"If it's petrified," called a penetrating nasal voice, "it wouldn't run off. Not to speak of."

I recognized old David Hannum, banker and one of the slickest horse traders in the county.

"Let's go see," Lossie said eagerly, tugging at my sleeve.

The same idea struck the mob, and it streamed off down the road, more than a hundred of them at first, and then, as the news spread, scores of others as soon as they could hitch their rigs and get in motion. We turned down the road into the valley toward Cardiff, which was less than a hamlet. It really was the name of a place rather than a place. Two miles down this road we turned into the lovely, wooded valley, brilliant with crisp sunshine. Off to the west reared the green slope of Bear Mountain, and to eastward lifted the dark eminence of Pompey. Light clouds above threw their moving shadows down upon the mountain slope. And, somehow with suddenness, the great valley seemed somber and mysterious and portentous.

Lossie must have felt it because her fingers again gripped my arm and clung to it. It was a rough road, probably not passable at all after a rain, but we reached Stubby Newell's farmhouse without mishap. We were among the first to arrive and to be confronted by bearded Henry Nicholls, important, but obviously awed.

"Keep back! Keep back 'n' be keerful!" he bellowed. "Don't cave her in!"

But the increasing crowd paid no attention. It trampled its way to a low spot behind the barn—a low, damp spot—and struggled for positions at the front.

"Land o' Goshen!" a subdued voice exclaimed. "Durned if it ain't!"

"Durned if it ain't what?" demanded a voice from the rear.

"A great, tarnation giant," said the first voice. "Bigger'n life 'n' twice as natural. All twisted, like he up 'n' died of a bellyache."

I managed to force a way through for Lossie. The crowd knew our fathers, so we were given some consideration. We stood at the crumbling brink of a pit some three feet deep, and there under our eyes was indeed a giant, not forty feet tall, as Gideon Emmons had said, but maybe a dozen feet in length. It lay upon its back and stared up at the sky out of sightless eyes. To me, in that moment, it seemed a noble, dignified face that I looked upon. Lossie clung to my arm and her lips were parted and her eyes wide.

"Pinch me, Orrin," she whispered. "This can't be so. I must be dreaming."

Careless of my Sunday-go-to-meeting suit of clothes, I leaped down into the excavation to examine the find more closely. It was almost entirely uncovered, but soft earth clung to it and required to be removed. I called for a broom, and in a moment one was passed down to me. I used it to clean the surface of the huge figure and disclose the outer surface. Undoubtedly it was of stone, but I could detect no marks of a chisel. I bent closer and was able to see that which startled me mightily, for the entire body was covered, as the skin of a human being is covered, with pores. It was unthinkable. It was incredible. But this prima-facie evidence was an indication that this was no man-wrought statue, but the body of a petrified giant.

"What d'ye make it out to be, Orrin?" asked the nasal voice of David Hannum.

"I wouldn't want to say, sir. But whatever it is, it's a marvel."

"Could it have been alive?" Lossie asked, as hands helped me to scramble out of the hole.

"If ever it was alive," I told her, "it died in agony. See how the body is distorted as though with pain."

The herd of humans pressing about the site of Newell's well was still—hushed with a sort of superstitious awe. It was a day, simple, primitive, when the casual possession of miracles such as were to come with the age of invention had not dulled the capacity of the human mind for astonishment. People, it seemed, preferred credulity to skepticism.

"Before we go messin' around," said a warning voice, "we better fetch a parson."

"Or"—Lossie's voice was suspiciously serious—"the coroner."

"Lossie!" I rebuked.

"Isn't it the law?" she asked with innocent face. "If it's a man's body there'll have to be an inquest."

This was levity of which I could not approve. I frowned at her, but she was in no wise disconcerted. There had been times in the past—the more recent past—when Lossie had made me uncomfortable; times when I could not tell whether she was in earnest or joking. She would ask the most absurd questions with a straight face or make the most outrageous suggestions with childish naïveté. I know that I have a tendency to be overserious-minded, a matter of which she was inclined to take advantage.

By this time the Indian Fair must have been deserted, even by the Onondagas themselves. Everyone had scampered to witness this new marvel, and among the neck craners were a couple of parsons from neighboring towns. I did not know their names. Way was made for these authorities on the mysterious and unknown to approach the excavation, and there stood the two gentlemen of the cloth, staring down at the giant with expressionless faces. There came a little sound from Lossie which I was afraid was a titter.

"Which one'll win?" she whispered.

To me, it was apparent that neither preacher was eager to speak first; each waited cautiously for the other to take the risk of hazarding an opinion. The pause became painful, until at last one minister spoke ponderously.

"God," he said solemnly, "moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

Lossie, distressingly irreverent, stood on tiptoe to reach my ear. "That," she said, "is what I call taking a firm and daring stand."

"Hush," I said uneasily, fearing she might be overheard.

The other minister clearly felt that he must not be outdone in this emergency by his brother. He was more specific, and uttered words which were to be quoted far and wide in the future by fundamentalists. "There were," he said pontifically, "giants in those days."

"Which days?" Lossie whispered.

"I think," said the first minister, after communion with himself, "that we should descend into the sepulcher and make closer examination."

So the two reverend gentlemen scrambled into the pit and solemnly bent over the huge, distorted figure. From top to toe they examined it, not with the eyes of science, but with the authority of men who dealt with the mysteries of life. They stood erect, facing each other, and conferred in inaudible tones.

"Wa-al, preachers," demanded an impatient voice, "what conclusion have ye come to? Hey?"

Again, all present recognized that tinder-dry voice as belonging to David Hannum, banker and horse swapper. The pastors scrambled out of the pit.

"Speak up," insisted Hannum. "Is the critter fish, flesh or good red herrin'?"

"Good people," said one, "we have examined the—ah—body in a spirit of humility and prayerfulness. We have consulted together and have reached accord. There are visible to the naked eye pores such as are present in the human skin. The course of veins and arteries can be traced. The posture indicates—er—that the individual was capable of suffering agony. It is, therefore, our considered opinion—ah—that in this grave, my fellow citizens, lies the veritable petrified—ah—fossilized body of a giant who roamed this earth in biblical days."

A profound sigh arose. Authority had spoken.

There was a commotion in the fringe of the crowd, and a pushing and jostling. An irate voice shouted, "Hey! What's agoin' on here, anyhow? What fur be ye atromplin' my proppity like a herd of wild hawgs?"

It was the owner of the farm, Stubby Newell. Way was made for him to advance to the center, while voices shouted explanations for the trespass:

"Your well diggers struck a stone man! It's a petrified giant out of the Bible! The preachers say so!"

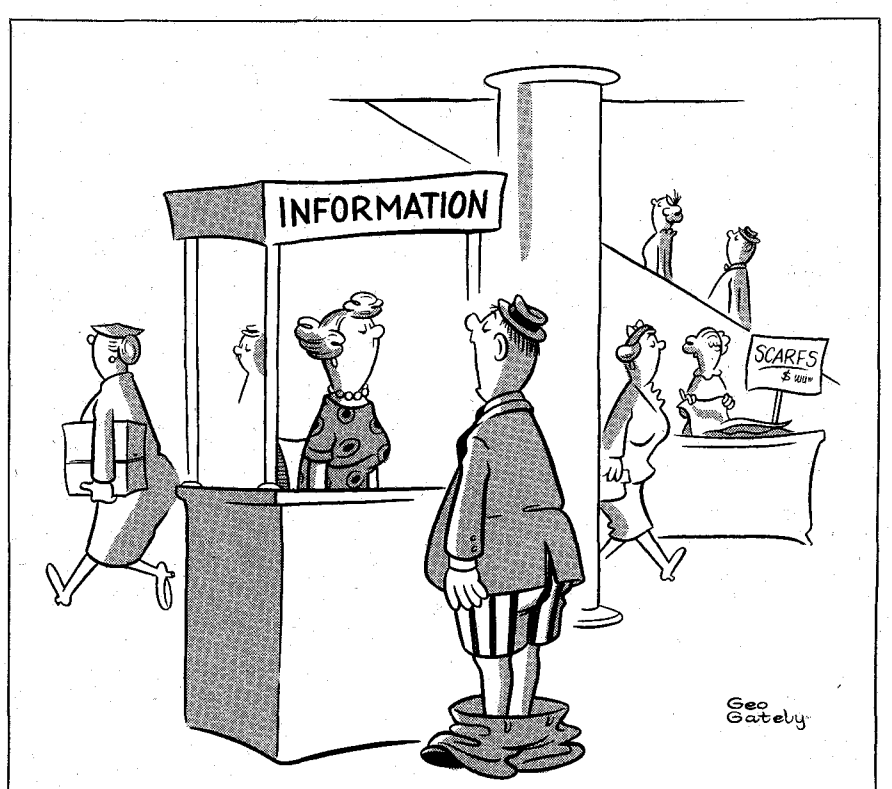
"Hush your noise," growled Stubby, "whilst I see for myself."

He knelt in the earth at the edge of the pit and peered downward. Presently he turned a dumfounded face. "Dawg my cats!" he exclaimed in an awed voice. "Where 'n tunket did this here come from?"

"Brother Newell," said one of the ministers, "only the Almighty knows whence it came. It has been interred here for countless centuries."

"Aw, shucks," Newell said, "some dum fool's playin' off a joke."

"Who'd be able to play sich a joke as this?" asked a neighbor. "Weighs tons.




"Belts?"

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Stands to reason 'tain't no trick, Stubby. It's an honest-to-heaven giant turned to stone, like Lot's wife."

"Salt," said Lossie aloud.

Stubby's unshaven chin was on his breast as he considered this thing that had befallen him. Perhaps it was good fortune, and he needed a bit of luck. All morning he had been in Syracuse pleading with adamant bankers for a loan, with no success. He raised his head and his small, closely set, shrewd eyes were gleaming. He had reached a conclusion.

"Wa-al," he said firmly, "whatever it is, it was dug up on my land, so it's mine."

"Nobuddy gainsays that, Stubby."

"Then," he said peremptorily, "all you folks is trespassin'. So skedaddle, the whole passel of ye. Clear out." He waggled a grimy hand at the throng. "From naow on," he announced, "anybuddy that looks at this here wonder of the world pays money fur the privilege." He turned and bowed to the two ministers. "Clergymen half price," he conceded. "Naow, git out, all of ye!"

Growling and grumbling, the crowd withdrew. It was a law-abiding people with a profound respect for the rights of property and a wholesome apprehension of anyone who might have the law on them. Each man guarded his own line fences jealously. This was Stubby Newell's farm, owned in fee simple, and the very Constitution of the United States backed him up when he ordered them off.

Lossie and I were among the last to go because we would have to extricate our horses and buggy. So we watched Stubby as he carried boards from a weathered pile behind his barn and covered the pit with them, hiding from sight that object within, which was to become a national commotion under the name and title of The Cardiff Giant.

The question of whether the thing was human, an ancient work of art or a hoax was to be debated from Maine to California. It was mooted by doctors of divinity, by scientists, by physicians of the eminence of Oliver Wendell Holmes, by college presidents and professors. It was more than a seven days' wonder. It became the subject of a nation-shaking debate in which mysticism, religious awe, esoteric reasoning and human credulity struggled with logic and science.

Lossie and I drove the few miles to La Fayette and turned down the turnpike toward Syracuse. By this time the Indian Fair was in full swing again, and we drove into the grounds, tied the team and watered it and baited it. Then we sought a shady spot and ate our own lunch. Everywhere the talk was of the find on Stubby Newell's farm. Arguments ran high and noisy, but majority opinion clearly was on the side of petrification of a once-living giant.

Mr. Hannum, who would have seemed naked without his horseman's cap, stopped to speak to Lossie. "Folks," he said in his nasal voice, "air so constituted it's easier to bamboozle 'em than to git 'em to credit a fact."

"Then, sir," I asked, "you think the giant is some kind of a hoax?"

"Didn't say so. Didn't say so," he replied sharply. "More money in it if the's a brisk argymint."

"Money!" I exclaimed.

"I druther own it than have shares in Mr. Vanderbilt's railroad," he said and passed on his way.

It was mid-October and evening came early. We enjoyed the familiar sights of the fair and I bought Lossie an armful of baskets and other things of Indian manufacture. It was nearly five o'clock when we climbed into the buggy and headed for home. Lossie was thoughtful.

"If," she said presently, "that thing is a—a counterfeit, then Stubby Newell didn't think it up."

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"He's not smart enough, and he couldn't afford it. It would cost a lot of money."

"All the more reason," I argued, "for thinking it genuine."

Then she really shocked me. "I guess I'm an agnostic," she said, looking straight in front of her and wearing an expression of bland innocence.

"Lossie Fox!" I exclaimed, and then, because I did not know exactly what to say, I said, "Robert Ingersoll is an agnostic."

"He," she said provocatively, "is a very smart man."

"He corrupts people," I said, "going around making fun of the Bible!"

"I looked him up in the dictionary," Lossie said. "I mean I looked up 'agnostic.' I just bet, for all your college, you don't know what it means."

"It means," I said firmly, "a man who doesn't believe in God."

She shook her head. "It's a new word," she said, "and it was coined by a scientist named Huxley, and what it really means is suspending judgment on all matters where there isn't proof of their truth. Mr. Ingersoll doesn't say he doesn't believe in God. He just says there isn't any proof of him. So, about this stone giant I'm an agnostic." She grinned impishly at me. "And that," she said, "isn't all I'm an agnostic about."

"What else?" I asked her.

"That hussy across the street from us," she said. "That Madam Cissie Janeway!"

I growled at her. "You'll get into trouble saying you're an agnostic," I warned. And it was very true. If such a word got around about her, it would be pretty serious—almost as serious as if somebody were to start a scandal that she was a loose woman. She giggled.

It was dark when we turned into our driveway. It would be past suppertime. "Put up the horses," she said, "and come on in. I'll get us something to eat."

As I have said, our two families were on the most intimate terms; so it was proper for me to go in their kitchen door without knocking. Lossie was setting out things on the kitchen table. The wood fire was out in the range, so we made the best of cold meat and bread and butter and milk and sugar cookies. When we were through, Lossie dismissed me brusquely, as she had been wont to do as a child.

"Go on home now," she said. "I'm tired. I want to go to bed."

I was perfectly willing, and went out of the back door. I was not tired, but I was disturbed. First I was disturbed by the change in Lossie. I was disturbed by her irreverence, which was no new thing. I was disturbed to find that she was very lovely, and was aware of it. I was disturbed to discover that her tomboyishness, which had been all right four or five years ago, had turned into something that was not tomboyishness, but that showed many of its qualities, such as daring and independence and a flouting of things that were shibboleths of our everyday life. In short, I was disturbed to perceive that she had become an individual, a young woman of marked character. I was almost on the point of admitting in my thoughts that she had developed into a personage.

I sat down in a rustic chair on our lawn and lighted a corncob pipe, a habit I had acquired in college. The street was dark under its bordering trees. Across the street there was a light in the upstairs front room, which I guessed to be Madam


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Janeway's bedroom. On the ground floor there was only a dim night light in the vestibule. I was invisible where I sat because it was very dark under our maples. There were many things for me to ponder over and time passed unnoticed. The air was growing chilly and I looked at my watch, which had been a graduation present from father. It was half after ten. I stood up, meaning to go in to bed, when I saw movement across the street in the Janeway yard—stealthy movement.

A dark figure appeared around the side of the house, slinking, bent almost double. Whoever it was had made his way in from the rear. So furtive were the movements of the man that I thought he might be a burglar. And I was about to shout a warning and run across the street to frighten him away. But the marauder, if marauder he was, stood huddled against the wall under the library window and whistled a distinctive, quavering bird call. This was strange behavior for a burglar. It might, I reasoned, be some young man seeking a tryst with one of the servants.

After a few moments, I saw a light moving inside the room, and then the side door under the porte-cochere opened silently and a woman stood on the threshold. She stood there sheltering the flame of the lamp from the night breeze. Its glow illuminated the woman's face. It was Madam Janeway, but her features were not now stately, aristocratic or beautiful. In that brief moment while she was visible, it seemed to me that her emotions were rage and fear. The lurking figure darted up the steps and stood an instant confronting Madam Janeway. Before he pushed past her into the house, I saw his face indistinctly; not so clearly that I could swear to his identity in a court of law. But of one thing I was quite certain, and that was that he wore side whiskers of the sort called sideburns or burnsides. The door closed firmly behind the couple and all was darkness again.

This was a sort of incident our staid neighborhood was not accustomed to. I considered for a moment making further investigation, but then it became apparent to me that it was none of my business. So I went into the house and climbed the stairs to my bedroom. But it was some time before I could get to sleep. I kept thinking of Lossie's remark that she was agnostic on the subject of Madam Janeway.

The country was still staggering from the tragic impact of Black Friday, which had shocked the nation only three weeks ago. Jay Gould and Jim Fisk had plotted to corner gold. It was a scandal that touched the White House, for General Grant's brother-in-law, Corbin, had assured Gould that the Federal Government would not intervene. However, on that day of unrestrained hysteria on the gold exchange, the President had ordered the sale of Treasury gold. The repercussions of that day shook the foundations of financial institutions from coast to coast.

We in Syracuse were sure that hypocritical old Dan'l Drew and Gould and flamboyant Jim Fisk were allied with the powers of darkness, because their enemy, Commodore Vanderbilt, was an admired friend of ours. Indeed, we had named a city square for him, and we had followed eagerly the struggle between these giants for control of the Erie Railroad.

These men were mythical figures to us, titans moving mysteriously in an alien world—all of them except the Commodore, who had visited us and been seen by us. Many of our more eminent citizens even had shaken his august hand.

These things are matters of history, which you would not think would touch James Street except as a financial convulsion is bound to affect every citizen, rich and poor. But you would have been mistaken, because James Street was touched, modified, shaken and almost destroyed, merely by the strange, the unbelievable use of one of their names. This was the name of the most despicable of that evil triumvirate, old Dan'l Drew.

It was at breakfast on Saturday morning—the day after the discovery of the stone giant on Stubby Newell's farm—that I heard the first whisper of it.

"Banker Watts," my mother said, "is planning a dinner to introduce this Madam Janeway to Syracuse society." And then, "Of course, we shall attend."

"No one will stay away," father said sardonically, "who can walk." He addressed himself to his food for minutes, and then said in a sort of roguish way he had when he was teasing mother, "Of course, you wouldn't have heard the whisper. You wouldn't listen to gossip."

"I notice," mother responded briskly, "that it's you men who always get the first breath of scandal."

"The name of Dan'l Drew came up," said father.

"That sanctimonious old hypocrite!" mother said.

"Well," father told her, "the whisper going around is that Madam Janeway is a protégée of Drew's."

"What kind of a protégée?" mother demanded sharply.

"Not specified," father answered; "but knowing Dan'l's reputation for piety, I'd guess it was platonic."

"Fiddlesticks!" mother snorted. And then, "Who says so?"

"I wouldn't know," father answered. "It's just wafted on the breeze."

Mother sniffed. "Like the odor of skunk in the autumn," she said rather more inelegantly than was her custom.

When we arose from the table I walked downtown to my small office, in which I was ready to practice law if some client would retain me for that purpose. I had graduated from Mr. Cornell's college in Ithaca and then had read law in the office of Mr. Strangeways to enable me to pass the bar examination, which I did. And then, as was the case with most young lawyers, I wondered what to do next. So I rented a small office, had my name painted on its door and spent my days learning to blow smoke rings. I stood in my window, looking down at the street. Catercorner across the square was Mr. Watts' bank. Directly across was a sort of general store, and as I stood watching, Stubby Newell drove up behind his scrubby-looking team and went in. In a short time, aided by a clerk, he loaded a great bale of canvas in his wagon and drove away.

I occupied myself by reading the morning paper, and then, being a serious young man in whom right principles of diligence and a horror of wasted time had been inculcated, I took down a volume of the Commentaries of the great Chancellor Kent and applied myself to study. It was half past ten by my gold watch when someone rapped on my door and I called an invitation to enter, composing myself to dignified posture and placing the law book where it would be seen by my visitor. It was, to my disappointment, no client, but only Bub Whitty, who was Mr. Watts' office boy.

"He wants to see you over to the bank," Bub said.

"What for?" I asked.

"He didn't say," Bub told me, and backed out of the office.

A young man in my position does not disregard a command from a prominent banker, so I put on my hat and cut across the square. As the door of Mr. Watts' office was closed, I rapped on it and was bidden to enter. I stopped suddenly just over the threshold, and I fear I gawped. For, skirts carefully arranged and one tiny foot visible and a tiny bonnet perched upon her modishly arranged hair, there was Madam Janeway, sitting beside the banker's desk. He looked across at me with the austere dignity befitting a man of his eminence.

"Madam Janeway," he said, "here is the young man of whom I spoke. Orrin Applegate."

I bowed and was flustered. Madam Janeway smiled charmingly and extended a hand protected by a lace mitt. Somehow I felt that I should bow over it and kiss her fingers. She created that sort of atmosphere.

"How do you do, Mr. Applegate," she said in a rich contralto voice. "It was gracious of you to come."

"It was a pleasure," I responded, and waited.

Though there was a third chair, Mr. Watts did not invite me to occupy it. I was not entitled to sit in his presence.

"Madam Janeway," he said, with a bow in her direction, "retains, of course, eminent counsel to attend to her larger affairs. But there will be numerous petty details and unimportant matters in which she will require the services of a local lawyer."

"I understand you just came back from Cape Canaveral."

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I contented myself by bowing, but I was elated.

"Therefore," Mr. Watts continued in his pompous way, "I have recommended you to serve in that capacity."

"Thank you, sir," I replied.

"I hope," Madam Janeway said cordially, "that you will have some time to devote to my affairs."

Mr. Watts sniffed, but I bowed and assured her that I would be at her service.

"I suggested to Mr. Watts," she said, "that we have some arrangement on a ——" She hesitated for the word.

"Retainer basis," said Mr. Watts. "I told her you would be glad of fifty dollars monthly."

I resented his manner and words—a successful man patronizing and belittling a youngster just starting his professional career. Madam Janeway lifted her brows as if she, too, were displeased.

"It will be satisfactory," I said gravely. It would, indeed, be satisfactory. Fifty dollars a month represented a substantial income.

"That will be all then, Orrin," Mr. Watts said abruptly. "When Madam has an errand for you, she will send for you."

I was taking an intense dislike to Mr. Watts, and this curt dismissal frayed my temper. But Madam Janeway smiled so delightfully, and so plainly let me see that she understood my resentment that I bowed politely before withdrawing.

"Please don't go, Mr. Applegate," she said. "We must become acquainted. If Mr. Watts wishes to be rid of us ——" She gave him an arch smile, and he purred.

"Indeed not, Madam Janeway," he hastened to say. "Remain as long as you like." He turned to me. "Perhaps you'd better sit down, Orrin."

I preferred to stand.

"I think," he said in an instant, "that Madam Janeway wishes to ask you about what happened at the Newell farm yesterday. I understand you were present. It seems to have reached her ears."

"It seems," she said, and her tone was almost a rebuke, "to have reached many ears. What are the facts, Mr. Applegate?"

"While digging a well," I said cautiously, "workmen discovered a great stone figure. A gigantic figure. Two clergymen who were present declared it to be the petrified body of a once-living titan."

"How strange! How unbelievable! And what, Mr. Applegate, is your own opinion?"

I almost repeated Lossie's word—that on this matter I was agnostic. But discretion halted me. "I have reserved judgment," I said.

"As a professional man naturally would do," she said. "May one see this marvel?"

"My guess," said I, "is that Stubby Newell plans to exhibit it for a fee. I think I saw him loading a tent on his wagon this morning."

"I'm interested in antiquities." Again she gave me the full force of her charming smile. "Oh, I'm remiss," she said, fumbling in her reticule and bringing out a roll of currency. From it she separated a fifty-dollar note and extended it to me. Again she smiled not as a client, but as a contemporary, and with mischievous humor. "I wonder, Mr. Applegate, if this retainer will include extralegal courtesies."

"Certainly, Madam Janeway," I told her. "How may I serve you?"

"I'm unfamiliar with the country," she said. "I wonder if you can dine with me and then drive out to this place with me. To show my coachman the way. I simply must see this astonishing thing!"

"I shall be happy to do so," I assured her.

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She rose, bowed prettily to Mr. Watts and took my arm. We left the bank and I handed her into her carriage, taking my seat beside her. We drove out to her home and I assisted her to alight under the portecochere. She opened the door and preceded me into the parlor, where she motioned me to a seat on the haircloth sofa. Excusing herself, she left me alone. Presently the butler came in and asked if I would care for a drink of liquor. Naturally, I declined, and he bowed stiffly. He was a strange-looking creature, very tall, pallid, skeletal of figure and with a face like a death's head, in which burned the blackest eyes I ever had seen. He turned and walked out of the room as silently as a cat. As he turned his back it was apparent that, in spite of his emaciation, he had shoulders of surprising width. When he reached the door he paused, turned his head over his shoulder and stared at me fixedly. It was startling. Then he disappeared.

Madam Janeway and I dined together. It was not the heavy noonday meal to which I was accustomed, but more on the dainty side. When we had finished, she rang for the butler, calling him Oscar, and bade him summon her carriage. In a minute or so he reappeared to tell her the carriage was waiting. We went out and took our seats and were driven into James Street. As we turned into the public road, I saw Lossie in a hammock on her lawn. At sight of me beside Madam Janeway, she straightened so suddenly that she all but fell out. The last I saw of her as we trotted up the street was laughable. She was standing, bent a little forward, with her mouth agape. I chuckled.

"What is it?" Madam asked.

"Nothing. Nothing," I answered.

"She is a lovely child," said Madam demurely.

We followed the turnpike to the intersection which led to Cardiff, and presently took the rougher side road down the valley to Stubby's farm. We were not alone. Many rigs were heading for the same destination, and when we arrived at the farm there were a score of people standing in line waiting for admission to the tent which Stubby had erected over the pit in which lay the giant. There was even a ticket booth stating that admission was fifty cents. Madam produced a dollar and I procured tickets, and we took our places in the queue. In ten minutes we were leaning on the rail which Stubby had erected around the hole and staring down at that strange, bewildering, distorted figure, so grotesquely human in the dim light under the canvas.

Madam gazed down at it for a long time, and then turned to me with a serious face. "It is a marvel," she said in a hushed voice. "That noble expression must once have expressed the character of a leader among men. I have seen enough." Then she said an odd thing. "I should like to see this man Newell," she told me. "He must be worth observing."

"There he stands," I said, pointing.

She stared at him fixedly and shook her head. "Not that man!" she exclaimed. "There must be someone behind him."

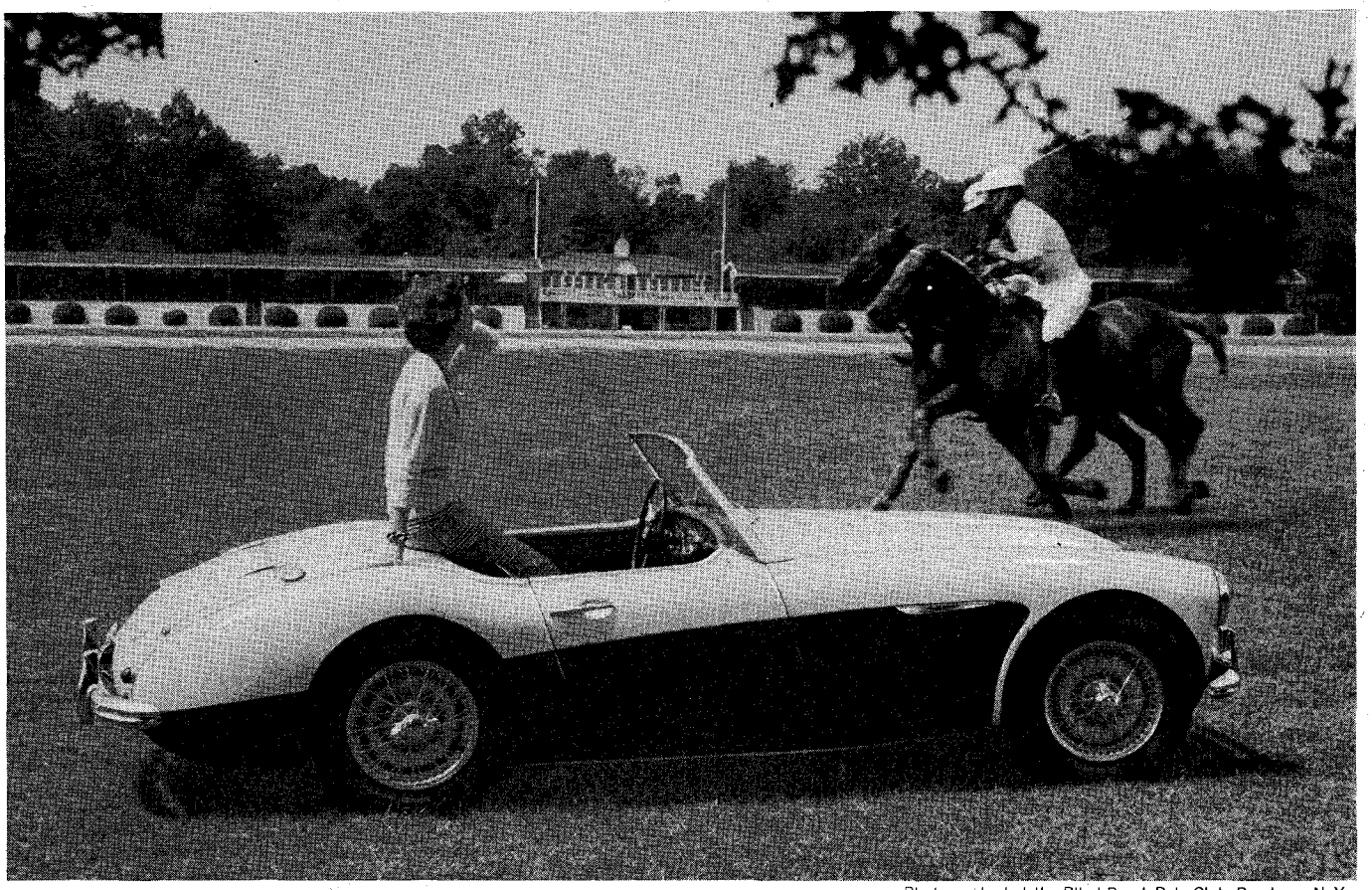
This I did not comprehend, nor did I think it polite to ask her meaning. We reentered the carriage and drove back to town. I saw her up the steps and took my departure. No one was visible on our side as I crossed the street, but no sooner had I reached the path to our door than Lossie popped around the corner of the house and confronted me, hands on slender hips and fire in her eyes. She said no word, but stepped close to me and then, without warning, slapped my face so vigorously that I staggered; and, turning, ran as fast as she could for her own kitchen door.

My cheek tingled as I stood staring after her, but I was not enraged. If I could have caught her, I would undoubtedly have smacked her, as had happened years ago when we quarreled. I was not angry, but on the contrary and to my own astonishment, I was pleased. I even laughed with genuine amusement. It was the last time I was to be amused by anything for a long time.

I awakened early on a beautiful Sunday morning and went downstairs to buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. I had put on my new black suit, and my beaver hat was carefully brushed. Father and mother and I would go to church, of course, and then we were to have dinner with the Foxes, as it was their turn. Next Sunday they would eat with us. In fine weather we always walked to church—both families in a sort of solemn parade.

Father and I strolled out to see to the horses. I threw open the big barn doors to give light. I went to the oat bin while father went to the stalls, and I heard him utter a strangled noise, as if someone had punched him in the stomach. I dropped the scoop and went to where he stood, frozen, staring into our carriage. From his very position I could sense that something was wrong—something was very wrong. On the rear seat of our carriage sat a stranger, leaning back against the cushion, but with his head on his breast. He was a bearded man with the sort of whiskers named after General Burnside. From between his teeth, horribly, protruded a swollen tongue; his heavy face was livid and he was unmistakably dead. He had been strangled.

TO BE CONTINUED

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# The Man Who Frightens Bureaucrats

(Continued from Page 27)

chairman of a subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives. In cold fact, all the above departments must apply to him for their bread and butter. This circumstance has transformed Rooney, a onetime assistant district attorney, into what James Reston, of The New York Times, has called "one of the most powerful men in America, in a negative way," and the suspicion has arisen that his negative ways are damaging America's standing abroad.

Few of his constituents—in fact, few voters outside Washington—are aware of it, but Rooney's power to withhold appropriations gives him virtual veto rights over some of the most delicate aspects of foreign policy.

Just how he uses his power is a matter of dispute. It is beyond controversy, however, that his decisions are rarely questioned; that, in ten years, he has sliced well over $1,000,000,000 off the budgets that pass before his baggy, steel-blue eyes; and that perhaps no other cross-examiner in Washington has so consummately mastered the art of making an appropriations-hunting civil servant appear like a confidence man.

For the fiscal year 1959, beginning this July, the Rooney hearings have been recorded in five volumes totaling 1868 pages. Most of them are peppered with questions by this Irish emigrants' son who is referred to, even by colleagues, as "Mr. Chairman." His questions are brief: "When?" "Why?" "Where did you get that figure?" "How much is that going to cost the taxpayers?" Or, "What have you done with the money?" Vague explanations he cuts off with remarks like "These self-serving declarations, Mr. Secretary, do not mean a thing." Or just: "Stop kidding!"

As a result, a substantial segment of Washington officialdom will not move without first genuflecting in the direction of The Great Needler from Brooklyn. As the budget director of one agency testifies: "Anything we do here we do on the basis of, 'Could I explain this to Rooney?'"

The importance of explaining things to Rooney is being blamed, for example, for some of the tribulations of the severely criticized American exhibit at the Brussels World's Fair. Rooney did not attempt to dictate its contents. Nor do his appropriations show that he was notably stingy. Officials responsible for the exhibit asked for $15,000,000 and got $13,445,000. But they had to extract it in installments. Again and again they had to appear before Rooney to justify every vitamin-pill display and every artist's booking. This, they contend, kept them so harassed that they had little time to prepare a master plan for the exhibit.

Their estimate of Rooney supports the observation of a White House adviser: "Rooney doesn't see the woods. He sees trees. In his zeal to hammer at the nickels and dimes he develops no sense of the sweep of the overseas problem."

Rooney, on the other hand, maintains that the "sweep" of things is perfectly plain to him, but that any budget must be combed for waste. "I approach it with the idea that it can be cut," he says; "it's an asking price." In the process of probing a budget, Rooney sees himself as the personal representative of every abused taxpayer in the land, including John J. Rooney.

Besides, it is a matter of pride in pure craftsmanship: leaving a budget unmolested is about as easy for Rooney as it is for a surgeon to send home a case of acute appendicitis.

The chairman likes to start his surgery by throwing witnesses on the defensive. The Far Eastern expert of the Information Agency, for instance, found himself on the ropes not long ago when Rooney casually inquired about the relationship between America and Japan:

Question: Is it better now than it was five years ago?
Answer: I believe, sir, that basically it is.
Question: Would you say it is better now than it was two years ago?
Answer: I would say basically that it is.
Question: Then why do you want a couple of hundred thousand more for Japan?

This fellow was getting off gently. Roderic L. O'Connor, the State Department security chief, offered a detailed statement justifying his request for $465,000 and added that he had only one or two additional comments. Rooney remarked: "Quite all right, but you better make $465,000 worth of comments." Harold B. Hoskins, director of the Foreign Service Institute, was tripped into an obvious error of on-the-spot arithmetic which caused Rooney to observe: "It's a good thing you're not teaching mathematics, *professor*." Miss Frances Knight, head of the State Department's passport office, asked how, within Rooney's rules, she might deal with a problem. Rooney countered: "We ask the questions *on this* side of the table."

Quite a few of his witnesses fall prey to what may be called The Rooney Syndrome. USIA chiefs conduct week-long rehearsals for his hearings. The Rooney role is assigned to the most unimpressionable official available. Nevertheless, competent spokesmen find their memories going blank when they face their inquisitor. Their faces grow white or pink. Perspiration pours from them. Their voices quiver. One otherwise articulate official was so unstrung after testifying that he offered his resignation as soon as he returned to the office. Another was caught by his wife arguing with an imaginary Rooney in the shaving mirror.

The chairman, now fifty-five and sparsely white-haired, is a study in perpetual motion. He measures five feet seven and one half inches and his weight has stabilized at 150 pounds, thanks to a low-cholesterol diet. He is so keyed up that the act of sitting down is difficult for him. He almost never occupies more than a chair's edge. He reads, talks, dictates letters and even entertains visitors at home standing up. He rarely takes a weekend off and has had no vacation since 1956, when he took a drive to the Midwest and spent most of his time at the Democratic National Convention.

Money is the commanding passion of his life. Not making money—he is one of the few attorneys in Congress without a lucrative law practice back home. It's saving money that preoccupies him, and not just in the office. His wife Catherine, whom he calls "the boss," is questioned by Rooney on every household expense. A $122.00 repair bill for the family car, a 1953 model which Rooney intends to drive "indefinitely," sets off a typical show of the chairman's interest: "Why did he have to do that?" "What did he have to say about it?" "Didn't we just have a muffler job done?"

Rooney is the one man in the party who always adds the dinner check ("I think you're a dope if you don't"). And he is conceivably the only motorist who, in casual conversation about trips from Washington to New York, can cite the total of all bridge, turnpike and tunnel tolls: $3.40.

His attitude toward bureaucrats is something less than reverent. "The trouble with too many guys over there is that they don't know what they're talking about," he says flatly. The depth of his contempt for some of these "guys" is illustrated by one of the chairman's pastimes: donning a Homburg and a pair of gloves and exchanging his unmistakable Brooklynese for a flawless Harvard accent, he enacts his impression of a State Department snob sneering at an uncultured Brooklyn congressman.

Another of his peeves is any new project considered imaginative by its proponents and a "harebrained scheme" by the chairman. A case in point was the $3,790,500 request for an aircraft carrier to be loaded with propaganda exhibits and Cinerama and moved all over the world from port to port for viewing by the natives.

"Holy smoke, that was a beauty!" he recalls. "We just took a look and figured it would cost six or seven bucks for each one of them Cambodians to watch Cinerama. So we sunk the carrier." Not, however, before having some fun with its chief advocate, Abbott Washburn, deputy director of the USIA. Rooney nicknamed him "Admiral Washburn."

Men like Washburn might be expected to love Rooney less than a brother. In fact, anti-Rooney sentiments are not rare in Washington, although his position at the purse strings keeps them under cover. "I could sit for hours and tell you what a so-and-so Rooney is," says one of his victims, "but I don't think I'd better." Another says: "He's an utterly ruthless man." But a third sizes up the majority view like this: "He makes you awful mad, but you don't dislike him. In his own curious way, I guess he's doing his job. It's these methods of his that get under your skin. To him, you're guilty until proven innocent. But it's also his methods that get results. He puts you on your mettle."

Rooney's advocacy of the taxpayers' interest generally takes precedence over his politics. His badgering is nearly always scrupulously nonpartisan. Once in the Truman days, he was displeased with the Civil Aeronautics Board. It wanted its budget increased by $637,000 while Rooney had a report from his investigators suggesting that the CAB's business was being run with less than exemplary dispatch. Chief witness was Joseph J. O'Connell, Jr., a fellow Democrat. Rooney insisted on calling him O'Donnell and when the witness made a pitch for ninety-eight new employees the chairman said: "I think if you would direct yourself to telling us what you have done in the past year rather than what you expect to do with new people who I know now are not going to be approved, it would save time."

Even the Supreme Court knows better than to pull its rank on the chairman. When Chief Justice Earl Warren requested $33,000 this year for an electronic "bird-proofing" system against starlings, Rooney loaded the record with so much sarcasm about "dirty birds" which would be chased off the highest court to take refuge across the street in the Capitol, that Chief Justice Warren phoned to say: "John, you can forget the bird-proofing."

Sloppy arithmetic disturbs Rooney. "I'm no good in mathematics," he asserts, "but I can add." He is also handy with percentages. Lately, a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State was rebuked for quickly figuring at a hearing that a proposed increase for the consulate at Belo Horizonte, Brazil, amounted to fifty per cent. In his meticulous, almost childlike handwriting, Rooney scribbled on his scratch pad, then protested that the increase was "approximately sixty-seven per cent." The deputy secretary apologized as a trapped pickpocket might.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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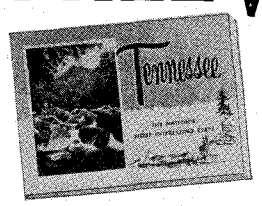

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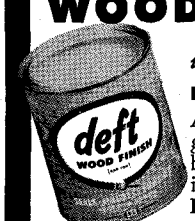


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Rooney's sniping is not without reason. Some years ago, he discovered the State Department purchasing "executive wastebaskets" at twenty-seven dollars each. "Is there something unusual about these wastebaskets?" he demanded. "Are they huge? Are they fancy?" The following year he managed a friendly gesture: he complimented the department for having bought, instead, other wastebaskets for ten dollars.

Another year he found the USIA offering, for free distribution abroad, fifteen-volume sets of encyclopedias costing seventy-nine dollars and fifty cents each; 120 sets had been shipped on request by the local USIA public-affairs officer to Vien-Tiane, Laos where he had been able, despite heroic effort, to dispose of only fifty sets.

Rooney blew up. "Does anybody read these encyclopedias?" he asked. "Wouldn't it be better if we gave them the money in hot dogs?" But behind his fit of pique there was a purpose. Rooney knows that public ridicule of blunders in wastebaskets and encyclopedias makes departmental budget experts look more critically at expenditures. Which is precisely what Rooney wants.

Rooney's cantankerousness is actually worth money to the State Department and his other charges. This is due to his personal standing in the little-understood machinery which feeds money requests from the White House into the Capitol at one side and produces appropriations at the other. State, USIA and Justice Department requests go first to Rooney's subcommittee. Within this club, Rooney is pretty much boss. The full appropriations committee is the next higher authority. It appreciates Rooney's fervor and rarely trifles with his recommendations. Next they go to the House floor, where his colleagues are aware of Rooney's diligence and his talent for harpooning challengers in debate. Senators know that if they add much to Rooney's requests and a compromise Senate-House conference is necessary to settle the difference, the gentleman from Brooklyn will not give ground easily.

The legislative process requires Rooney to take on the role of defense attorney as soon as a money bill leaves his committee. And to beat off any attacks on the House floor, he must consider political fundamentals. One of these is every congressman's notion that it is smart to crusade against "frills" for "striped-pants boys." Rooney normally denies them this fun by (1) enjoying it himself first and (2) perhaps winding up with more money for certain sensitive items than his colleagues might shell out in a free-for-all on the House floor.

When the chairman questions the men from the State Department about what they call "representation allowances" and he calls the "booze bill," his needle turns into a horse syringe. Taken at face value, his questions would permit only the conclusion that all such entertainment is drunken boondoggling. ("Do you find you get much work done at these soirées and parties?"); and that it is prohibitively expensive. Actually, Rooney, a hearty Scotch-and-soda man, thinks such divertissement is necessary. But he wants its expense kept down to satisfy the political instincts of his colleagues and his own frugality.

More than most men, Rooney is discernibly a product of his past. His mother, Ellen Fitzsimons, came from County Leitrim and went to work in her father's flower store at 161 Court Street, Brooklyn. The congressman's two brothers still operate the same shop. His father, James, arrived from County Sligo in 1888, became a deck hand on the Fall River Line, then went to work in the Fitzsimons shop and married the boss' daughter.

The congressman was born in the cold-water flat over the store and performed chores there so early that an agent of the Children's Society once expressed concern about the precocious employee.

Rooney today invariably appears immaculate. His suits, costing $125.00 tops, are nearly all dark gray or blue. He was notably neat as a Court Street kid too. When a stickball rolled into a sewer, he was the one youngster who washed his hands. "He always had his jacket on," recalls Donald O'Toole, Deputy Commerce Commissioner of New York, who grew up with Rooney and served with him in Congress. "He always looked like the foreman."

The chairman's flair for figures manifested itself before he went through St. Paul's Parochial School, St. Francis Prep School and St. Francis College in Brooklyn. He knew the one store that gave an extra licorice for a penny. At fourteen, he kept the flower store's books. When a playmate got a new catcher's mitt, John just about ripped it apart to check its quality.

While the Rooneys were relatively well off, the old neighborhood's distaste for

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

**February Second**

I have gazed upon my shadow
And am very sad to see
That it indicates there's six
more weeks—
Of dieting for me.

**Helen Gorn Sutin**

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

waste undoubtedly shaped Rooney's later preoccupation with the subject. "We were a class of people that had to watch every dollar," O'Toole points out. "You didn't buy bread because it was beautifully packaged, but because it would feed the family."

Even as a teen-ager Rooney was a regular reader of paving-contract awards and other fine print in the city record. He drifted into law like most gregarious, ambitious Irish lads who were not interested in medicine, the other profession that brought prestige on Court Street.

At Fordham Law School, Rooney was forced to apply himself for the first time. He had barely made the lecture hall in time for the first class in contracts. Only seats in front were vacant. The professor was I. Maurice Wormser, a brilliant author of textbooks but quite deaf. Rooney, his seat-mate New York attorney Osborne A. McKegney, and a few others within easy reach did all the reciting because the professor could hear nobody else.

"It was the greatest thing that ever happened to me," Rooney says. More than two thirds of his class (1925), including the top man, McKegney, flunked the bar examination on the first try. Rooney passed. "He thinks legally," McKegney explains. "He discards the unnecessary and gets right to the nub. You don't find that too often."

After law school, Rooney became a real-estate title examiner and then established his practice at 163 Court Street, in a store next to the flower shop. He specialized in tedious title closings and wills. The hours were long, but Rooney was well paid. He attributes much of his success to his canary-colored legal folders and other devices bespeaking a spick-and-span operation. "I learned that neatness was of great value," he observes. "It would get things resolved in your favor."

In 1940, William O'Dwyer became Brooklyn's racket-busting district attorney. Rooney and "Billo" were buddies, so O'Dwyer drafted him as an assistant D.A. at $7500 a year. It was a steep cut in income, but Billo's crusading zeal was infectious in those days.

"Rooney was a great prosecutor," testifies Judge Samuel Leibowitz. He would not try the most elementary assault case, for example, without viewing its scene. If it occurred late at night, Rooney would go there late at night to see everything as the participants saw it. His reputation, however, was made with the Hymie Caplin case.

Caplin was a boxing manager who also happened to supervise a mob of cardsharps. Card cheating is a rarely punished vocation; it is difficult to prove and hard to find juries with sympathy for defendants.

Rooney uncovered victims one by one: a real-estate broker who lost $15,000; a Park Avenue doctor who lost $18,000; a jeweler who had to quit business after losing $75,000. Known losses exceeded $2,000,000. With the aid of what he still proudly calls "my stoolie," Rooney wormed evidence out of the gang. He had an entire hotel floor wire-tapped. Yet on Broadway, betting was eighteen to five against Caplin's conviction.

The wiseacres hadn't counted on Rooney. He hired Mickey ("The Inside Straight") MacDougall, who initiated Rooney into the ways of cardsharps. Together they practiced until the prosecutor was able to demonstrate personally the gang's tricks before the jury box. Caplin got five to ten years in Sing Sing.

In 1944, Rooney's old friend and neighbor, Congressman Thomas H. Cullen, died. The late Frank V. Kelly, the borough's Democratic leader, chose Rooney to succeed him, and in a district as Democratic as Alabama there was nothing more to it. Except for a flurry during the Republican upsurge of 1946, Rooney has never had to worry much about getting re-elected.

His district takes in more than 380,000 people and covers most of the Brooklyn water front, Red Hook, near Bay Ridge, Borough Park, South Brooklyn and Midwood. The Dutch, Irish, Germans, Italians, Poles and Scandinavians came first. There are Jewish sections and a big Syrian colony. Arrivals of new voters from Puerto Rico have been numerous recently, and well-stuffed residential areas are yielding to streets not recommended for ladies after sundown. It is a neighborhood where people expect their congressman to lend both ears when there is trouble.

Rooney has no hobby except watching fights on TV and second-guessing the announcers. So he turns over weekends to his constituents. Puffing his daily ration of two packs of cigarettes, he darts tensely from Communion breakfasts to bar mitzvahs to chicken dinners with veterans' groups. Sunday afternoons he heeds the bugle call of all Brooklyn politicians: "See you after Mass." At 1.30 P.M. he materializes on the dreary second floor of the Third Assembly District Club (Regular Democratic Organization). Here he can be collared for favors or, as Brooklyn jargon has it, "taking contracts." On a typical recent Sunday he listened to some two dozen taxpayers, including a man with a seeing-eye dog. Could he do something about a marine in the brig for assault? Could he help a woman adopt an eight-year-old cousin in Italy? Could he do something about raising the pay of Federal-prison guards?

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Rooney took detailed notes and handed them to his office force the next morning. The favor-seekers got better attention than most of them realize, because a request from Rooney commands maximum attention in any Washington office.

Weekends, however, are less demanding than the chairman's typical day in Washington. Much of it he spends in his subcommittee's austere headquarters, Room B-25 in the Capitol. It measures fifteen by thirty feet, and is mostly taken up by a long green-covered conference table. The seven-man committee, with Rooney at the center, occupies one side. The victims line up along the other, with reinforcements stacked in the corridor for want of seats. Jay B. Howe, a former FBI man who is the committee's staff assistant and Rooney's top lieutenant, occupies a small desk squeezed into one alcove. A junior helper is sandwiched into another. Their sole tool is an adding machine.

At midday Rooney heads for the House floor where he has achieved a 100-percent attendance record for all votes in more than one session. He rarely gets to his office before three o'clock to see callers and dictate letters, standing up at his secretary's desk in the outer office. In his own office, the desk and its four leaves, the couch, all shelf space and all chairs except two are pre-empted by stacks of papers. He often forgets to eat lunch till four P.M., when he sends out for a bologna sandwich on rye and a glass of milk.

The chairman frequently travels abroad, but, at his instructions, the State Department issues orders to all points on his itinerary to give him no dinners or cocktail parties. Instead, Rooney prefers to drop in on USIA libraries when it rains so he can shudder at the native vagrants loafing through picture magazines. He also specializes in private dinners for veteran career employees who tell him, unofficially, what really goes on. He recruits such volunteers by shaking hands with all Americans within reach, regardless of status, and asking them whether he can do anything for them.

"That way I have a friend for life," he explains. "And I have a stoolie too."

Certain loyalties temper Rooney's pursuit of economy. No one suggests that they lead him into anything inappropriate. They do show him to be a realistic politician. These special loyalties are to (1) Brooklyn, (2) Ireland, (3) the Roman Catholic Church, (4) the FBI, and (5) Israel.

When the Army, for economy, closed a coffee-roasting plant in his district, Rooney denounced the move with the air of a millionaire asked to save on golf balls. ("Since this administration came in," he laments, "they've been ruining us!") When he pushed his pet bill for $380,000 to deepen Brooklyn's beloved Gowanus Canal, he rolled enough logs to pass the entire State Department appropriation twice. It was Rooney who engineered the appropriation for a twelve-man delegation (Chairman: John Rooney) to visit Wexford, Ireland, to unveil a statue of Commodore John (Fighting Jack) Barry, the first U. S. Navy officer commissioned by George Washington. It was Rooney, a genuinely religious man, who pushed through a $964,200 bill to repair war damage to the Pope's summer residence. It was he, too, who wangled the release of $3,250,000 in frozen American funds for educational institutions in Israel.

As for J. Edgar Hoover, Rooney is a personal fan who admires the way the FBI chief marches up The Hill and tells without coaching "just where every car of his is in Chicago."

Having long pushed himself to the limit, Rooney is getting worried about his health. But he scoffs at the thought of giving up his seniority to run for the Senate and is not even sure he would enjoy that mecca of all politicians, a judgeship. Also, he does dearly love his club. "The House," he declares, "is the greatest parliamentary body in the woild."

The question remains: how good a job does Rooney really do for the taxpayers?

This was aired last spring during a White House luncheon President Eisenhower gave for the Advisory Committee of the Foreign Service Institute, a State Department school that trains diplomats. The President was told that fifty per cent of all foreign-service officers speak no foreign language. He voiced concern and asked why nothing was done. Some of the lunchers blamed the trouble on Rooney and how, as The New York Times reported, he had been "slashing" budgets for years.

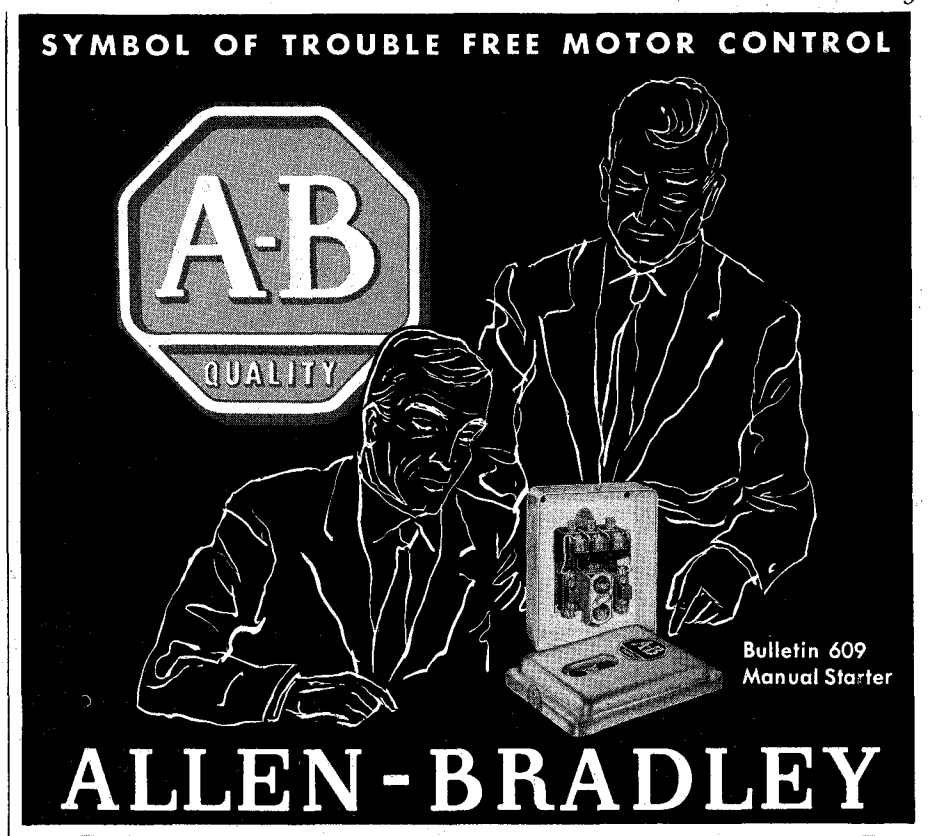
The Times story elicited, at Rooney's request, one of the most abject salaams ever issued by the department. "Dear John," wrote Deputy Under Secretary Loy W. Henderson, "I am writing this note to tell you how distressed I am at the statements contained in a newspaper article this morning indicating that you have been slashing the State Department's budget for years . . . I wish to make it clear that those of us in the State Department who are concerned with budget matters do not share these views . . . We recognize your unexcelled knowledge of the budgetary problems . . . We respect you and, although we at times have not seen eye to eye with you, we have never doubted your devotion . . . and . . . are indebted to you."

This bouquet produced smiles from some officials who felt there was no need to curtsy quite so deeply; a series of monotonously flowery speeches in Rooney's defense from the formidable Rooney cheering section on the House floor; and a series of statistics from Rooney showing that in 1955, when a Republican briefly headed his committee, the Foreign Service Institute got $907,143. Next year, with Rooney back, it got $2,007,953. For 1958 it got $4,679,545.

The controversy illustrates that Rooney takes a harsh view of (1) anything run by men he happens to dislike; (2) all semblance of luxury; (3) investments that fail to yield immediate tangible returns. He never cared for the institute's director, Harold Hoskins. When it developed that the institute teaches French in a villa at Nice, France, at $2512 each for twenty-five students, who are attended by a staff of eighteen, Rooney denounced it as a Riviera "rest cure" and taunted Hoskins about the scenic view, the French pastry chef and the two gardeners; which means that the villa almost certainly will be closed. Previously, he had managed to close down the institute's courses in rapid reading.

To Rooney, these are frills which he and the rest of the taxpayers should not countenance. At the same time, he has gone along with the Foreign Service Institute's bigger needs to staff our modern diplomacy, just as he approves around $100,000,000 yearly for the USIA, whose work is to him no more than a necessary evil. This makes him no more fun than a suspicious mother-in-law. Nevertheless, when a top USIA official was lately asked: "Isn't Rooney the kind of nickel-chaser you as a taxpayer would want in his spot?" the official thought a long time. Then he said: "I can't argue with that."

THE END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# The Big Push in Soviet Science

(Continued from Page 34)

is increasing both far faster than we. In every field important to modern technological society, she is turning out people—good ones—at a rate two to three times ours. For engineers, the rate is now three to one, and about to become four to one. For the sciences in general, the rate is two to one.

In one field, metallurgy, Russia is turning out 2000 to 3000 graduates a year—to our 600. In a science called geodesy—the measurement of the earth, important in aiming missiles, for one thing—the Russians are training 500 graduates a year. We train three.

This is the frightening thing: the Russian pace. I use the word "frightening," because that is how I felt, but I heard the same word from many American scientists. "It's not at all where they are today," these scientists said. "It's where they're going. It's their steep upward curve in every field."

Today, if you ask many experts for their assessment, you find Russia is still considered only the world's number-two nation in science and technology, though it leads in some ways already in using them for prestige and power. Over-all, we are still considered number one. Only seven years ago, however, people called Russia number three, behind Britain. Russia will lead the United States in most important fields in ten years, believe many informed Americans, who go on to say: "This is already *certain* to happen because of Russia's swifter pace now. We must start now to catch up later."

We are a strong nation still, if we use our strengths. Expanding Russian education and technological progress could yet change the whole character of Communism, especially if we do the right things. In these facts, there is hope for us. But the battle will not be easy.

I sat down with many Russians. One was Aleksander Mikhail Samarin. Aleksander Mikhail—the traditional Russian way of address—was a craggy man with a craggy face, a scientist and scientific executive, fifty-six years old, deputy director of the important Institute of Metallurgy of Moscow.

"My father was a peasant," said Aleksander Mikhail. "My father was a peasant who could not read or write. We lived in a village of six hundred houses, but there were only fifty boys and ten girls in the school. I was one who went to school—for four years."

He leaned back and smiled and showed crooked teeth. His English was imperfect in form, but it expressed the man perfectly. He was friendly and plain and steel-eyed, a scientist for Russia's steelmakers.

"I was a boy then," he said, "when I went to work in a heavy-machine factory. I was fifteen when the Revolution came. So in 1921, when I was nineteen, I was able to start going to a special high school for workers and peasants."

He paused to strike a match, and I asked, "Who sent you to school?"

"My trade-union," he shot out with pride. "And we got a salary. Our salary was fifteen pounds of beans a month. It was a big famine then. That's what we had to eat. That's all. But it was all right. We were young."

A few years of high school, then young Samarin entered engineering, then metallurgy, and finished his education at thirty.

"I was just one of many, many thousands who went through these workers' faculties," he said. "Many of our professors told us, 'You'll only be foremen, never engineers. Your parents were not engineers.' But today I have many friends who went to the same school who are professors. My wife and my sister also finished the workers' faculty. They are physicians."

He grinned. "You see," said Aleksander Mikhail, his leathery face wrinkled in smiles, "I think the Revolution was the best thing."

"Well, if it hadn't been for the Revolution," I answered, "you'd never have been educated."

He smiled wryly and said, "I think I'd be in prison in Siberia."

We heard much after Sputnik about the high pay and prestige that move Russian scientists. But the Russian pace is also something very much inside these people: a thing of drive and spirit.

What hit us with Sputnik was this drive, plus the other things that have built Russian science: dictatorial use of men and materials; in some cases, spying; far more important, collection and translation of all the world's scientific and technical literature for twenty-five years. And, above all, the world's best-planned, most determined program to excel.

At 14 Leninski Lane, Moscow, I visited a mansion in a flowering garden set well back from the streets: the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. This is one of the greatest centers of influence in Russia, in contrast to the Mr. Peepers role we still assign to most science. This academy directs thousands of scientists, organized like an army. It keeps a strategic eye on all science, to see that there are no unexploited opportunities.

Its budget since 1956 has gone up just under 40 per cent. But still, you quickly find, Russia is only starting. "We are opening many new institutes," said an official. "In Siberia we are building a whole new city for science."

The laboratories confirm it. Most are new and expanding—still taking off the wrappings. Almost every one I saw was in a building new since World War II.

Lately the forward pace has received two more boosts. One is the departure of Stalin. Russia since Stalin's death is a changed place, one finds—not a free or a tenth-free place yet, but a different and improved one, and scientists' freedoms have increased most sharply. The Stalin era of scientific purges and bowing down to Communism in every breath has largely ended, and many disgraced scientists have been reinstated. More and more scientists are meeting Western colleagues. New "self-confidence" shows in the scientific results, say expert Americans.

The sweeter air has even begun to give some a measure of political courage. One rehabilitated scientist is famed Peter Kapitsa. Russian-born, working in Britain, he visited Russia in 1934 and was simply forced to stay—with lavish facilities. Around 1946 he refused to work on atomic weapons, and Stalin put him under long house arrest.

After Stalin's death he re-emerged both as head of his own institute and as a space-science planner. Then some months ago he had the courage to write in Pravda that Khrushchev's decentralization might cripple industrial research. His influence on younger men, for challenging Stalin and ultimately getting away with it, has been tremendous.

Top scientists have balked at what they considered "arbitrary and unconstitutional" rule in the Academy of Sciences. In what a United States expert calls a "revolt," they almost voted out president Aleksander Nesmeyanov, a Communist Party member. One challenger was the renowned physicist Igor Tamm, who recently won a Nobel prize.

Sputnik has also given all Russian science new prestige and support. "Sputnik helped American scientists get more money," I remarked to the director of Leningrad's Pulkovo Astronomical Observatory. "It's helped us too," he said.

The setting for all this tells of its human price. The setting is backward Russia.

"The Soviet Union is no longer a peasant country," said Premier Khrushchev, after Sputnik. But peasants still exist, and the Sputniks and scientific advances come out of their hides.

In the shadow of the Kremlin one night, I saw a woman out of the nineteenth century. She wore a dirty smock over a torn dress, a faded kerchief around her head; heavy, sagging, cotton stockings; worn, lopsided shoes. Her face was lined and tired. Her hair straggled, her skin was leathery, her eyes lifeless. She was sweeping the street with a rude broom. She was maybe thirty-two years old. She has thousands of counterparts.

The next morning I rode seventy-four miles by car to the science community of Dubna. Quickly, the Moscow street changes to road, and you're out in the country. There's an old, kerchiefed woman out grazing her cow. Birches and power wires line the highway, and the houses or cabins become ruder—logs or dry, weather-beaten boards.

A village. Tiny houses or shacks. Here, a village well instead of a modern water supply. A horse pulls a peasant's cart. A girl about eleven drives geese. A woman about forty-five plods down the road with a heavy bale of fodder on her back.

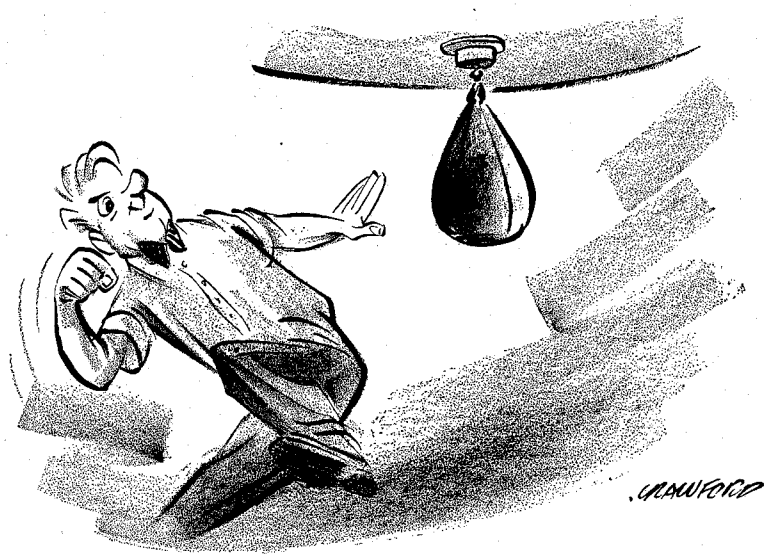
A bigger town, Dmitrov, paintless, dusty, like an American frontier town. The boys play soldier, with wooden rifles slung over their backs.

Then you reach Dubna, a small city of fine, yellow-stuccoed buildings for the 500 scientists and the other workers. Here you find modern science: the Dubna accelerator or atom smasher, in a big, yellow, roundhouselike building. Its main part is a monster ring magnet 184 feet across. "We melted down the Iron Curtain," one Russian physicist told one American.

Dubna is a center for the basic attack on the atom, and this is Russia's ten B.E.V. (billion electron volt) accelerator, the world's champ. This is the machine a group of American scientists want to surpass by far, with an imaginative design now being worked on at a joint research center at the University of Wisconsin.

These Americans, representing several Midwest universities, came up with their idea in 1955, after the Russians revealed they had been building this Dubna champ. They call the fact that it has not been pushed faster "a national tragedy." We are indeed building "interim" twelve and one-half and twenty-five B.E.V. machines, but the Russians are planning a fifty.

We walk around—myself; Victor Hangulov, open-shirted administrator; Rotislav Lebedev, scientist; Nicolai Pavlov,




## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Like a champion, Sonny slugged the carnival's punching bag so hard that it rang the bell. But unlike a champion, he left himself wide open when the bag bounced back at his head. With his nose broken and his face bruised, he sued the carnival concessionaire.

"They represented a dangerous sport as a harmless game and then failed to warn this poor boy to protect himself," Sonny's lawyer asserted. "Due to their negligence, he was hurt. So they should pay."

"What was there to warn him about?" the concessionaire countered. "Everybody with half a brain knows that a punching bag, when walloped, bounces back. Sonny should have expected he'd get smacked unless he kept his guard up."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Sonny?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Sonny won. The court said that the operator of a dangerous game for profit should caution everyone, including stupid people, to protect them from their own stupidity.

*Based upon a 1933 Missouri decision.*

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chief engineer. The operation of the machine is explained. It is not yet clicking at full power. A few Western scientists have gloated at this. "A big accelerator is like a young girl," says Hangulov. "It will grow to womanhood."

This machine probably was built too fast, for prestige, and Russian particle physics is still well behind ours in actual research. But most Americans believe the Russians are coming along fast. Our Chen Ning Yang, young Nobel-prize winner, has said: "The chances are quite good that they will learn something new and fundamental with this machine. If and when that happens, the tremendous psychological impact may perhaps surpass that produced by the Sputniks."

This is very big-chip science. Our AEC is now considering two supergiants: the Midwest design and a two-mile-long Stanford machine. The price tags are at least $80,000,000 apiece. Our whole AEC basic physical-science research budget is now $89,000,000.

An American asked the Russian machine's designer, Vladimir Veksler, how much theirs cost. He said: "I don't know. To get the money all we had to say was that you had one." Dr. Robert Marshak, of the University of Rochester, saw here "the same personal dedication, emphasis on speed rather than cost, unlimited financial support we had at Los Alamos during World War II. It was clear research was being pursued with an urgency reminiscent of a wartime operation, and the objective was to overtake American science."

In 1954 Russia brought in the first purely civilian atomic-power station—only a 5000-kilowatt peanut, but big enough to be there and for Russia to say, again and again, "Peaceful atomic energy has become a reality in the Soviet Union." Now Russia may hit 2,000,000 or 2,500,000 nuclear kilowatts by 1961, a program far surpassing ours and threatening to overtake atom-minded Britain's.

The Soviets are moving ahead on research reactors, where they have been badly behind. They are working for thermonuclear power—they apparently started intensive research in '48 or '49; we started in '51. We still lead in A-power techniques. But they are wielding what they have for propaganda and political results with telling effect. They are willing to do things we consider "too expensive," so they may say: "We lead in atoms-for-peace."

For the future they are training. W. K. H. Panofsky, designer of our proposed Stanford machine, was asked in 1956 to meet a few of his equivalent Soviet specialists while in Moscow. He expected "three or four." There were about thirty young men and women.

In space science, I talked to Americans who spoke to Russian counterparts at three 1958 conferences. These Americans believed Russia will hold a lead in basic rocket thrust for some time. Early this month Russia's new rocket-around-the-sun flaunted this powerful thrust. In December, Roy W. Johnson, head of the Pentagon's new space agency, said he suspects Russia will be first to put a man into space.

Space exploration is only one aspect of geophysics—the science of earth, sea and sky. Here, the International Geophysical Year has taught us that in the next quarter century a high degree of control of the atmosphere may be possible. Control of weather will be an early target. (See STAND BY FOR CLIMATE CONTROL by Capt. Howard T. Orville, The Saturday Evening Post, November 29, 1958.)

In the United States, geophysics has been one of our areas of greatest neglect. Not so in the Soviet Union. They lead us in many branches and generally are moving so fast that worried Americans are already issuing warnings about the day Russia may be able to control weather on a grand scale, while we cannot.

To start, they are well ahead on vital Arctic research, including polar meteorology—the effect of polar weather on the world. "One of Lenin's first decrees was polar research," said blunt, solid Pavel Gordienko, deputy director of the Arctic and Antarctic Institute of Leningrad, a place with no United States counterpart. "Our institute was established forty years ago."

The Russians today have twelve Arctic research parties. We have two. They have scores of geologists working on ice, water and permafrost problems. We have a handful.

At the Institute for Physics of the Earth, in Moscow, I found a roster of 300 scientists, more than the total of all United States scientists in fundamental geophysical research. At the Institute for the Upper Atmosphere, Russian scientists told of their research in weather forecasting. Dr. Harry Wexler, United States Weather Bureau research chief, found this "all right, but not brilliant." He has pointed out, though: "Our best minds and instruments are still superior to theirs, but they have more minds, instruments and money, and more expansion planned for the future."

At Nizmir—big institute of earth and atmosphere twenty-two miles from Moscow—gentle director Nikolas Pushkov told of Russia's earth-magnetism-measuring ship, which is the world's only nonmagnetic ship and only one doing an equivalent job. An American said here: "Their geomagnetic facilities top anything we've got. In fact, the whole place tops anything we've got in space, money and people."

In oceanography, the Russians now have eighteen research ships, two of them above 10,000 tons. Our oceanographic fleet consists mainly of two converted yachts. They lead already in stockpiling facts on depths of currents and water temperatures. This has immediate practical application in navigating submarines.

In geology, United States scientists have wanted to drill some deep holes in the earth for years; they have had to rely on oil-drill cores. Russia is driving some 200 holes a year, often more than 10,000 feet down.

Russian astronomy, which once lagged badly, is moving ahead in all fields, especially astrophysics, which leads to better understanding of atoms.

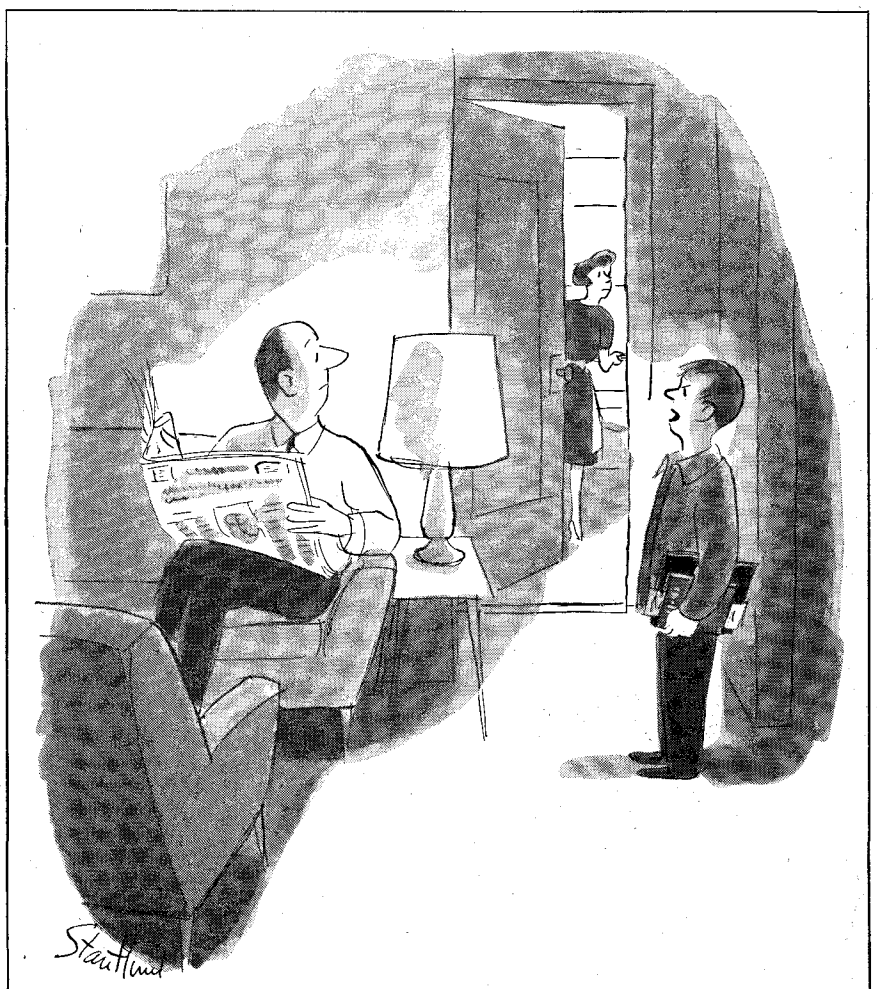
Russian mathematics has always been among the finest, and Russians are now applying the most advanced mathematics to practical atomics, rocketry and industry. They are making high-speed computers, though not yet in our numbers. Mathematics Prof. A. J. Lohwater, at the University of Michigan, says: "If things continue at the present pace, they will in less than a generation far surpass us."

Solid-state physics, which underlies advances in electronics and computers, is strong, though application still lags. Low-temperature physics, new and important, is also behind ours in application, but probably superior in theory.

Russian chemistry is sometimes good, sometimes mediocre. So is ours; this is a huge field. They are far ahead in the physical chemistry of fast reactions, the reactions inside rocket or jet engines, explosives and fast new industrial processes. Their applied industrial chemistry is still behind ours. We are twice as active in all chemical research, according to numbers of published papers. However, Russia has risen from fifth to second place since 1951.

Their jet propulsion is "ahead of ours," according to a good authority. Many authorities think their aerodynamics—for aircraft and missile design—is ahead.

Electronics is good every place that it counts. An M.I.T. physicist who worked



"Somebody goofed. I'm improperly motivated."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST


UNCLE LEDBETTER Loves to "EAT OUT"

The man who came to dinner ten years ago — and stayed, Uncle Ledbetter has a nose for good meals, well served. That's why, when an infrequent "big deal" really does come through, Led' likes to return a small favor by inviting the family out to eat. Here's where Led' has an eye for good meals, well served — an eye that immediately looks for the name "Syracuse" on the china. Experience teaches knowledgeable people like Led' that Syracuse China is a symbol of quality food service — from kitchen to table — a promise and assurance of complete dining-out satisfaction. When you dine out too, look for and expect the best when you see guest-quality Syracuse China.

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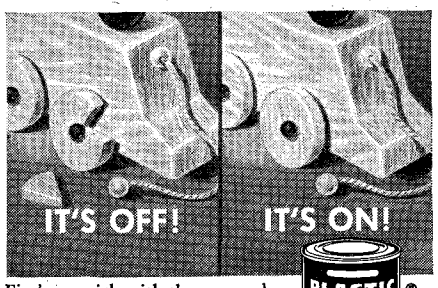


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Ask a Russian student why he is working so hard, and he is likely to say: "Because my country needs what I am learning." Or: "To advance myself, *and* my country. Our people's welfare will improve with our country's welfare." Ask an American college student why he is studying, and he will say: "To advance myself." The thing that hit me hardest when I talked to young Russians was their patriotism, their identification of self-welfare with national welfare.

At Moscow University, a senior in chemistry said half-aggressively, half-puzzled: "Why did you not have Sputnik first?"

"I guess we didn't start soon enough."

"But why you did not?"

"Well, we made a mistake. We put other things first."

"In my country," he said, "when the country's prestige is to benefit, nothing else must come first."

In Leningrad, by the river Neva, I met a new aero-engineering graduate. "Why do you study so hard?" I asked. He replied, "We have to or we may not stay in school. We will be able to lead better lives. And we will enable our country to catch up with you!"

This all makes a mighty force. It is a force now showing up in: (1) industrial output, today second in the world; (2) a new kind of scientific colonization of foreign minds, starting with more and more semigiveaway aid and easy trade, centered in the shaky, underdeveloped nations. A small, but growing army of Russian engineers, technicians and other professionals is being deployed abroad.

While we speculate about Russian-Chinese rifts, many Russian experts are in China. "We do not do things only for ourselves," said my friend, Samarin, at the Institute of Metallurgy. "Now we help China greatly."

I saw keen young Chinese in his laboratories. "How long," I asked, "will it take China to reach Russia's present development?" Samarin answered without hesitating: "Twenty years. It is forty-one years since our revolution, but things move faster now. China just built its first ferro-alloy (alloy steel) plant, with all help from us. I remember in 1930 we built our first all by ourselves. In the next five years China will build 10,000 new blast furnaces. Many will be very small—no mechanization—but no matter. They have 600,000,000 people."

Russia is also combining science with showmanship aimed at foreign minds, in a way that makes Madison Avenue look modest. Everything she does is "first," everything is "peaceful," except where we "force" her to test weapons.

I heard the unsmiling, heavy-set rector of Moscow University address world "youth delegates" at an International Seminar on Peaceful Atomic Energy: "In the harnessing of peaceful science, the Soviet people are ready to help all. In our country, any propaganda toward war and violence is outlawed."

A newsman fresh from Asia told me: "Before October, 1957, thinking Asians figured that, no matter how much Russia blustered, the United States was the unquestioned technological leader. Then came Sputnik, and now many think, 'Communism is pulling ahead in everything. They must be the ones to learn from.'"

Moscow is successfully making itself a headquarters for world scientific meetings. Russia paid almost all the expenses this summer of delegates to a world astronomers' congress. She spends twenty times as much as we to print millions of low-priced books in many tongues. As part of foreign aid, she trains students. About 125 Indians have gone to Russia to learn to run one steel mill.

Can an educated man be kept an intellectual slave? If the answer is "no," then we may hope for change in Russia—and maybe change to soften Communist goals.

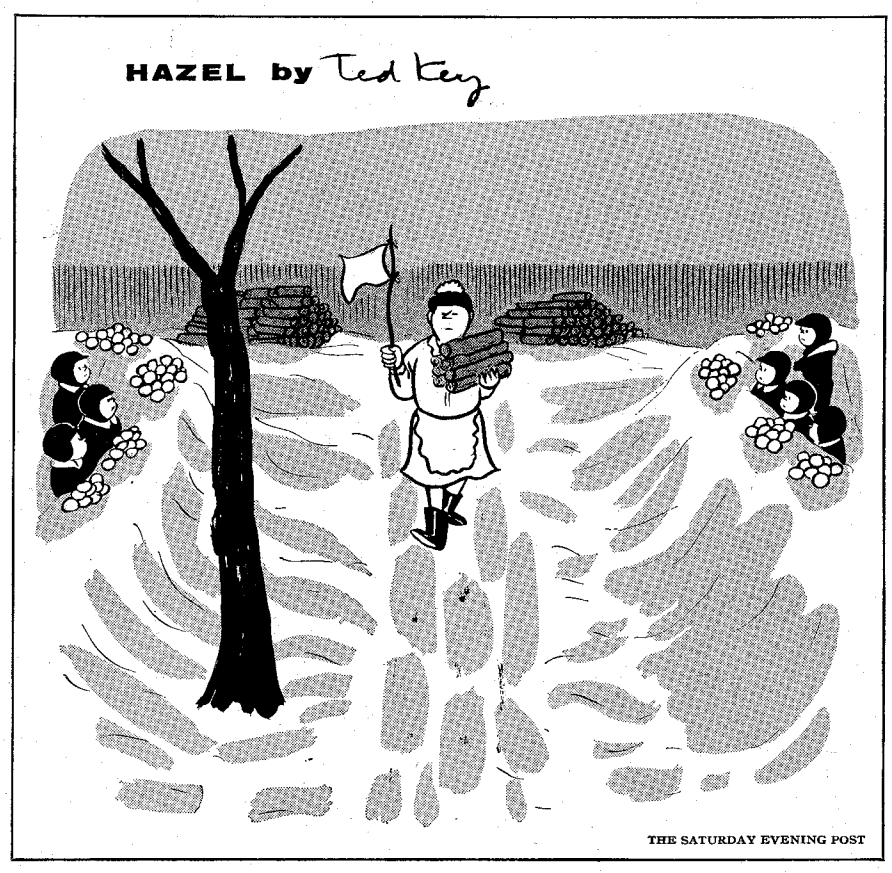
There are many recent signs that the answer is "no." I spoke to a highly placed Russian scientist, outside Russia. "My country has changed greatly since Stalin's death," he said. "One thing about the last war, you see, was good for us. Thousands of our people saw how things were someplace else. And they wanted something better too. I think a country cannot go back. Once a people have tasted the sweet, they do not want the sour."

A University of Moscow science student told an American astronomer: "Yes, my country has many achievements, but we have to pay too great a price."

Hungary was evidently a dash of very cold water for some thinking Russians. Many surprising things apparently happened during November and December, 1956. Bulletins taken from B.B.C. newscasts were posted on Moscow University bulletin boards. Moscow and Leningrad students challenged professors' explanations. One class is said to have walked out on a professor.

As a result, many Moscow University students were expelled. One report says "around 100." Khrushchev publicly reminded students finally that "if they did not approve of the regime, they had no right to be studying at the expense of the factory workers."

Things like these get around among Russian intellectuals. So does a Pasternak affair. Many Russian scientists—particularly physiologists and other medical scientists—are keenly aware that their fields have suffered greatly from lack of contact with the West. Many resent sharply the




I talked at great length with a young student of American government. He was one of the rare Russians who are given access to United States and British newspapers. He believed we are "imperialists" and "colonialists," but he conceded that we have more freedom to speak, read and travel where we please. He wanted to see America and knew he could not except with some picked delegation.

He also conceded that we have a government more readily responsive to popular will, with checks and balances to prevent a Stalin. He argued: "We have much to do. You can afford a less strong government. We must have a strong one." But he was thinking.

Alfred Meyer, a Russian-speaking political-science professor at Michigan State University, talked to Russians of all kinds. He found "many, many yearning for outside contacts, yearning to travel, yearning to know more of the world." He got into a car one day, already occupied by a woman guide and a chauffeur who did not know he understood Russian. "Stalin was a great man," the woman was saying. "Boloney" (or the Russian equivalent), the chauffeur replied. "He was a blankety-blank. And how do we know Khrushchev won't be the same? As long as you have no legal opposition you never know."

fact that they still may not be trusted to travel outside Russia.

I met one highly informed Soviet citizen outside Russia, a man who has lived in Western nations on government missions for years, except for visits home. He was introduced to me by a mutual friend who has heard him criticize the Soviet regime many times.

"I believe in socialism, not capitalism, socialism instead of profits to the Rockefellers," he said. "But our authoritarianism has lasted too many years. I think things will change. Soviet citizens will begin to travel. There will be more freedoms. There have to be."

Things like these are why a student of Russia like Alexander Korol, of M.I.T., sees "a growing capacity of the Soviet people for political and economic changes which could destroy Soviet Communism."

You can't teach scientific thinking, it appears, without encouraging thinking. You can't establish an independent scientific and managerial class without creating a class who want more and more independence. These things at least are our belief and our hope. And the crucial thing for us to ask now is: "Are we doing anything to accelerate them?"

There are many indications we have hardly begun to get the hint. At the recent Geneva atomic congress, the lead in urging more East-West meetings came from the Russians. We gave only cold-fish answers. Asked about future meetings and exchanges on thermonuclear research—which we had just pronounced "free and nonsecret"—James R. Killian, President Eisenhower's science adviser, said this would "take political decisions."

The point is that we have hung almost all East-West scientific exchanges on political decisions, instead of letting them be free and open. In retaliation for Soviet travel bans, for example, we have imposed an arbitrary patchwork of closed and open areas on visiting Russians.

The rub is that the State Department did this in January, 1955, just as Russian scientists were on the verge of really starting to travel. Now an American can no longer say to a Russian, "In our country you can travel any place." In losing this moral strong point, we may have lost more than anything we can gain.

Dr. Warren Weaver, vice president of the Rockefeller Foundation, tells this story about five Russian visitors, women doctors and scientists: "Their plane arrived so late they missed a train to Chicago. We hastily arranged for them to fly. It turned out we had done an improper thing. It would have been perfectly proper for them to fly from La Guardia or Idlewild. But their airplane left from Newark—forbidden territory.

"When they were to leave Chicago for Madison (Wisconsin), it was a lovely autumn day, and it was suggested that it would be nice to drive them. But no! It was O.K. to fly, but going by auto involved passing through a prohibited zone.

"At the end of their stay, the United States woman doctor who had accompanied them wanted them as dinner guests. She lives in Brooklyn, and that region is *verboten*. She had to invite them to a restaurant in Manhattan.

"If all this were part of a musical comedy laid in Upper Slobbovia, we would be amused. But, gentlemen, this is the way the Government of the United States is acting."

The point, if one thinks about approaching Russian minds, is not what Russians do to us. The point is that we can influence Russians attracted by freedom only if we act like Americans. Letting Russians travel any place where we do not have military secrets would be to act like Americans.

The even larger point—to a science reporter—is that there is no clamor today for us to do many important things in meeting the challenge of Russian science. As we reached the end of the first year after Sputnik, I asked many leading American scientists: "How have we done?" The commonest answers were "medium" and "not well enough." "Unless we step up the pace, the race will be lost," the National Science Foundation has officially told us.

Compare all the things that will count for the future here and in Russia—education, growth of science muscle, the way science is used. Then you see why a few successful rockets or satellites will not put us ahead now in the basic things, and why a man like Dr. Eric A. Walker—president of Pennsylvania State University and vice president of President Eisenhower's Committee of Scientists and Engineers—will say: "At their present rate of technological progress in comparison to ours, the Soviet bloc could capture the world without firing a shot."

I compared notes in Russia with an American biologist who was "astonished" at the men and rubles he saw Russia putting into his field. "Can you get this across back home now?" he said. "I'm afraid that you can't. I'm afraid the Sputnik effect has died out." THE END

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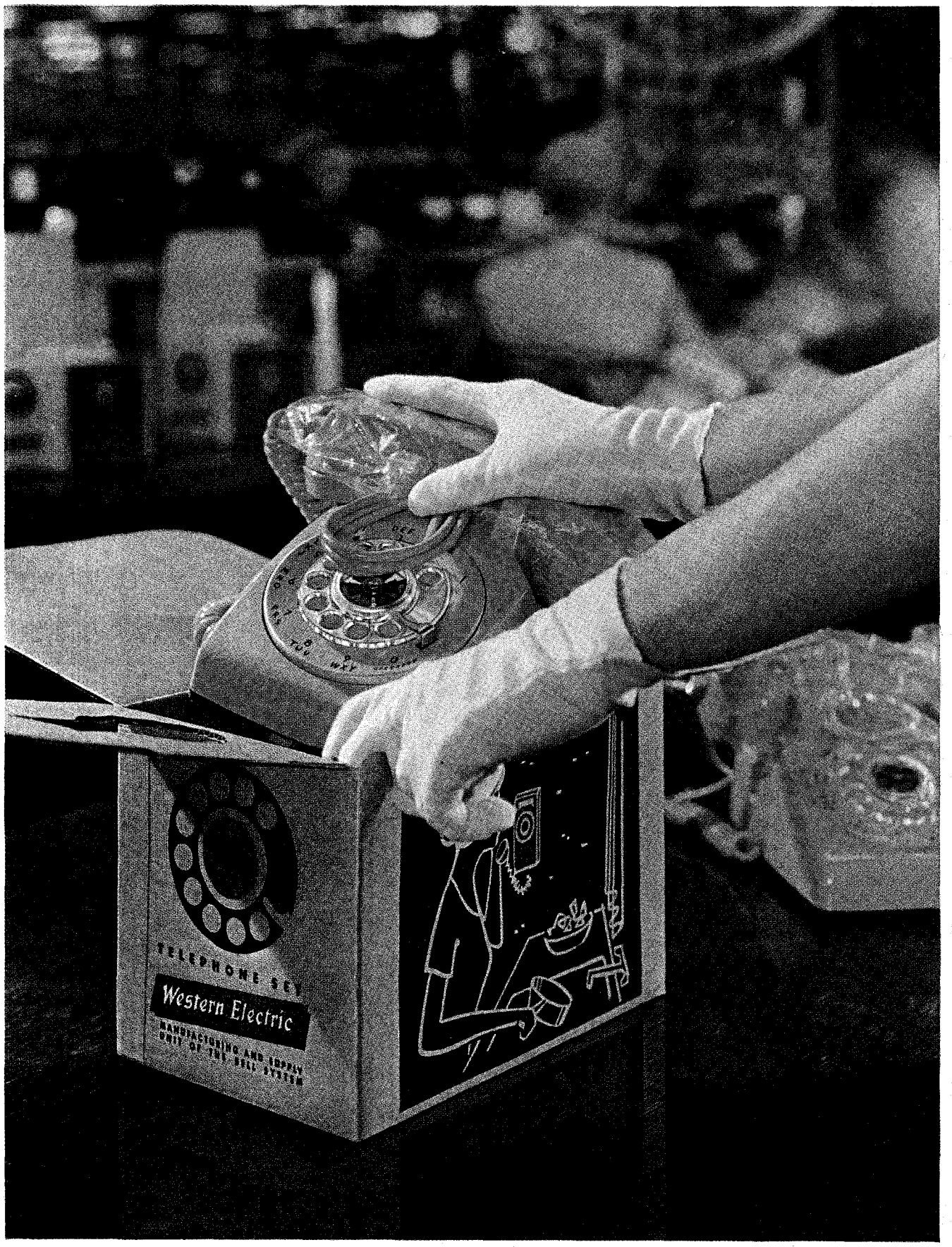

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# Keeping Posted

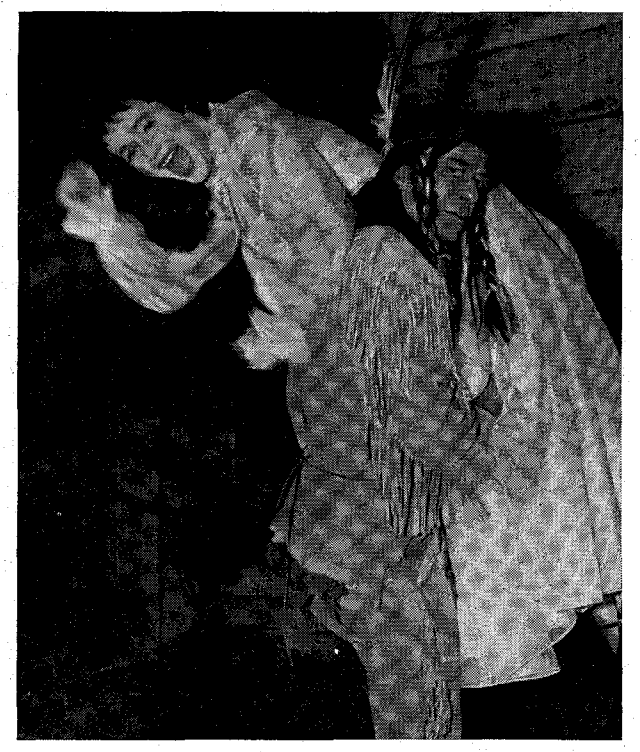
## On the Road to Fame and Fortune

When we published The Taming of the Squaw by **John Ed Pearce** last July 12, we reported that author Pearce was studying creative writing as a Nieman Fellow at Harvard—"which I hope will make me rich and famous."

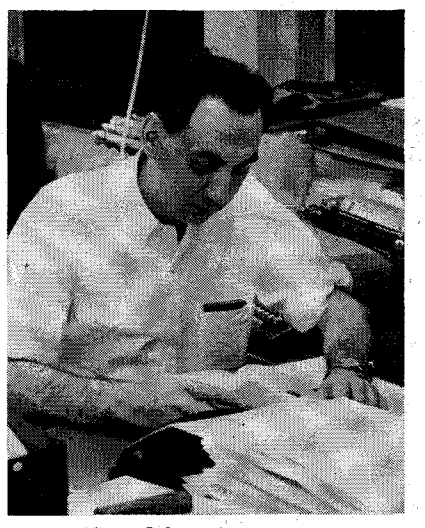
Apparently Mr. Pearce wasn't making small talk: The Taming of the Squaw was adapted into the GE Theater's first original musical comedy and it is scheduled to be televised next Sunday, February 1. Gisele MacKenzie, John Raitt and Eddie Foy, Jr., will star. Furthermore, Pearce tells us his first novel, tentatively titled Weep, The She Sea Horse, will be published by Little, Brown & Co. after a condensation appears in the Ladies' Home Journal.

When he's not busy pursuing fame and fortune, Pearce writes editorials for the Louisville Courier-Journal and assumes the responsibilities attendant on a father of four daughters.

The Post will also appear on TV on February 6, via Edward R. Murrow's Person to Person interview with **Norman Rockwell** at his Stockbridge, Mass., studio. Rockwell will chat about his work on this year's February 14 cover.



A TV squaw (Gisele MacKenzie) is tamed.



Victor Cohn, science expert.

## Hiroshima Atom Bomb Shaped His Career

**Victor Cohn** was 26 and in the Navy when the atom bomb went off at Hiroshima. This so impressed the young newspaper reporter that he decided to specialize in science writing, and now he is the Minneapolis Tribune's distinguished expert in this field, a winner of many journalism awards. Cohn, who on page 34 describes Russia's frightening scientific progress, tried to line up a tour of Russian scientific laboratories after Sputnik I went up, but Moscow wouldn't co-operate. He got in through another door and, using the International Geophysical Year as a springboard, met scientists and visited laboratories.

Mr. and Mrs. Cohn, with their son and two daughters, live between a lake and a park in Minneapolis; they play tennis, swim and skate, but not all in the same season.

## Tales of the Authors

After completing the latest Ravenhill adventure, which is in progress on page 38, **Robert Ormond Case** sailed to Hawaii for an indeterminate stay. He says his welcome there, as the creator of Ravenhill, was so enthusiastic that he "looked and felt like an embarrassed turtle" (below). The lady in

Aloha, Vivian and Bob Case.

the picture is his Canadian-born wife, Vivian, who collaborates with him in getting their roguish hero in and out of scrapes.

The Cases report that they are being pressured to fly Ravenhill to Hawaii for at least one adventure. "We brought our typewriters along," they say, "so one never knows."

**Peter Wyden,** who wrote the page 27 profile of Brooklyn's Congressman John (The Great Needler) Rooney, is a member of Newsweek's Washington staff. Because Rooney's subcommittee post gives him so much power over Federal appropriations, Wyden found that many usually accessible sources refused to discuss him for fear of getting his Irish up. Says Wyden: "I can't recall ever promising so often and so fiercely that I would never, never reveal having talked to whomever I was talking to, even if he wasn't saying anything."

Three years ago **Joseph P. Blank** (page 20) decided it would be wonderful to be able to work in the quiet of his own home. So he moved his family from a Manhattan apartment to a house set upon an acre's worth of Yorktown Heights, N.Y. He soon discovered that no house is large enough to accommodate two preschool children and a writer, whereupon he converted half of a former village grocery into an office. To assure privacy, Blank posted a sign on his door—RADIATION HAZARD.

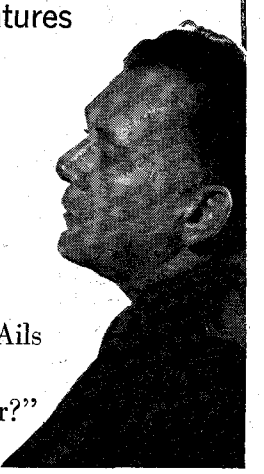
"But that (sigh) hasn't stopped anyone so far," he sadly reports.

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

Adventures of the Mind, 20:

Playwright-critic Walter Kerr asks,

"What Ails the Theater?"



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